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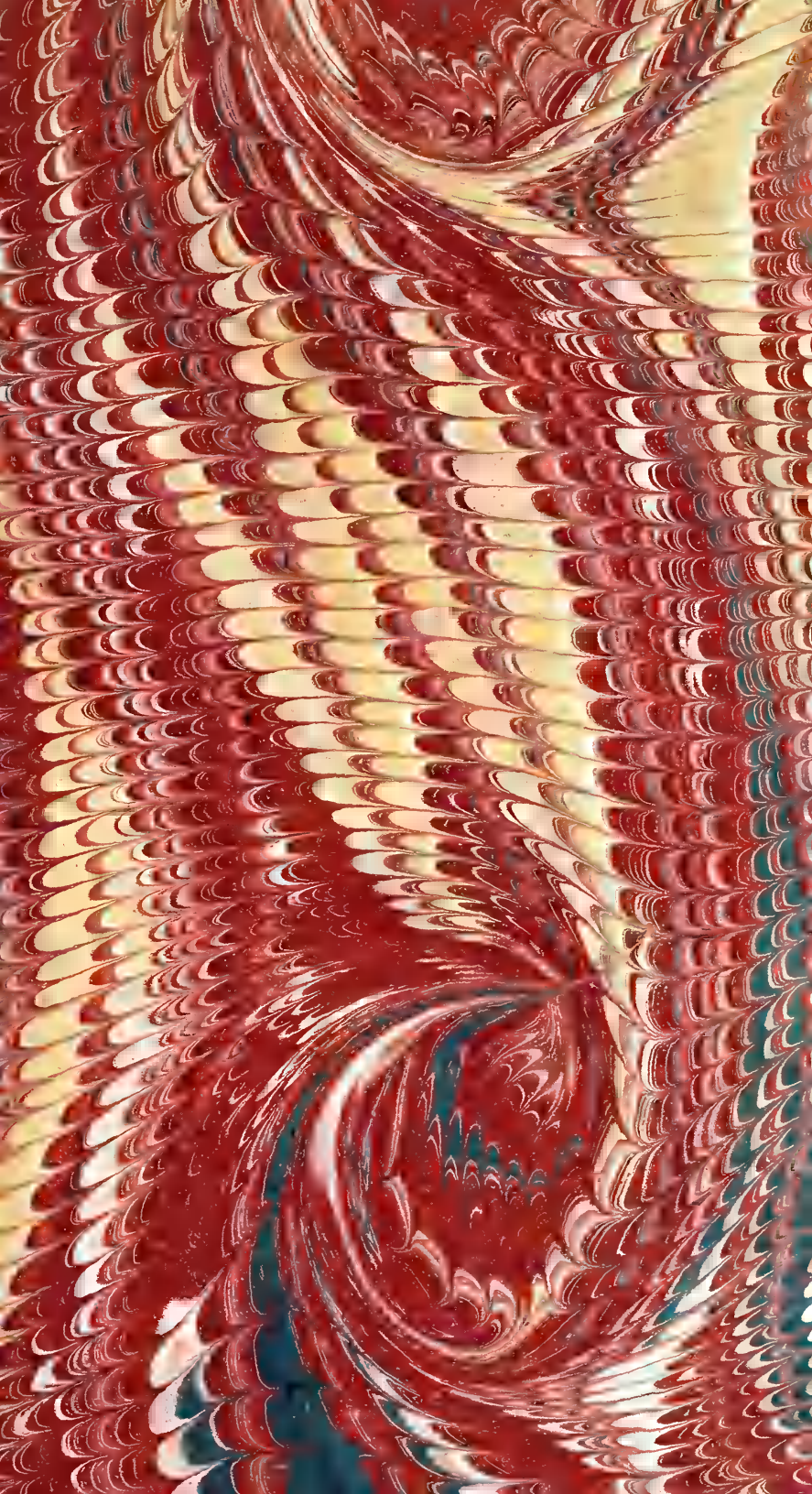












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# REMAINS

OF THE LATE REVEREND

RICHARD HURRELL FROUDE, M.A.

FELLOW OF ORIEL COLLEGE, OXFORD,

---

Se sub serenis vultibus  
Austera virtus occulit,  
Timens videri, ne suum,  
Dum prodit, amittat decus.

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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## PREFACE.

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THE Author of the Volumes now presented to the Christian reader, was the eldest son of the Venerable Robert H. Froude, Archdeacon of Totness, and was born and died in the Parsonage House of Dartington, in the county of Devon. He was born in 1803, on the Feast of the Annunciation; and he died of consumption, on the 28th of February, 1836, when he was nearly thirty-three, after an illness of four years and a half. He was educated at Eton and Oxford, having previously had the great advantage, while at Ottery Free School, of living in the family of the Rev. George Coleridge. He went to Eton in 1816, and came into residence as a commoner of Oriel College, in the spring of 1821. In 1824 he took the degree of Bachelor of Arts, after having obtained on his examination, high, though not the



highest honours, both in the *Literæ Humaniores* and the *Disciplinæ Mathematicæ et Physicæ*. At Easter, 1826, he was elected Fellow of his College, and, in 1827, was admitted to his M. A. degree. The same year he accepted the office of Tutor, which he held till 1830. In December, 1828, he received Deacon's orders, and the year after Priest's, from the last and present Bishops of Oxford. The disorder which terminated his life first showed itself in the summer of 1831; the winter of 1832, and the following spring, he passed in the south of Europe; and the two next winters, and the year between them (1834), in the West Indies. The illness which immediately preceded his death lasted but a few weeks.

He left behind him a considerable collection of writings, none prepared for publication; of which the following two volumes form a part. The *Journal*, with which the first commences, and which is continued in the *Appendix*, reaches from the beginning of 1826, when he was nearly twenty-three, to the spring of 1828. The *Occasional Thoughts* are carried on to 1829. The *Essay on Fiction* was written when he was twenty-three; the *Sermons* from 1829 to 1833, when he was between twenty-five and thirty. His *Letters* begin in 1823, when he was

twenty, and are carried down to within a month of his death.

Those on whom the task has fallen of preparing these various writings for publication, have found it matter of great anxiety to acquit themselves so as to satisfy the claims of duty, which they felt pressing on them in distinct, and, sometimes, apparently opposite directions.

Some apology may seem requisite, in the first place, for the very magnitude of the collection; as though authority were being claimed, in a preposterous way, for the opinions of one undistinguished either by station or by known literary eminence. That apology, it is believed, will be found in the truth and extreme importance of the views to the developement of which the whole is meant to be subservient; and also in the instruction derivable from a full exhibition of the Author's character as a witness to those views. This is the plea, which it is desired to bring prominently forward; nothing short of this, it is felt, would justify such ample and unreserved disclosures: neither originality of thought, nor engaging imagery, nor captivating touches of character and turns of expression.

Still more is this apology needed on the more serious grounds of friendship and duty. The publication of a **Private Journal** and **Private Letters** is a serious thing. Too often it has been ventured on in a kind of reckless way, with an eye singly to the good expected to be accomplished, no regard being had to the Author himself and his wishes. It is in itself painful, nay revolting, to expose to the common gaze papers only intended for a single correspondent; and it seems little less than sacrilege to bring out the solitary memoranda of one endeavouring to feel, and to be, as much as possible alone with his God;—secretly training himself, as in His presence, in that discipline which shuns the light of this world. To such a publication it were objection enough that it would seem to harmonize but too well with the restless, unsparing curiosity, which now prevails. No common motive, then, it may be well believed, was required to overcome the strong reluctance which even strangers of ordinary delicacy, much more kinsmen and intimate friends, must feel on the first suggestion of such a proceeding. It may be frankly allowed, that gentle and good minds will naturally be prejudiced in the outset against any collection of the sort. But the present is a peculiar case, a case

in which, if the survivors do not greatly deceive themselves, they are best consulting the wishes of the departed by publication, hazardous as that step commonly is. Let the reader, before he condemns, imagine to himself a case like the following. Let him suppose a person in the prime of manhood, (with what talents and acquirements is not now the question) devoting himself, ardently yet soberly, to the promotion of one great cause; writing, speaking, thinking on it for years, as exclusively as the needs and infirmities of human life would allow; but dying before he could bring to perfection any of the plans which had suggested themselves to him for its advancement. Let it be certainly known to his friends that he was firmly resolved never to shrink from any thing not morally wrong, which he had good grounds to believe would really forward that cause: and that it was real pain and disquiet to him if he saw his friends in any way postponing it to his supposed feelings or interests. Suppose further, that having been for weeks and months in the full consciousness of what was soon likely to befall him, he departs, leaving such papers as make up the present collection in the hands of those next to him in blood, without any express direction as to the disposal of



them ; and that they, taking counsel with the friends on whom he was known chiefly to rely, unanimously and decidedly judged publication most desirable for that end, which was the guide of his life, and which they too esteemed paramount to all others : imagine the papers appearing to them so valuable, that they feel as if they had no right to withhold such aid from the cause to which he was pledged : would it, or would it not, be their duty, as faithful trustees, in such case to overcome their own scruples ? would they, or would they not, be justified in believing that they had, virtually, his own sanction for publishing such parts even of his personal and devotional memoranda, much more of his letters to his friends, as they deliberately judged likely to aid in the general good effect ? This case, of a person sacrificing himself altogether to one great object, is not of every day occurrence ; it is not like the too frequent instances of papers being ransacked and brought to light, because the writer was a little more distinguished, or accounted a little wiser or better than his neighbours : it cannot be fairly drawn into a precedent, except in circumstances equally uncommon.

On the whole, supposing what in this Preface must be supposed, the nobleness, and rectitude, and

pressing nature of the end which the Author had in view, the *principle* of posthumous publication surely must, in this instance, be conceded. The only question remaining will be whether the selection has been judicious. On this also it may be well to anticipate certain objections not unlikely to occur to sundry classes of readers. If there be any who are startled at the strong expressions of self-condemnation, occurring so frequently both in the Journal, and in the more serious parts of the Correspondence, he will please to consider that the better any one knows, the more severely will he judge himself; and since this writer sometimes thought it his duty to be very plain-spoken in his censure of others, in fairness to him it seemed right to show that he did not fail to look at home; that he tried to be more rigid to himself than to any one else.

Again, it will be said, that many expressions and sentiments would have been more wisely omitted, as indicating and encouraging a dangerous tendency towards Romanism. Now this charge of Romanism sounds very distinct and definite, yet, in the mouths of most persons who advance it, it is perhaps the vaguest of all charges. However, it cannot be

an unfair way of meeting it, if we consider it as meaning one or other of two things: either a predilection for the actual system of the Church of Rome, as distinguished from other parts of Christendom, and particularly from the English Church: or an overweening value for outward religion, for Sacraments, Church polity, public worship,—such a respect for these, as renders a man comparatively inattentive (so it is surmised) to the inward and spiritual part of religion. If the charge of popery does not mean one or other of these wrong tendencies, or the two combined, in whatever proportion; it will be hard to say what it does mean.

Now, as regards the first; these Remains, it will be found, bear a peculiarly strong testimony against the actual system of Rome; strong, as coming from one who was disposed to make every fair allowance in that Church's favour; who was looking and longing for some fuller developement of Catholic principles than he could easily find, but who was soon obliged to confess, with undissembled mortification and disappointment, that such developement was not to be looked for in Rome. Let the following passages be well considered: they tell but the more decisively against the Papal, or Tridentine system, from the

reverence shown in other places towards those fragments of true Catholicism, which Rome, by God's Providence, still retains.

“ [On a friend's saying that the Romanists were schismatics in England, but Catholics abroad.]—‘ No, H. they are wretched Tridentines every where.’” vol. i. p. 434.

“ I never could be a Romanist ; I never could think all those things in Pope Pius' Creed necessary to salvation.” *ibid.*

“ How Whiggery has by degrees taken up all the filth that has been secreted in the fermentation of human thought ! Puritanism, Latitudinarianism, *Po-pery*, Infidelity ; they have it all now, and good luck to them !”—vol. i. p. 340.

“ We found, to our horror, that the doctrine of the infallibility of the Church made the acts of each successive Council obligatory for ever ; that what had been once decided could not be meddled with again : in fact, that they were committed finally and irrevocably, and could not advance one step to meet us, even though the Church of England should again become what it was in Laud's time, or indeed what it may have been up to the atrocious Council ; for M. ——— admitted that many things, *e. g.* the doc-



trine of mass, which were fixed then, had been indeterminate before. So much for the Council of Trent, for which Christendom has to thank Luther and the Reformers. . . . I own it has altogether changed my notions of the Roman Catholics, and made me wish for the total overthrow of their system: I think that the only *τόπος* now is ‘the ancient Church of England;’ and, as an explanation of what one means, ‘Charles I., and the Nonjurors.’” vol. i. p. 307, 308.

“I remember you told me that I should come back a better Englishman than I went away; better satisfied not only that our Church is nearest in theory right, but also that practically, in spite of its abuses, it works better; and, to own the truth, your prophecy is already nearly realized. Certainly I have as yet only seen the surface of things; but what I have seen does not come up to my notions of propriety. These Catholic countries seem in an especial manner *κατέχειν τὴν ἀλήθειαν ἐν ἀδικίᾳ*. And the Priesthood are themselves so sensible of the hollow basis upon which their power rests, that they dare not resist the most atrocious encroachments of the State upon their privileges. . . I have seen priests laughing when at the Confessional; and indeed it

is plain that unless they habitually made light of very gross immorality, three-fourths of the population [of Naples] would be excommunicated. . . . The Church of England has fallen low, and will probably be worse before it is better: but let the Whigs do their worst, they cannot sink us so deep as these people have allowed themselves to fall while retaining all the superficials of a religious country.”—vol. i. p. 293, 294.

To these extracts may be added the following, from a letter (also from Naples) which did not come to hand until after the first volume had been printed.

“ Since I have been out here, I have got a worse notion of the Roman Catholics than I had. I really do think them idolaters, though I cannot be quite confident of my information as it affects the character of the priests. . . . What I mean by calling these people idolaters is, that I believe they look upon the Saints and Virgin as good-natured people that will try to get them let off easier than the Bible declares, and that, as they don’t intend to comply with the conditions on which God promises to answer prayers, they pray to them as a come-off.

But this is a generalization for which I have not sufficient data."

It is clear then, that whether his opinions were right or wrong, he felt himself to be no Romanist in this sense; nor perhaps will this be asserted by any candid reader. The form which the objection will assume will rather be this: that though a minister he was not a sound and attached member of the English Establishment; that he evaded its tests by a dry and literal interpretation of their wording, and availed himself of its influence and sustenance against itself. But the answer to this objection is also simple. The view which the Author would take of his own position was probably this; that he was a minister not of any human *establishment*, but of the one Holy Church Catholic, which, among other places, is allowed by her Divine Master to manifest herself locally in England, and has in former times been endowed by the piety of her members: that the State has but secured by law those endowments which it could not seize without sacrilege, and, in return for this supposed boon, has encumbered the rightful possession of them by various conditions calculated to bring the

Church into bondage : that her ministers, in consequence, are in no way bound to throw themselves into the spirit of such enactments, rather are bound to keep themselves from the snare and guilt of them, and to observe only such a literal acquiescence as is all that the law requires in any case, all that an external oppressor has a right to ask. Their *loyalty* is already engaged to the Church Catholic, and they cannot enter into the drift and intentions of her oppressors without betraying her. For example : they cannot do more than submit to the Statute of *Præmunire* ; they cannot defend or concur in the present suspension in every form of the Church's synodal powers, and of her power of Excommunication ; nor can they sympathize in the provision which hinders their celebrating five out of the seven daily Services which are their patrimony equally with Romanists. Again ; doubtless, the spirit in which the present Establishment was framed, would require an affectionate admiring remembrance of Luther and others, for whom there is no evidence that the Author of these volumes ever entertained any reverence.

Next as to the other meaning which one may conceive the vague charge of Romanism to bear,



*i. e.* an undue preference of outward religion ; it is conceived that the Journal and Sermons sufficiently demonstrate the utter injustice of such a suspicion in this case. For the Sermons, the later ones as well as the earlier, are, in fact, as far as they go, a record of the same process with which the Journal is entirely taken up ; a constant effort of the mind, attended by a full conviction of its weakness and its need of Divine aid and forgiveness, to keep itself in order, to become meet for the Kingdom of Heaven, to reduce (if one may borrow the sacred words) every thought into captivity to the obedience of Christ. Could the person so occupied be justly accused of neglecting inward and spiritual religion ? Is it not plain that fasting and other outward exercises, strictly as he thought it his duty to observe them, were with him but as means to an end ? His papers are a kind of documentary evidence, in favour of those views which it is believed he rightly called Catholic, in this very respect ; that they show such views to be perfectly consistent, nay, inseparably bound up, with the most elevated notions of inward sanctification, of a renewed heart and life. In this sense, then, as in the former, the surmise of a virtual kind of Popery is quite untenable ; more so, in

fact, than if those places had been omitted, which to persons whose scruples lie all one way may seem at first sight to warrant the suspicion. For by his assigning due weight to what is truly Catholic in Romanism, and to what is sacred and necessary in the visible part of religion, we are assured that neither in his censures of the papal system in other respects, nor in his expressions of anxiety about inward and spiritual self-government, was he deceiving himself and others by the use of mere words of course. The omission of what, to some, sounds questionable, would have made the picture of him as a Christian warrior altogether less complete and instructive.

Another ground on which censure may be expected, is what will be called the intolerance of certain passages; the keen sense which the author expresses of the guilt men incur by setting themselves against the Church. In fact, both this and the alleged tendency to Romanism are objections not to the present publication but to the view which it is designed to support, and do not therefore quite properly come within the scope of this Preface. To defend the severe expressions alluded to, would be in a great measure to defend the old Catholic wri-

ters for the tone in which they have spoken of unbelievers and corrupters of the Faith. The same portions of Holy Scripture would be appealed to in both cases; those namely which teach or exemplify the duty of austere reserve towards wilful heretics, and earnest zeal against heresiarchs. Perhaps it may be found that the Author's demeanour and language on such subjects is a tolerably striking and consistent illustration of that sentiment of the Psalmist, "Do not I hate them, O Lord, that hate Thee?" He hated them in their collective character, as God's enemies, as the anti-Christian party; but to all who came in his way individually, he was, as many of his acquaintance can testify, full of unaffected, open-hearted kindness; entering into their feelings, and making allowance for their difficulties, not the less scrupulously because he sometimes found himself compelled to separate from them or declare himself against them.

To judge adequately of this point we must further take into account a certain strong jealousy which he entertained of his own honesty of mind. He was naturally, or on principle, a downright speaker; avoiding those words of course and of compliment, which often, it may be feared, serve to

keep up a false peace at the expense of true Christian charity. His words, therefore, (playfulness and occasional irony apart,) may in general be taken more literally than those of most men. It is easy to see that this would make his criticisms, whether literary or moral, sound more pointed and unsparing, than those in which a writer of less frankness would indulge himself.

And this introduces another point, not unlikely to be animadverted on as blameable in the present selection. Many, recoiling from his sentences, so direct, fearless, and pungent, concerning all sorts of men and things, will be fain to account them speeches uttered at random, more for present point and effect, than to declare the speaker's real opinion; and, so judging, will of course disapprove of the collecting and publishing such sayings, especially on high and solemn subjects, as at best incautious, and perhaps irreverent. But they who judge thus must be met by a denial of the fact. The expressions in question were not uttered at random: he was not in the habit of speaking at random on such matters. This is remarkably evinced by the fact, that to various friends at various times, conversing or writing on the same subjects, he was constantly employ-



ing the same illustrations and arguments,—very often the same words: as they found by comparison afterwards, and still go on to find. Now maxims and reasonings, of which this may be truly affirmed, whatever else may be alleged against them, cannot fairly be thrown by as mere chance sayings. Right or wrong, they were deliberate opinions, and cannot be left out of consideration in a complete estimate of a writer's character and principles. The off-hand unpremeditated way in which they seemed to dart out of him, like sparks from a luminous body, proved only a mind entirely possessed with the subject; glowing as it were through and through.

Still, some will say, more selection might have been used, and many statements at least omitted, which, however well considered by himself, coming now suddenly as they do on the reader, appear unnecessarily startling and paradoxical. But really there was little option of that kind, if justice were to be done either to him or to the reader. His opinions had a wonderful degree of consistency and mutual bearing; they depended on each other as one whole: who was to take the responsibility of separating them? Who durst attempt it, considering especially his hatred of concealment and

artifice? Again: it was due to the reader to show him fairly how far the opinions recommended would carry him. There is no wish to disguise their tendencies, nor to withdraw them from such examination as will prove them erroneous, if they are so. Any homage which it is desired to render to his memory would indeed be sadly tarnished, were he to be spoken or written of in any spirit but that of an unshrinking openness like his own. Such also is the tone of the Catholic Fathers, and (if it may be urged without irreverence) of the Sacred Writers themselves. Nothing, as far as we can find, is kept back by them, merely because it would prove startling: openness, not disguise, is their manner. This should not be forgotten in a compilation professing simply to recommend their principles. Nothing therefore is here kept back, but what it was judged would be *fairly* and *naturally* misunderstood: the insertion of which, therefore, would have been virtually so much untruth.

Lastly, it may perhaps be thought, of the correspondence in particular, that it is eked out with unimportant details, according to the usual mistake of partial friends. The compilers, however, can most truly affirm, that they have had the risk of

such an error continually before their eyes, and have not, to the best of their judgment, inserted any thing, which did not tell, indirectly perhaps but really, towards filling up that outline of his mind and character, which seemed requisite to complete the idea of him as a witness to Catholic views. It can hardly be necessary for them to add, what the name of editor implies, that while they of course concur in his sentiments as a whole, they are not to be understood as rendering themselves responsible for every shade of opinion or expression.

It remains only to commend these fragments, if it may be done without presumption, to the same good Providence which seemed to bless the example and instructions of the writer while yet with us, to the benefit of many who knew him: that "being dead," he may "yet speak," as he constantly desired to do, a word in season for the Church of God: may still have the privilege of awakening some of her members to truer and more awful thoughts than they now have of their own high endowments and deep responsibility.

*The Feast of the Purification,*  
1838.

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### ERRATA.

Page 33 line 12, *for assist read assert.*

— 338 — 2, *for unconnected read unconverted.*

— 375 — 18, *for [cana] read alma.*





THE  
REMAINS

OF THE  
REV. RICHARD HURRELL FROUDE, M.A.

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PRIVATE JOURNAL.

FROM JANUARY, 1826, TO MARCH, 1827.

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[This Journal may fitly be introduced by the following letter, addressed, by its writer, as if to some correspondent, but really intended for R. H. F. himself. The date is 1819 or 1820.]

Sir,

I HAVE a son who is giving me a good deal of uneasiness at this time, from causes which I persuade myself are not altogether common; and having used my best judgment about him for seventeen years, I at last begin to think it incompetent to the case, and apply to you for advice.

From his very birth his temper has been peculiar; pleasing, intelligent, and attaching, when his mind

was undisturbed, and he was in the company of people who treated him reasonably and kindly; but exceedingly impatient under vexatious circumstances; very much disposed to find his own amusement in teasing and vexing others; and almost entirely incorrigible when it was necessary to reprove him. I never could find a successful mode of treating him. Harshness made him obstinate and gloomy; calm and long displeasure made him stupid and sullen; and kind patience had not sufficient power over his feelings to force him to govern himself. His disposition to worry made his appearance the perpetual signal for noise and disturbance among his brothers and sisters; and this it was impossible to stop, though a taste for quiet, and constant weak health, made it to me almost insupportable. After a statement of such great faults, it may seem an inconsistency to say, that he nevertheless still bore about him strong marks of a promising character. In all points of substantial principle his feelings were just and high. He had (for his age) an unusually deep feeling of admiration for every thing which was good and noble; his relish was lively, and his taste good, for all the pleasures of the imagination; and he was also quite conscious of his own faults, and (*untempted*) had a just dislike to them.

On these grounds I built my hope that his reason would gradually correct his temper, and do that for him which his friends could not accomplish. Such

a hope was necessary to my peace of mind; for I will not say that he was *dearer* to me than my *other children*, but he was my *first child*, and certainly he could not be *dearer*. This expectation has been realized, gradually, though very slowly. The education his father chose for him agreed with him; his mind expanded and sweetened; and even some more material faults (which had grown out of circumstances uniting with his temper) entirely disappeared. His promising virtues became my most delightful hopes, and his company my greatest pleasure. At this time he had a dangerous illness, which he bore most admirably. The consequences of it obliged him to leave his school, submit for many months to the most troublesome restraints, and to be debarred from all the amusements and pleasures of his age, though he felt, at the same time, quite competent to them. All this he bore not only with patience and compliance, but with a cheerful sweetness which endeared him to all around him. He returned home for the confirmation of his health, and he appeared to me all I could desire. His manners were tender and kind, his conversation highly pleasing, and his occupations manly and rational. The promising parts of his character, like Aaron's rod, appeared to have swallowed up all the rest, and to have left us nothing but his health to wish for.

After such an account, imagine the pain I must feel on being forced to acknowledge that the ease and indulgence of home is bringing on a relapse into



his former habits. I view it with sincere alarm as well as grief, as he must remain here many many months, and a strong return, at his age, I do not think would ever be recovered.

I will mention some facts, to shew that my fears are not too forward. He has a near relation, who has attended him through his illness with extraordinary tenderness, and who never made a difference between night and day, if she could give him the smallest comfort; to whom he is very troublesome, and not always respectful. He told her, in an argument, the other day, that "she lied, and knew she did," without (I am ashamed to say) the smallest apology. I am in a wretched state of health, and quiet is important to my recovery, and *quite essential* to my comfort; yet he disturbs it, for what he calls funny tormenting, without the slightest feeling, twenty times a day. At one time he kept one of his brothers screaming, from a sort of teasing play, for near an hour under my window. At another, he acted a wolf to his baby brother, whom he had promised never to frighten again. All this worry has been kept up upon a day when I have been particularly unwell. He also knows at the same time very well, that if his head does but ache, it is not only *my* occupation, but that of the whole family, to put an end to every thing which can annoy him.

You will readily see, dear sir, that our situation is very difficult, and very distressing. He is too old for any correction, but that of his own reason; and

how to influence that, *I know not*. Your advice will greatly oblige,

A very anxious parent,

M. F.

P. S. I have complained to him seriously of this day, and I thought he must have been hurt; but I am sorry to say that he has whistled almost ever since.

---

### EXTRACTS FROM JOURNAL.

*Jan.* 2, 1826. I ought to read six hours a day.

*Feb.* 1, Oxford. All my associations here are bad, and I can hardly shake them off. All the old feelings I have been trying to get rid of, seem revived: particularly vanity and wandering of mind. I do not really care for any of their opinions; and I will try to act as if "I had root in myself." I will try to do steadily what I ought to do; and, as far as I can control the impulse of the moment, will never let a desire to obtain their good opinion be the motive of any of my slightest actions.

I ought to spend an hour at Bp. Butler, or Lloyd, and an hour at Greek Testament, two hours at Greek classics, one hour at Latin, and as much time more as I can about my prize, &c.

*Feb.* 21. I have been relapsing into idle ways, but will try to turn over a new leaf.

*Feb.* 23. I have had a long idle fit, partly caused by circumstances; but I shall not throw it off with-

out recording an idle day. K. says I ought to attend to nothing but my essay, till I have finished it.

*March 30.* The standing for the fellowship is over, and I have done a great deal better than I expected: I am silly enough to be nervous about the event; but I hope it is not for my own sake. I know it will be, in the best way, for my interest, if I do my part. It will not be any excuse for my past idleness if I succeed; and I am resolved at any rate to make a better use of my time for the future. I put this down to try to keep myself from caring for the event; but I am afraid it is of no use. It is one o'clock; it will be settled in ten hours.

*April 10.* I have had so long a spell of idleness, that I hardly know how to set to work to-day. I will try to make a good beginning to-morrow.

*April 12.* I have been a fool, and argued when it was bad taste to do so.

*May 3.* I must make a push, to recall my energies.

*May 11.* I have allowed myself to relapse into a most lax way, by idle speculations, and feel all the habits of regularity, which I have been trying for, deserting me.

*July 1.* I have got into a bad way, by writing down the number of hours. It makes me look at my watch constantly, to see how near the time is up, and gives me a sort of lassitude, and unwillingness to exert my mind.

I think it will be a better way to keep a journal for

a bit, as I find I want keeping in order about more things than reading. I am in a most conceited way, besides being very ill-tempered and irritable. My thoughts wander very much at my prayers, and I feel hungry for some ideal thing, of which I have no definite idea. I sometimes fancy that the odd bothering feeling which gets possession of me is affectation, and that I appropriate it because I think it a sign of genius; but it lasts too long, and is too disagreeable, to be unreal. There is another thing which I must put down, if I don't get rid of it before long: it is a thing which proves to me the imbecility of my own mind more than anything; and I can hardly confess it to myself; but it is too true.

*July 5.* Yesterday I was very indolent, but rather better; and then began to-day with the same silly idea in my mind; I will write it down if it bothers me much longer: but my energies were rather restored by reading some of my Mother's journal at Vineyard. I did not recollect that I had been so unfeeling to her during her last year. I thank God some of her writings have been kept; that may be my salvation; but I have spent the evening just as idly as if I had not seen it. I don't know how it is, but it seems to me, that the consciousness of having capacities for happiness, with no objects to gratify them, seems to grow upon me, and puts me in a dreary way.

Lord, have mercy upon me.

*July 6.* Not a very profitable day, but in some



respects better; my odd feeling, I hope, is passing away, as what I wrote yesterday seems nonsense, and almost affectation.

*July 7.* Spent the morning tolerably well; read my Mother's journal and prayers, two hours: I admire her more and more. I pray God the prayers she made for me may be effectual, and that her labours may not be in vain; but that God in His mercy may have chosen this way of accomplishing them; and that my reading them so long after they were made, and without any intention of her's, may be the means by which the Holy Spirit will awaken my spirit to those good feelings which she asked for in my behalf.

I hope, by degrees, I may get to consider her relics in the light of a friend, derive from them advice and consolation, and rest my troubled spirit under their shadow. She seems to have had the same annoyances as myself, without the same advantages, and to have written her thoughts down, instead of conversation.

As yet they have only excited my feelings, and not produced any practical result.

How immeasurably absurd will all this appear to me before long! Even writing it has done me good: I say this, that, when I read it over at some future time, I may not think I was a greater fool than I really was.

*July 22.* Read my Mother's journal till half-past twelve; here and there I think I remember allu-

sions. Every thing I see in it sends me back to her in my childhood ; it gets such hold of me that I can hardly think of any thing else.

It is a bad way to give a *general* account of oneself at the end of a day: people at that time are not competent judges of their actions ; besides, every one ought to be dissatisfied with himself always : it is better to give a detailed account, like my Mother's by means of which I may hereafter have some idea of what was my standard of virtue, rather than my opinion of myself.

*July 25.* O Lord, consider it not as a mockery in me, that day after day I present myself before Thee, professing penitence for sins, which I still continue to commit, and asking Thy grace to assist me in subduing them, while my negligence renders it ineffectual.

O Lord, if I must judge of the future from the past, and if the prayers which I am now about to offer up to Thee will prove equally ineffectual with those which have preceded them, then indeed it is a fearful thing to come before Thee with professions, whose fruitlessness seems a proof of their insincerity. But Thine eye trieth my inward parts, and knoweth my thoughts, independently of the actions which proceed from them. O that my ways were made so direct that I might keep Thy statutes. I will walk in Thy commandments when Thou hast set my heart at liberty.

*Aug. 5.* Read my Mother's journal. I hope it

is beginning to do me some serious good, without exciting such wild feelings as it did at first.

*Aug. 7.* Tried to make a better last stanza to the "Last Rose of Summer."

*Sept. 1.* I feel getting into a careless, listless way, and to be going back in spiritual accounts; I have not kept a sufficiently vigilant watch over myself to be able to bring forward any specific charge, but am conscious of a general want of good feeling. I do not attend to what other people like; and although I exercise a pretty constant self-denial in some things, I cannot be consistent in all. I get annoyed when things go the least wrong: cannot submit myself to the will of my Father in indifferent matters, when I don't think with him: am provoked at the least slight to myself; yet slight others in the most glaring way, almost amounting to insult; and I always expect concessions, though I am never ready to concede.

Respecting church regulations for fasts and abstinence, I consider that, if the forms of *society* are calculated to make each individual feel his proper place with reference to others, and to help us in acting right in this relation,—it cannot be absurd to heap up *religious* ceremonies, which may be witnesses to us of the presence of the great King, and of the way of acting and thinking which suits our relation to Him.

*Sept. 17.* I must fight against myself with all my might, and watch my mind at every turning. It

will be a good thing for me to keep an exact account of my receipts and spendings; it will be a check on silly prodigality. I mean to save what I can, by denying myself indulgences, in order to have wherewith I may honour God and relieve the poor.

*Sept. 19.* Have attended the cathedral service at Exeter. I wish there were no pews. I am sure a religious service must be more conformable to the intention of God, though (perhaps) not more acceptable, which corresponds more to the admirable affections which He has implanted in our minds. It cannot be right that our capacities for receiving high and elegant pleasure should be driven to employ themselves on all sorts of trifling objects, and precluded from that which is calculated to give them the highest relish. It puts an unnecessary stumblingblock in the way of those who are capable of these pleasures themselves, and conscious of admiring them in others, to have the service of that God who gave them, so ordered as to contradict them. It may be said, that the worship of God is rendered more pure by being accompanied by self-denial; and I agree to this, and will try to prove that it is no objection to what I have been saying.

*Sept. 20.* Yesterday, as we were coming here in the coach, I talked a great deal to —— about religion, and am not satisfied with the tone of conversation; I was too severe on his lax sentiments, more so than my bad actions and feelings justify: and yet I



was not reverential enough myself, but dictated about sacred things which ought never to be mentioned without a high probability of receiving or doing good. To-day I had determined to fast strictly, and went out in the morning with the resolution of passing away my time in drawing and religion; but was staggered in my intention by the appearance of —, who very kindly asked us to dinner. The invitation seemed put in my way by fate; so I accepted it. But it is very curious, that an inability to fast entirely, should have put it into my head not to fast at all: yet it somehow had the effect of making me begin breakfast as if I was going to make a regular meal; and it required a fresh exertion to desist, after I had eaten a crust of bread, and drank a cup of tea. Perhaps it is a good thing for me to be put in the way of one with whom I associate all my old feelings; it may give me an additional insight into my character, and show me the weakness of those resolutions which have been formed out of the way of temptation, and have not been exposed to trial. I must watch any attempt on my part to appear fashionable, or to shrink from shewing myself as I am. This is a glorious place; I wish I could look on it as the temple of God, and feel His Spirit moving on the face of the waters.

*Sept. 21.* I have been foolish enough to be angry at the packet's not going to-day. I had anticipated such delight from a sail across the channel with this splendid east wind, that I could hardly recon-

cile myself to the notion of losing it; very likely there will be no wind to-morrow. I have been rambling about a good deal to-day alone, and am forced to confess myself quite insufficient as yet to my own happiness: magnificent as have been the scenes among which I have been engaged, I could not feel much refreshed by them, and was conscious of solitude; I should think a person ought to be very good indeed to derive much advantage from a long solitary penance. I was disgustingly enthusiastic all the morning, and want some dry steady occupation.

*Sept. 25.* I have not had an opportunity of writing any thing more till now. We had such a splendid passage from Ilfracombe, on the 22nd, that I will try never to grumble at the weather again. I have felt like a fool in being dressed worse than the rest of them here: they seem nice people; but I must give up romance while I stay here, and carry off my singularity as well as I can.

*Sept. 26.* Walked up the vale of Rhydol to Devil's Bridge, with P\*\*\*\*\*. I had a good deal of conversation with him, and liked him exceedingly. I will try never to think harshly of any one again, for fear I should have to retract my sentiments, as completely as I must here: the walk was an attempt at romance, and it answered to a certain extent; when young —— and —— came, I lost sight of the original idea altogether, and let it dwindle into a jolly party. To-day I have eaten beyond the bounds of moderation. I must make a vigorous stand, or

I shall be carrid eaway altogether. P\*\*\*\*\* is a sort of fellow that it is good for me to be with; he steadies and quiets my mind.

*Sept. 27.* I have been tolerably abstemious to-day; but was foolish enough to allow the idea to cross my mind for an instant, that P\*\*\*\*\* and I. monopolized each other, and made me a secondary person. If it was so, it is no more than I deserve; I have no right to expect to be made much of by any one. It came into my head this morning, that it would be a good thing for me to set apart some days in the year for the commemoration of my worst acts of sin. I find, that as the feeling in which they originated becomes extinct, I am too apt to forget that it was myself who was guilty of them, and to look on the actions themselves as no longer connected with me, now that God in His goodness has delivered me from the temptation to repeat them. Besides, I think it would be the safest way of doing penance, and the most sure to exclude any feeling of self-complacency from obtruding itself on my humiliation and self-chastisement. I do not give myself enough trouble to keep up conversation; I forget that, while I am taking things easy myself, I may be a bore to others.

*Sept. 28.* I do not reckon the day to have been at all well spent. I have eat and drank too much, and thought too little: enjoyed the laugh against ——, when he talked politics after dinner. I feel too, that I am getting stingy, and anxious to save in all



manner of little things; wished to win at cards when we were only playing for sixpences, &c.; and even suffered the thought to come into my head that it was possible to desist. The rule I ought to set myself is, to care very little how my money goes, so long as I am certain it does not contribute in any way to a selfish gratification, beyond what is barely necessary. If I stick to this rule, I shall have enough to give away; or, if not, I must take a pupil. It is a great self-deception to be stingy in order to have a great deal to dispose of in charity, whatever precautions I take against vanity intruding itself into my motives.

*Sept. 29.* I cannot say much for myself to-day. I did not read the Psalms and Second Lesson after breakfast, which I had neglected to do before, though I had plenty of time on my hands. Would have liked to be thought adventurous for a scramble I had at Devil's Bridge. Looked with greediness to see if there was a goose on the table for dinner; and though what I eat was of the plainest sort, and I took no variety, yet even this was partly the effect of accident, and I certainly rather exceeded in quantity, as I was muzzy and sleepy after dinner. I have given up the notion of going into North Wales; I being unfit to go is a sort of declaration of fate against the measure; and very likely the sort of thing I had first in view might have been more than I am at present up to.

*Oct. 1.* I felt a wish cross my mind to show off



abstinence before P\*\*\*\*\*, of which I am thoroughly ashamed. I was tolerably attentive in Church; read what Law says about prayers this morning. I think an immense deal of him, but do not acquiesce in his notions about singing.

*Oct. 2. Morning.* I don't like the recollections of yesterday. Was provoked at —— for going with me to evening church, and thought him a humbug: his inconsistencies are not greater, and are very likely far more excusable than mine. Was impatient for supper, though not hungry; and deceived myself with the notion that it was wrong to fast on Sundays. I am not sure that I should have eaten anything if P\*\*\*\*\* had been in the room. I am conscious of having been in a very greedy way ever since I have been here; but it is partly owing to having taken an immense deal of exercise, and partly to a want of objects, in a strange place, on which to let my thoughts rest. However, I will set to work to alter my conduct; and endeavour to prepare, as I ought to do, for receiving the Sacrament next Sunday.

*Evening.* I have been talking a great deal to P\*\*\*\*\* about religion to-day: he seems to take such straightforward practical views of it, that when I am talking to him, I wonder what I have been bothering myself with all the summer; and almost doubt how far it is right to allow myself to indulge in speculations on a subject where all that is necessary is so plain and obvious; yet I feel that to do so would

be a violation of my nature ; besides that there are great examples to the contrary. I have been tolerably abstemious to-day, but have caught myself once or twice, as well in other matters as in this, thinking what P\*\*\*\*\* would think of me. This is very humiliating, but it may lead to good ; it will prove to me what my conscience prescribes as my duty ; and by stimulating me to perform it now, will, I hope, make me ashamed to remit it at any time ; if it does not produce this effect, I shall have to confess to myself without any means of subterfuge, that I have more regard to the opinions of men, than of God. For if it is merely acquiescence in P\*\*\*\*\*'s judgment that influences me, that will affect me just as much in his absence. I like P\*\*\*\*\* more and more every day, and feel quite thankful for having been thrown in his way.

*Oct. 4. Morning.* Yesterday when I went out shooting, I fancied that I did not care whether I hit or not ; but when it came to the point, I found myself anxious ; and, after having killed, was not unwilling to let myself be considered a better shot than I described myself. I had an impulse too, to let it be thought here that I had had only three shots, when I really had had four ; it was very slight to be sure, but I felt it. I wrote nothing to my Father in the evening : I ought to have written then. I acquiesce perfectly now in giving up my North Wales expedition, and feel that, as I was, it would have been a bad thing for me. I was getting into

an overstrained way, with which I might have got disgusted, and these fellows have brought me down to a more sober level. I will not let go my visions of romance; but the foundation is not yet solid enough to bear their being realized. I must keep my body under, and bring it into subjection, and fortify myself against the intrusion of bad feelings, and returns of carelessness.

*Oct. 4. Evening.* Threw I. his great coat when he was on horseback, and when he was in a rage at my stupidity: I felt like a fool, and affected to pass it off as a joke: the consciousness of this folly and the notion that I was seen through and despised for it, put me horridly out of sorts; I have got right again however, and am all comfortable. I have not spent much time to-day in self-examination.

*Oct. 5.* Sported flash in setting out to shoot, took the best gunpowder horn and shot belt, and made a secondary consideration of —, and perhaps should not have recollected what a fool I was making of myself, unless I had missed many shots following. However, as soon as I thought about it, I did all I could to retrieve and was thoroughly ashamed.

*Oct. 6.* I have kept a tolerable fast to day: have read my journal, though I can hardly identify myself with the person it describes: it seems like having some one under one's guardianship who was an intolerable fool, and exposed himself to my contempt every moment for the most ridiculous and trifling motives: and while I was thinking all this, I went into I.'s



room to seek a pair of shoes, and on hearing him coming, got away as silently as possible. Why did I do this? did I think I was doing what I did not like? or was it the relic of a sneaking habit? I will ask myself these questions again.

I read over my journal because I intend to receive the sacrament next Sunday, and want to have some settled notion what particular weaknesses I must pray for support against, and what sins and omissions I have to be forgiven. As far as I have observed yet, the strongholds of the evil spirit within me are inertness, disingenuousness, bullying, and levity. The first appears everywhere; I will make reference to the others.

*Oct. 7.* I have no need to make any references, as I have exemplified each in my conduct to-day. I have had an excessive languor on me all day, which I did not take sufficient pains to resist. Did not like —— should see me wedging up the window. Told —— something he had done, which was no concern of mine, was excessively absurd. On looking over a part of Bp. Butler, that reminded me of the argument I had with ——, felt provoked at not having set him down better, and if he had been there should have attacked him for victory. I will endeavour never to argue on a serious subject again, except with those to whose opinions I look up; at least till I have good grounds to be more sure of myself.

Instead of the week being one of self-examina-



tion, and a settling of my spiritual accounts, it has added to the accumulation of evil deeds, for which I must to-morrow apply for forgiveness. I have not yet made up my mind whether the money I intend to dedicate had better be given in a large proportion at the Chapel, or be saved for the —— Mendicity Society. In the latter case I shall have a more definite idea of the good accomplished; but in the former I think my motive is most certain to be pure; and I am certainly justified in giving a portion of my alms according to the directions of the Church. I will be guided by whether I can escape observation.

*Oct. 8.* Was ashamed to have it known that I had no gloves. Talked about matters of morality in a way that might leave the impression that I thought myself free from some vices which I censured; this was unintentional, but silly. Could not attend as I ought at the Sacrament Service; I felt somewhat in the same manner as last Sunday about —— staying. Felt so disinclined to come to evening Church that I wished it would rain for an excuse, but was thoroughly ashamed of myself, and went in spite of a storm. The sun set on the sea wild and imposing beyond description. Could not keep myself awake during the sermon; but it certainly was not calculated to do much good from what I heard of it, and P\*\*\*\*\* said the rest was in character: intended 2*l.* 10*s.*, but thought I should be observed, so vowed 5*l.* to the —— Mendicity Society.

*Oct. 10.* Was lazy yesterday evening; had no definite charge to make against myself of sufficient consequence; yet had a vague consciousness that all was not right, and I do not know that I can say much more for myself to day. Was rather teasing to old —— about the helpless way in which he was planning his journey back; felt silly at being beaten by P\*\*\*\*\* at a little game. Have rather relaxed in my endeavours after self-command, though I feel my notions in general getting more settled.

Took up Bp. Wilson accidentally, and read a sermon on the history of Christianity. Like him very much, and shall apply to him often for advice. Read an ode of Pindar with something more like delight, than I think I ever felt from him before.

I have been thinking a good deal how I ought to behave to my old acquaintance. Sudden changes are never good; and yet I ought to get on such a footing as to let them see I must not be laughed at. I cannot act up to my opinions, without appearing to set up for a character; and the levity, and inconsistency, and contemptibleness, of my former conduct, and of many of the habits it has left rooted in me, will make me deservedly ridiculous in adopting an austere course of life. Yet I am convinced it is my happiness and my duty to do so; and the difficulties which impede me now, will have to be got over just as much if I delay. If I could, I should like to mature my character, and get to be sure of myself, before I make my outward

conduct different from that of other people. But I mistrust my motive; and, besides, I believe it to be impossible.

*Oct. 13.* I have kept a very good fast to-day, as far as eating goes; but have spoilt it all this evening, by playing at that game, instead of coming up and reading. I have been much delighted by a peep into the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and I hope I shall find Shakspeare answer the purpose of beautiful scenery, when I get back to Oxford; I will be strict in not allowing myself to be carried away by an interesting part, so as to interfere with my other reading: for I know, by experience, that this is the only way to keep up the relish. Nature intended pleasures to be tasted sparingly.

These games do not answer: I am not excited now: yet I feel the good of the day almost entirely gone; and feel no more ready for my prayers than I did in the morning. Their interest turns upon conceit; and they cease to be amusing when they become harmless.

...My first impulse was to be pleased when I found there was no evening prayer; a proof of my laziness, and want of steady religion. I have a sort of vanity, which aims at my own good opinion; and I look for any thing to prove to myself that I am more anxious to mind myself than other people.

I have been talking away this evening, without attending to my old resolution; arguing in favour of a public education, on grounds on which I had

no business to put it: and talking about feelings, a thing which I must carefully avoid: it keeps me from acting: besides, it is silly.

Oct. 17. Went to Parson's Bridge with I. I am going to record a thing of myself, as a proof of mental imbecility, superinduced by my habitual cowardice, rather than as a charge against myself now. P\*\*\*\*\* and I. had left —— in the dark, and, when I heard him afterwards coming up stairs, I felt a sneaking emotion that he meant to call me to account. A thing, of course, absurd in the extreme; but my feeling real. I can have no respect for myself, till I am altered in this respect.

Oct. 19. *Half past three*, A.M. By the side of a turf fire at Minygfard. In this morning's Psalms there is, "As for the gods of the heathen, they are but vanity; but it is the Lord that made the heavens." What beautiful associations come into one's head at the name of Cader Idris, "the seat of the giant." Why not, when we recollect who that giant is?

*Dolgellau. Three.* Just up. The Cader Idris affair like a dream. It was in a great cloud; but coming down it was beautiful beyond expectation. I took my disappointment in some respects well, but pleased myself with fancying that I was not common place, and that a person, like me, ought to see it under different circumstances from the generality. Meant to have said my prayers at the top of the mountain, but was not in a humour.

Oct. 21. *Shrewsbury.* Yesterday, a romantic



walk to Mallwyd, just in time. A very kind fellow, who was riding, carried our great coats. Gave P\*\*\*\*\* my Greek Testament for a memorial. We had slept in the same room; and I felt how little root I had in myself, as it came into my head whether he would think my prayers long enough. Meant to have kept a fast, and did abstain from dinner; but at tea ate buttered toast, when I knew it was bad for me; yet all the while was excusing myself, under the notion that I ought to prepare for the journey I should have to-day. I feel yet less as I get nearer to Oxford, and that I shall have to keep a sharp look out on myself. I said my prayers inattentively, yesterday and to-day. Have rather stuffed at breakfast—cannot help taking my money out at a meal—must get rid of this vulgar feeling.

In pursuance of this resolution I took the coach dinner at Birmingham, and ate very little, though I was very hungry; but, because I thought the charge unreasonable, I tried to shirk the waiter—sneaking! Among the delinquencies of the 20th, I forgot to mention, that, on looking over ——'s careless letter, I felt provoked at it as a personal slight. Yesterday I was much put out by an old fellow chewing tobacco, and spitting across me. Also bad thoughts of various kinds kept presenting themselves to my mind while it was vacant.

*Oxford.* In coming to Oxford, how I feel in many respects the same as on the 1st of February. I believe at that time I was more anxious to keep

myself in order, and that in the interval I have hardly made any advance, except in the experience it has given me of myself. After having got the fellowship, I felt a strong returning impulse to be flash, and have to thank Heaven that I was not tempted. I allowed myself to relax in all self-denial, ate and drank as much as I liked; was irregular in reading and writing letters, suffered myself to be worked up into a state of feeble anxiety about the Essay; did not get up in the morning, and was irregular at chapel, and, conscious of my want of root in myself, felt in awe of the ——. However, I became so very uncomfortable in myself, both from feeling my retrogression, and from speculations which kept running in my head, that I looked forward to my return home as a new period in my existence, and with a determination to start fresh with the change of scene. I was guided in part by a rational plan of improving myself, and in part by a sort of visionary indistinct feeling, which being in many respects disappointed, I determined to try experiments. My journal will give a sort of notion what has been in my mind from that time to this.

I have been looking forward to my return to Oxford as again a fresh start, and have made many determinations how I ought to conduct myself. . . . I have been coming to a resolution that, as soon as I am out of the reach of observation, I will begin a sort of monastic austere life, and do my best to chastise myself before the Lord. That I will attend

chapel regularly, eat little and plainly, drink as little wine as I can consistently with the forms of society: keep the fasts of the Church as much as I can without ostentation: continue to get up at six in the winter: abstain from all unnecessary expenses in every thing: give all the money I can save in charity, or for the adorning of religion. That I will submit myself to the wishes of the ——, as to one set over me by the Lord, but never give in to the will or opinion of any one from idleness, or false shame, or want of spirit. That I will avoid society as much as I can, except those I can do good to, or from whom I may expect real advantage; and that I will, in all my actions, endeavour to justify that high notion of my capacities of which I cannot divest myself. That I will avoid all conversation on serious subjects, except with those whose opinions I revere, and content myself with exercising dominion over my own mind, without trying to influence others.

The studies which I have prescribed to myself are Hebrew and the Ante-Nicene Fathers.

I find I have not done so much as I intended, or as I ought to have done, all last week, and must call on ——, to apologize.

*From October 22 to December 4, 1826.*

(Not to be opened for six calendar months, and I hope not then.)

*Oxford, Oct. 22.* I turn back to this part of my book, in hopes that I shall, in another sense also, turn over a new leaf. I have not made much of a beginning. I have felt anxious that H. should think me steadier. Talked smartly to S. against Paley. Ate little. Been at both sermons. I thought a great deal of H.'s, especially of the remark, that the records of God's miraculous providence in the Old Testament are meant to be witnesses of His faithfulness to us; and to give us, as it were, experience of His power and intention to make up to us, when we feel in this world borne down with misery.

*Oct. 23.* Up at six, and got the Psalms and Second Lesson read before chapel. . . . .

*Oct. 24.* After chapel, found a letter from K. which gave me greater pleasure than I have had since my Mother's death. Read, and then had a walk with N. Our conversation did not leave a pleasing impression on my mind. We began about ghosts. I went on, by degrees, to argue about our dwelling among spirits: I did not talk with any clearness, or talent, and perhaps this may account for a dissatisfied feeling. It seemed, too, that I had been intruding on hallowed precincts; and that a conversation, held in a manner not consistent with a serious belief, shook for a moment the steadiness of my faith.



I have been put out this evening, by hearing that I am not to receive any thing for my fellowship till this time next year, and that in the mean time I must continue a burden to my Father. I ought to acquiesce in it with complete indifference, but it will cut me off for a time from exercises of virtue, which I intended to have begun with directly. However, I can make it up by other additional austerity and self-denial, in order to compensate for not giving alms. It is also a trial to confess to my Father how much I owe, in order to clear my way preparatory to the first start, Felt provoked and silly, at hearing that —— had told —— that I was not in the least clever! How very weak! But all these things help to keep in my mind what I am. Above all things I must be careful not to talk *συχνητὰ*, to which I am constantly tempted by habitual levity, and the example of those I live with.

*Oct. 25.* Wrote to my Father for 60%; first of all in a very serious way, but afterward I made it a common sort of letter. Read steadily to-day; had no dinner, but a bit of bread. Somehow I feel, that I go to chapel more to pass away the time than from a love of God; and that the little good I do is attributable to the same motive. My annoyance, whenever I am worsted in an argument, shows me that theories of my own, rather than the word of God, are the rules on which I act. I talked sillily to-day, as I used to do last term; but took

no pleasure in it: so am not ashamed. Although I don't recollect any harm of myself, yet I don't feel that I have made a clean breast of it.

*Oct. 26.* Felt an impulse of pleasure, on finding W. was not at chapel this morning. I am always trying to persuade myself that I endeavour to be better than other people. Disgustingly self-complacent thoughts have kept continually obtruding themselves upon me, on the score of my little paltry abstinences. What I give up costs me no great effort; it is no sacrifice of pleasure for the sake of virtue. It is what I am glad to have, a motive to act, from a conviction that it is the means of getting the greatest quantity of happiness. I will persevere in the course I have prescribed to myself, let my enemy do what he will to defile it; for, if I *do* nothing ostentatious, I cannot be forming the habit. Only I must prescribe to myself some exercises that I really dislike, that I may feel my weakness. I think it was ostentatious in me to hint to S. that I got up at six o'clock. To-morrow is a fasting-day. I am afraid I shall sleep a great deal. I can easily fast, but cannot shake off sloth. I feel as if I should not like to be laughed at for being serious when grace is saying.

*Oct. 27.* I forgot to mention, that I had been looking round my rooms, and thinking they looked comfortable and nice, and that I said, in my heart, "Ah! ah! I am warm;" and felt less anxious to find an opportunity of giving them up to Mr. —,

which, however, I am resolved to do. It is disgusting for a fellow, like me, to be enjoying the fat of the land. Also, when I went to Lloyd's Lecture, just now, a thought crossed me that I should feel elevated by a visit from ——. I was not up till half past six; slept on the floor, and a nice uncomfortable time I had of it. I had on a mustard plaister nearly three hours after I returned from Lloyd's; could not bear it longer: I believe it has answered. Tasted nothing to-day till tea time, and then only one cup, and dry bread. Somehow it has not made me at all uneasy.

*Oct. 28.* Was a good deal put out in my attention to the service this morning, by being sent to read the Lessons unexpectedly. I was provoked at knowing it was W.'s turn, and that H. would reckon me careless without reason: but I will say nothing about it. What I do, I do unto the Lord, and not unto men; at least that is the only motive I will allow. I am afraid it was a sort of breach of promise in me yesterday, not to give Lloyd ——'s excuse, and will tell him, as soon as I see him, that when it came to the point, I could not make up my mind to be responsible for his humbug. If I do not express myself as strongly as this, I shall be a coward. I was fool enough to be a little jealous at hearing Lloyd kept old —— an hour talking, and caught myself just now speculating whether he might not ask *me* to stay next lecture. I forgot to go to the sermon to-day.

*Oct. 29.* I wish I could make out, candidly, why it is that I am so very indulgent to the lax actions and notions of those who go on in the way of the world, and yet so excessively bitter against those who set up to be good and wise. Is a wish to be thought fine at the bottom of it, and I only venture to express contempt where I have the voice of the world in my favour? or is it that there is less difficulty in confuting the errors of the former, and that my pride is annoyed at finding that I cannot satisfactorily overturn every opinion which is contrary to my own? or, does seeing other people set up to differ from the voice of mankind, and adopt a way of thinking for themselves, make me doubt whether my peculiar feelings may not be as erroneous, as I see theirs to be? or, am I confused by their mixture of truth and falsehood, and angry at having the trouble of separating them in my own mind? or may there not be some natural feeling of abhorrence against those who bring the name of holiness into disrepute, and put a stumblingblock in the way of good dispositioned men, who have not had opportunity of having the truth set before them? I wish I could say, with confidence, that this was the only cause. I believe all of them contribute towards it.

I was not only guilty of a childish folly in talking with such eagerness against the self-righteous set, at S.'s this morning, but, when I used severe expressions, I quite forgot how ill it became one



like me to censure any one. Lord forgive me, and grant that I may get over this foolish and presumptuous habit.

I don't know whether I should have permitted B. to give a name to take us into Magdalen, considering what was passing in my mind at the time. I satisfied myself that I need not go through the forms of standing and kneeling during the service, by the permission given to Naaman, to bow down in the house of Rimmon. I think I was right. I felt rather self-complacent while there, and was thinking how easy it came to me to alter my views; and this presumptuous thought often intrudes itself upon me. Many things recur to show me I have not sufficient root in myself.

I was a good deal annoyed that I could not arrange my thoughts for an argument with H. and Mr. B. W. At tea I felt a great inclination to make remarks, with a view to show how much I had thought on serious subjects. The evening sermon suggested to me the necessity of making myself acquainted with the Thirty-nine Articles. The morning left no impression.

An uncomfortable absurdity keeps hold of me, that my own opinions become false, when I allow contrary ones to be sported in my presence with impunity. Also, it always suggests itself to me, that a wise thought is wasted when it is kept to myself: against which, as it is my most bothering temptation, I will set down some arguments, to be called to mind in the

time of trouble. In this day's Lesson (Prov. xii. 23.) there is, "a prudent man concealeth knowledge." Not allowing oneself to talk of an opinion, is one of the surest helps to acting upon it, as it will find some vent. Communicating it is like opening the valve of a steam boiler. Besides, if other people assent to it in theory, while they contradict it in their way of life, it gives us a fresh difficulty to encounter in annexing to it its real force: seeing people take up with blank words, "salt that hath lost its savour," is excessively infectious. But, supposing they do not assist, this can only serve to confuse and stagger us, and leave us dissatisfied with them and ourselves; I do not mean our attainments, for of them we cannot think too little, but of our views, of which we ought never to permit ourselves to doubt. The sensible plan would be, never to maintain an opinion contrary to the practice of others, unless we think we have sufficient weight with them to make them alter their likes and dislikes. But I am tired of making resolutions to be broken.

*Oct. 30.* I feel this morning as if I had been in an enthusiastic way when I went to bed last night. Was not up till half past six this morning. It came into my head that I had not done — justice. The thought made me inattentive at prayers, and in chapel. I will get it off my conscience, and begin with —. I was rather disappointed that Lloyd did not ask me to stay after lecture; *i. e.* the feeling crossed me. I want to get my thoughts arranged

about the habits of nations, with a view to observing the ends which our great Father has accomplished, in His different interpositions in the affairs of the world, so as to bring about the present state of things<sup>1</sup>. Also to assist myself in seeing what was the tendency of these interpositions, supposing men had done their part, and what would have been the probable state of things, supposing men had been left to themselves.

*Oct. 31.* I believe, except a few momentary inadvertencies, I have kept the fast as strictly as I could, to avoid observation. Yet I cannot venture to give myself much credit for abstinence, as I found so little difficulty, that, unless my appetite is more subdued than I can suppose, I could not have been hungry. I do not feel any satisfaction in the day; for though I have fasted, I have not turned it to any end for which the fast was instituted. My thoughts have been very wandering. I have been neither able to read nor pray. I could not even fix my mind on Mr. Bonnel's reflections on that very subject. I have not watched myself close enough to be able to record the weaknesses of this evening, but have a general impression that I have not been what I ought.

*Nov. 1.* It crossed me that I should like N. to observe, that I had studied the service before I came to chapel, by my finding the lesson before it

<sup>1</sup> [Vide Private Memoranda, Oct. 30. *infra*. pp. 71-73.]



was given out. I have confessed to myself a fresh thing to be on my guard against. Every now and then I keep feeling anxious that by bringing myself into strict command, I may acquire a commanding air and manner, and am in a hurry to get rid of the punishment of my former weakness. I sometimes try to assume a dignified face as I meet men, and am never content to be treated as a shilly shally fellow. I must not care the least, or ever indulge a thought, about the impression I make on others; but make myself *be* what I would, and let the *seeming* take its course; or, rather, be glad of slights, as from the Lord. This will be a hard struggle. O Lord, give me strength to go through with it!

I have been much struck to-day with the remarkable beauty of the Church Service. I wish I could get a way of spending Saints' days appropriately, and keeping my thoughts directed towards the object appointed by the Church for the consideration of the day; but, in my present state, I fear I should be much tired, by thinking long together on any single subject.

*Nov. 2.* It has once come into my head to-day that I had better enter the records of this book as part of my prayers.

In my attempts to make myself regular and attentive to checking little expenses, I feel myself getting *cogerish*, &c. I must set myself a rule, never to grudge paying for a thing I don't use, that I should not grudge paying for if I did use it. On paying T.



and J. by impulse, I took back an odd eightpence, or ninepence, instead of letting them pocket what was over.

In talking, must not assent, or laugh, &c. when I have not caught the force of a remark.

I cannot help being bothered at disrespect, (or what I consider such) from the sort of people among whom I am thrown. I must keep in mind what I deserve, and humble myself to the earth. I have felt cowardly to-day. Have shrunk from the notion of being thought a fool for sapping. Felt a momentary pain at my society being so little sought: though it is my deliberate opinion that society is bad for me. I almost gave up my resolutions at the prospect of going on with perpetual self-denials, and indulged the thoughts of a respite: "Forgetting the things which are behind," &c. Let me "quit myself like a man, and be strong."

I talked with levity again to-day in saying to T. that the majority were atheists.

*Nov. 3.* Not up till half-past six. When W. said he did not dine in hall, I was conscious it would annoy me to think that he fasted. It proves that I do it, that I may think myself good. I must keep myself intent on the one object, strengthening and purifying my soul. While I was indulging reveries about diffusing happiness at home, and making the servants comfortable, I had a call for active benevolence, which I felt much inclined to be idle about, and the inconsistency did not

strike me at first (*i. e.* about Mr. ——) however, I hope I mastered myself, and that little as I have done, it is not owing to idleness. Walked with N., and by a sort of fatality talked *σιγητά*, which had the usual effect of unsettling my feelings. I must give up all notion of keeping a clear view of the object at which I am aiming, but go on blindly adhering to the resolutions I have formed, and give them a fair chance. I have got Mr. —— to accept a change of lodgings. I have kept my fast strictly, having taken nothing till near nine this evening, and then only a cup of tea, and a little bread without butter, but it has not been as easy as it was last.

*Nov. 4.* It struck me with great horror this morning, when I reflected what a change would be effected in my notions of the holy and great people whom I venerate, if I was to know of their saying or feeling or doing things, which, in myself, I am only able to look on as levities and carelessness, and which I hardly enumerate in the reprehensible parts of my character.

I felt as if I had got rid of a great weight from my mind, in having given up the notion of regulating my particular actions, by the sensible tendency I could perceive in them to bring me towards my *τὸ καλόν*. I had always a mistrust in this motive, and it seems quite a happiness to yield the direction of myself to a Higher Power, who has said, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."

I could not attend at all in evening chapel, though I had declined —'s invitation. I was thinking whether I read in a way suited to "the dignity of my high calling." This is what I called it to myself; but it was in reality whether I was reading in a way suited to *my own dignity*: a wide and melancholy difference.

I talked with presumption to S. about the 5th of November: called Bp. Butler. . . . . Volunteered an assent to — that a thing which an Archbishop had done was cowardly. With the —s I was bragging about activity, and though without any definite wish to deceive, made a statement of which I doubt the correctness; and the same with S. I was not deliberate, for I retracted directly, but it shows my ἡθoς; also, I must remember what was in this evening's lesson, that "a wise man doth scarcely smile a little." But I must avoid humbug.

Nov. 5. I thought about my manner of reading the Lessons again this morning in chapel; was a good deal put out by the irregularity of the service; and could not keep the mastery over my thoughts. After this I was silly enough to attend the service at St. Mary's, and was quite exhausted and wandering. I talked with S. about Milton, I think bordering on σιγηρά; said Butler again. . . . I wrote K. as correct an account as I could of the state of my mind. I have had a bit of elevation this evening. It struck me that I was as it were



returned to a strict school, and that I might expect my mind to make advances in vigour as a boy's does.

I must not let this go off in a puff, but use it to strengthen myself in abstinence and self-mortification. I hope I have put my hand to the plough. I must, with God's assistance, be most vigorously on the watch, lest I forfeit my inheritance by looking back.

*Nov. 6.* Instead of attending to the confession in morning chapel, I was thinking whether any one had observed that I never missed this term. I ought to get up Lloyd's lecture better: my feelings condemn my negligence, as I am conscious I should feel silly at exposing it. It seems to me a great help towards making myself indifferent to present things, to conjure up past events, and distant places and people before me,—things that happened at Eton, or Ottery, or in the very early times of childhood.

I felt again to day as if I had been getting enthusiastic, and that the secret world of new pleasures and wishes, to which I am trying to gain admittance, is a mere fancy. I must be careful to check high feelings; they are certain to become offences in a day or two, and must regulate my practice by faith, and a steady imitation of great examples. In hopes that by degrees, what I now have only faint and occasional glimpses of, may be the settled objects on which my imagination reposes, and that I may be literally hid in the presence of the Lord.

*Nov. 7.* I have not had many temptations to day. I was rather braced this morning by reading



about the Martyrs in Eusebius, and sat in the cold very well, but have been *μαλακὸς* since. Have found out how much I owe —— for the sofa, which I have been so shabby about: “the wicked borroweth and payeth not again.” Have not got up Lloyd’s lecture properly, but can hardly tell how without Slade, which would be a waste of money.

*Nov. 8.* Carelessly broke one of W’s. windows; my first impulse was to sneak off, &c.

*Nov. 9.* I allowed myself to be disgusted with ——’s pomposity; also smiled at an allusion in the Lessons to abstemiousness in eating. I hope not from pride or vanity, but mistrust; it certainly was unintentional. (I have set myself a rule not to assign reasons for my conduct except to those who have a right to ask.)

Had a walk with N. Insensibly got talking in a way to let him infer I was trying to alter myself. Also allowed myself to argue. Was puzzled as usual, and have been uncomfortable and abstracted ever since. Once doubted whether I had not been wrong, which made me ridiculously uneasy.

Felt once as if I would have accepted ——’s invitation on Friday if I had expected a party to my taste; and believe my motive was not sound at the bottom, as I am afraid is the case with all my motives. I read and go to chapel, because they are helps to get through the day. I use self-denial because I believe it the way to make the most out of our pleasures; and, besides, it has a tendency to give

me what is essential to taking my place in society, —self-command. Besides which, if my feelings are in any respect right, if I have any real wish to conform my will to that of the Lord, and really to correct my motives and feelings, it is because having tried every other way, which I fancied might lead to happiness, I have either been thwarted in my endeavours or disappointed in success. I am driven to the attempt after piety as a last resource; I seek to be hidden, and in the Lord's presence, not upon choice, but because I have no where else to hide myself. I give up nothing, and ask for everything. Can such an offering as mine have anything acceptable in it? Can actions, originating in such a temper, have any tendency to make me better, or to procure the blessing and grace of God? and yet, now I am proud of this that I have written, and think that the knowledge it shows of myself, implies a greatness of mind; and I sometimes compare myself to Solomon in the beginning of Ecclesiastes.

Was disgustingly ostentatious at dinner in asking for a china plate<sup>1</sup> directly, as I had finished my meat. I did it on purpose too, that the others might see I ate so much less than they did. Read affectedly in evening chapel. I look forward to to-morrow with apprehension, and expect uncommon tedium before night. I hope I shall be able to abstain altogether, and that the Lord will so purify my motives, that I may benefit from this my spiritual sustenance. The

<sup>1</sup> [In College meat is served on pewter.]

affair of the argument proves to me that I am very proud. If God has not given me such high talents as I suppose, what harm can it be to me to find it out? If being in the wrong really diminished my understanding, there might be more ground for being uncomfortable. But it is not argument that must get the better of this folly. I have allowed myself to be provoked and bothered at the ——s having cut up my evening, and not having been sufficiently respectful. How can I expect my trespasses to be forgiven?

*Nov. 10.* Fell quite short of my wishes with respect to the rigour of to-day's fast, though I am quite willing to believe not unpardonably: I tasted nothing till after half-past eight in the evening, and before that had undergone more uncomfortableness, both of body and mind, than any fast has as yet occasioned me, having, I hope, laid a sort of foundation, on which I may gradually build up the fit spending of a fast in calling my sins to remembrance. But I made rather a more hearty tea than usual [quite giving up the notion of a fast] in W.'s rooms, and by this weakness have occasioned another slip. For having been treated, as I think, without sufficient respect by the youngest ——, I allowed myself to be vexed, and to think of how I ought to have set him down all the rest of the evening, instead of receiving it with thankfulness from God as an instrument of humility. Also I will record another error, common indeed with me, and which



for that reason I have hitherto overlooked, *i. e.* speaking severely of another without a cause. I said I thought —— an ass, when there was not the least occasion for me to express my sentiments about him. And yet I, so severe on the follies, and so bitter against the slightest injuries I get from others, am now presenting myself before my great Father to ask for mercy on my most foul sins, and forgiveness for the most incessant injuries. “How shall I be delivered from the body of this death !”

*Nov. 11.* I have become comfortable again, and cannot help thinking that it is owing, in a great measure, to my having seen that it was not from a deliberate intention to slight me, that young —— was pert, and from my interest in the argument with N. having died away. How feeble my mind has become, from my having left it so long uncontrolled. I am conscious that I have merited no respect from my past conduct, and always measure the slights offered me by what I know I deserve, and what I should be forced to put up with: and when external trifles make me uncomfortable, then I think it is repentance. Yet, I cannot but think that the consciousness of my great sinfulness had much to do with my wretchedness yesterday: and that our minds are so contrived, that this misery must have something external to fasten on, so that it may not be weighing us down continually. This is the first day I have not been to chapel in Oriel; but I was obliged to stay away, out of civility to



——. I went to Magdalen instead; and though I could not do all the forms, without obtruding myself on notice, yet it seems to me to have been a very impressive service, partly from the difficulty of reading; a subject connected with which I have been making a speculation, which I don't recollect having dated<sup>1</sup>. I have again been talking freely of people, partly out of habit, and partly to have something to say to ——. Laughed at ——, when uncalled for. Have not been the least abstemious in any of my meals.

*Nov. 12.* Felt great reluctance to sleep on the floor last night, and was nearly arguing myself out of it; was not up till half-past six. —— was sitting under me in chapel; and I was actually prevented from giving my mind to a great deal of the early part of the service, by the thought crossing me at each response, that he must be thinking I was become a Don, and was affecting religious out of compliance.

Felt ashamed that my trowsers were dirty whilst I was sitting next ——, but resolved not to hide them. This sort of shame [about what] we ourselves esteem matters of indifference, because they do not seem so to other people, brings home to our minds what depravity it proves in us to pay so little attention to what we know is serious. I cannot look on this Sunday with any pleasure. I have been inattentive again at evening chapel, and have made the day too much a holiday in the ordinary sense.

<sup>1</sup> Vid. p. 77. *infra*.

*Nov. 13.* This morning I found one of my old theme books, and the reading it presented to my recollection in a more lively way, the very wretched state into which my mind has fallen, than the mere reflection on that period of my life does usually suggest. The pain which, on this occasion, got hold of my mind was, I am willing to believe, more pure and genuine than any I had hitherto experienced; though, not having recorded my feelings at the time, they now present to me only an indistinct representation of wretchedness. Certainly, if I am now indeed in a better way, it is not by any effort of my own that I have been led into it; but the change has resulted from a combination of accidents, in the disposal of which I had no voice, and for which I ought to bow before God in affrighted gratitude. How I have become what I am, I cannot trace, yet I fear that the change, whatever it is, is much less than it appears; and that it, rather than [it is rather that] the circumstances in which I have been placed, have freed my will, than that my will is really more hearty. It is but little I do, and nothing that I sacrifice; and every return of old temptations raises thoughts and impulses, just like what I used to be overcome by.

To-day, when —— called on me, I was forced to watch myself at every turn, for fear of saying something irreligious, or uncharitable; and, perhaps as it was, I offended in both. I laughed at ——, when I had nothing else to say; and, as an apology for

having altered my views of life, talked of the equality of dulness which attended all. I am not sure how far this was wrong; it is never right to intrude religion upon people: yet I feel that, in my case, I shrink from being connected with those people who are generally called religious, rather than avoid being thought well of. I felt quite annoyed, because of something said by ——, which gave me a notion that men thought I attended church regularly, because I wished to be a tutor. I must be on the watch, to purify my actions from the intrusion of any feeling, except a steady determination to act right, and shape all my conduct as if I was in solitude, where the likelihood of being approved tempts me to go farther; only allowing myself to meet the prejudices of others, when so doing is a greater instance of self-denial than the conduct I think exactly right. I have been quite overcome this evening by a tendency to sleep, and have not been able to command my attention since tea.

*Nov.* 14. It struck me to day, that forcing myself to take a walk for a certain time every day, would be a good sort of self-denial. I will try it. I was a little uneasy, just now, at not having been severe on ——, for a pert thing he said to me. I believe I gave him the right answer, but not in a sufficiently marked way; being taken by surprise. I think I should look on it as a duty to repress impertinence; but I must learn to be indifferent to

it. I thought myself great, from some hints I wrote in my other book this morning.

*Nov. 15.* I should have felt much ashamed to have exposed how ignorant I was at Lloyd's Lecture, and ought to be as much ashamed at knowing it myself. Uncommon weakness of mind is the necessary consequence, and part of the natural punishment of my past habits; and these silly littlenesses and false shames are what I must be contented with, as with bodily diseases, till the Lord thinks fit gradually to remove them. All that I must be careful is, never to allow them to influence my voluntary actions.

I went to New College Chapel; in consequence of which, and being in the anti-chapel, could not go through the right forms of standing and kneeling, without attracting attention; as it was, I was much distracted by the thoughts that men were observing me. I was much delighted with the anthem, but caught myself giving way to the emotion it produced from the notion. . . . How these things linger by me! I have been *μαλακὸς* this evening, and felt a wish that I had not resolved to live strictly; and indulged, for a moment, the intention of giving it up in some degree next term.

*Nov. 16.* I had a walk by myself, in which I was thinking over my condition, and trying to make out what I must guard against if I go home; and to plan the safest way of spending my time there;



and yet here I am weary of finishing the course which I have prescribed to myself: the enthusiasm which set me off has gradually died away, and I am left to go on resolutions, the aim of which I often lose sight of, in spite of discouragements, for which I had hardly prepared myself. My friendlessness, and the consciousness that no one enters into my condition, and the consequent necessity of painful reserve, as well as the everlasting mortifications arising from the footing, on which my past life has placed me, and for rising above which, the habits I have contracted unfit me,—all tend to weigh me down, and repress my spirit. Yet it is my duty to acquiesce in them, as punishment richly deserved; and to be thankful for them as opportunities of practising more constantly the contrary habits to those which I have contracted. Perseverance, without regard to events; indifference to the praise, or censure of others; quietness in doing my own business. Strengthen me, O Lord, that I may perform effectually what I intend piously.

*Nov. 17.* I have twice, this morning, been insincere, from my habit of ἀρέσκεια. I assented fully to Lloyd, on a point on which I had not made up my mind; and was surprised into telling — that I liked the Latin of his Essay, while I know, that when I read it, I thought it cramped; and have only altered my notions of its relative merits since, from hearing it praised: however, as soon as I observed what I had said, I qualified it as much as

possible. I have been very inert all day, yet vexed at myself for it. May there not be such a thing as mental weariness, which justifies idleness for a time, as well as bodily. I went to New College Chapel, and my attention was much less disturbed. I broke my fast at tea, of which, however, I allowed myself to make a meal. I deliberately think that it will be better for me to discontinue for a time these voluntary self-denials; I am quite exhausted by them, little as they have been, and feel incapacitated for executing my duties. Very likely, after a short respite, I may return with greater vigour; and I think the impression already made will not go off in a moment.

*Nov. 18.* I have slackened my rules to-day, and let go my dreamy feelings, that have been keeping me up. Bad as I am, it seems as if I might, not indeed be too penitent, but penitent in a wrong way; abstinences and self-mortifications may, themselves, be a sort of intemperance; a food to my craving after some sign that I am altering. They ought not to be persevered in, farther than as they are instrumental to a change of character in things of real importance; and the lassitude which I have felt lately, is a sign that they will do me no good just for the present. It is curious to see, how by denying one affection we gratify another; and how hard it is to keep a pure motive for any thing. The sensible way is to watch for our predominant affection, as each gets the uppermost, and give it our

chief attention: mine, just now, is impatience at finding myself remain the same, in spite of any difference of conduct I adopt. But, while I give up punishing myself in my eating, I must be very careful not to indulge. To-day, though I did not eat at all more than the other people, yet, having long accustomed myself to spare diet, it superinduced a sort of repletion. I will refrain, rather by forcing myself to talk and attend to the wants of others, than by constantly thinking of myself.

*Nov. 19.* Having let myself loose two days, I seem to have recovered my resolution, and feel quite ashamed of my want of patience and inconsistency: besides, I hardly think I am at liberty now to alter resolutions I made at the beginning of the term: I am as liable to err in judgment now as then, and at a distance was less biassed: and even, if the resolution was injudicious, yet persevering in it, because I considered it as binding, is not liable to the same objections, as acting with my eyes fixed on the original object of the resolution; at worst, it is but a punishment for rashness; and, if I can look on it as having ceased to be voluntary, cannot excite pride, but will be an excellent discipline of patience, like an illness, or any other natural evil. I am glad I have this feebleness recorded against me, as it is fresh ground to stand upon; I will endeavour to look on my self-denials for the rest of the term as involuntary. I am sure it is a good thing to act up even to injudicious resolutions; to

form a habit of thinking our present actions as not in our power. For we must be better judges at a distance, in general: so I pray God I may be protected from strange thoughts, and moral coils, while endeavouring to persevere.

To-day I felt an inclination to take —— into favour, for having told S. he thought me the cleverest man in Oxford. So evil thoughts keep me in on every side; do what I will, I cannot get away from them.

*Nov. 22. Morning.* I have had a bad cold for the last two days, and was obliged to get into bed before it got cold, after taking my gruel, so was unable to write any thing; however, they have passed away with great evenness. I ought to have mentioned, on Sunday night, the 19th, that I had done a shabby thing, in pressing —— to buy my Virgil; he could not want it more than I do. I have thought it best to miss chapel yesterday evening and this morning. I hope the reason was sufficient to dispense with the resolution.

*Evening.* Have not been to chapel this evening, owing to my cold. Promised —— I would not vote against him, if ever he stood for the —— . Foolish, but I must abide by it. This morning I thought I heard —— come to call on Mr. ——, and the notion stayed a little while in my head, whether he would pay me a visit too. I am inconsistent in my feelings about him. I have felt vain to-day, but I don't recollect the occasion.



*Nov. 23.* Did not wake till half past six. How quickly a habit is broken! Have lately got into a way of longing to get home, and giving way to bothers. At any rate I will resist the thought. — asked me to dine to-morrow; I perfectly recollected I had resolved to keep it as a fast, yet I thought it would seem odd to refuse twice following; and consoled myself that it was a greater penance to see a good dinner and eat none of it, than to fast in solitude. This was, perhaps, weakness. However, I am happy to say, he has put it off. In my conversation with him I could hardly tell what to do, and dropt imperceptibly into a style which I am sure was quite inconsistent with all my feelings, and the conduct I aim at. Now I feel certain that it would be wrong to let any one know these; but yet it is worse to be ashamed of them. How am I to get rid of my sneaking habit, and to feel an independence of thought, without violating decency in assuming a grave character? I see nothing for it, but not to talk at all, and let myself be reckoned stupid and glumpy; and this I will do. I must give up talking altogether, except where civility absolutely requires it. I am not to be trusted with words.

*Nov. 24.* I broke my fast at tea. In the morning I held up vigorously enough, but having been made wretched by a cold walk, I was quite subdued. I could not read over my account before my penitential prayer, and sat by the fire more than an

hour thinking ; not indeed to much purpose. Went to New Coll. Chapel as usual, and was much less disturbed by men walking about. Also, I was better able to feel the chaunted part of the service, and less distracted by the music. I suppose, when I have been accustomed to fasting a little longer, I may be able to shake off the silly fancies about exhaustion, which get possession of me now.

*Nov. 25.* While I was at chapel, it kept running in my head, that my regularity must be observed : but I can acquit myself.

In the evening felt an impulse often to fish for admiration, by allusions to the Oriel election, whilst they were talking about ——.

Made good resolutions about behaviour when I go home. Never to argue with my Father, or remonstrate with him, or offer my advice, unless in cases where I feel I should do so to the —— . For even, if it subjects me to unnecessary inconvenience, it would do so equally in both cases ; and, if I would submit to it in one case through pusillanimity, I ought in the other for a punishment. It would be a good way to make opposite vices punish each other so, and be likely to cure both in time. In the same way to behave to Bob and my sisters as I would to ——, ——, and —— : to comply with their wishes, and not interfere with their opinions, except where I would with the latter. I must try at home to be as humble, and submissive, and complying, as I can ; and here as resolute and

vigorous, till I get to be the same in all places and all company. I do not preclude myself from making amendments in this resolution till I have left Oxford.

*Nov. 26.* I have observed several things in myself to-day that call on me to be on the watch. I was right, I think, in not getting up for chapel; but, as a curious proof how much I have been forming habits, and doing particular things, rather than acting on particular motives, it required an effort to resolve on going to St. Mary's, especially as I knew it was so late as not to interfere with breakfast. The thoughts of which interfered with my private prayers also. My yesterday's resolutions about my conduct at home, together with a very kind letter from my Father this morning, and an appearance of feeling in the —s' manner towards me, combined to give my mind a sort of warmth, to which I had not been accustomed. I am convinced acts of benevolence and humility are the only pleasures of earthly existence.

\* I ought to keep in my mind that my aim should be to spend my money in the way most likely to make me indifferent to what it can procure, I should make up my mind to what I should spend on a particular thing, and, if it is not used, there is a fresh exercise for self-denial, in overcoming the habitual feeling that it might have been spared. A few shillings spent thus are well laid out. I now allow myself to eat more than I intended when I

made my rules, as the state of . . . makes it necessary. I must be honest to myself about quality. Probably my cold is a good thing for me, as it gives me an opportunity of bringing my principles into action under altered circumstances, to prepare me for the vacation.

Luxuries that I get to avoid singularity, I get, not that they may be used, but because it is my duty. Their not being used does not affect the duty, and gives me the additional advantage of a conflict with the contrary habit. The delicate course I have to steer, is to avoid indulging the fear of seeming stingy, without being ostentatious of severity. With a view to this, I think it would be a good rule to be rather more profuse with fellows whose opinions I don't care about, than others about whose opinions I am weak enough to care.

The fact is, I am both stingy and ostentatious, and must practise against the things as well as against their appearances.

*Nov. 27.* — dined with me and I missed chapel without going to Magdalen. This is the first time I have done so this term, except when I have been confined to my room. The sacrament is to be administered next Sunday ; I must examine myself well so as to repent of the sins of this term ; and guard myself against the temptations which are likely to beset me in the vacation. For this purpose I will set apart from twelve till one of every



day, if circumstances will permit. To-day I have kept well enough to my rules against pleasing my palate.

*Nov. 28.* Began my self-examination as I had resolved: was weary with the monotony of the morning: was annoyed at letting O. suppose even for a minute that I had written a horrid sentence in ——'s letter. It is so late I cannot scrutinize much.

*Nov. 29.* It has turned out a beautiful day, and fasting will cost but little pain. I have just been shocked at hearing that ——'s acquaintance, Mr. ——, had shot himself yesterday. How strongly it reminds me that I understand little of the things invisible, which I talk and think about, when the most terrible occurrences having taken place quite close to me affect me so little. I could work up my feelings easy enough, but it is enthusiasm to anticipate in this way the steady effects of moral discipline; even supposing both effects are, whilst they last, the same. I could not help crying violently just now, on reading over my Mother's paper. The ideas somehow mixed up together, and forced on my thoughts, what a condition I may be in, as to things unseen, and yet be unconscious of it.

O God, keep up in my mind a feeling of true humility, suitable to my blindness and the things that I am among.

*Evening.* I broke my fast at eight: the middle

of the day was most cheerless. It is odd how entirely my feelings are at the disposal of circumstances.

*Nov. 30.* On reading over this, it struck me that, for the future, it will be a better way merely to state my faults, without expressing indignation at them, as it is difficult on looking back to keep in mind the degree of feeling in which these expressions originated; all they prove is, a consciousness of my shame; and yet they are as strong as I could express, if my shame was ever so intense. They are, therefore, no guide to me to shew the state of my mind afterwards: and at the time, they are so far from being exercises of humility, that they lessen the shame of what I record, just as professions and good will to other people reconcile us to our neglects of them.

*Dec. 1.* I have been too free in my censures of others, and indulged my fancy too much about going home.

*Dec. 2.* I have just been reading over my account of the time I spent at home last summer; and have been so confused at the multiplicity of bad feelings and temptations, which I must expect to find arrayed against me at my return, that I dare not set myself any particular rules; but will be content with prescribing a few general principles, to which I will keep up to the best of my power. The great root of all my complicated misdeeds seem to have

been, 1. A want of proper notions respecting my relations to my Father. 2. A notion that I was a competent judge how to make other people happy, by giving a tone to their pursuits. 3. A craving after the pleasures which I admire. 4. Arrogant pretensions to superiority. 5. A wish to make my conduct seem consistent to myself and others.

The first is the main point, and when I have carried that, the rest will all go easily. The only way we can ever be comfortable is by our all uniting to make his will our law, and what little I can do towards this, will be better accomplished by example, than by presumptuous advice. Benevolence is the highest of pleasures, and universal obedience to the will of God, the only thing which can give their relish to the pleasure which He has taught our instincts to admire. Nor do I see how I can so well repress my arrogance, as by always keeping in mind that I am in the presence of one who is to me the type of the Most High.

If I can once bring myself to this humble submission, I shall be less induced to talk absurdly, and less unwilling to appear weak and inconsistent. I hope on my return home, I may find some benefit from the self-denials I have been practising this term. But I dreadfully fear that change of circumstances will waken old associations, and that I shall drop back into my usual slothfulness and inactivity, and quarrel, and assume, and rebel against my

Father, and waste my time, &c. I will pray against all this, at the Sacrament to-morrow, and hope to lay a fresh foundation.

I allowed N. to ask me, without resenting it, whether I and S. were not "red-hot high churchmen?" I do not mention this as a fault, but as a sign of a faulty state of mind: a mark by which to measure my progress with those among whom I am thrown.

I have taken more trouble about this Sacrament than any yet, and hope, unfit as I am for it, that I am more sensible of its right use.

*Dec. 3.* . . . why then has this preyed upon my mind?

O God, I thank Thee that by impressing on my feelings, in such a lively manner, the deformity which even such a thing as this might stamp upon me in the opinion of men, I might be roused to a due sense of the hideousness of my faults, and avoid and detest those things, which Thou hast made so contemptible and base in the sight of Thy creatures. O may this imaginary disgrace have on me the effect of a real one!

One thing more has made a deep and painful impression on me. I sat next to —— at dinner, and he reminded me of something I said long ago to —— about religion (which had quite gone from my mind) and followed it by saying, he supposed I did not maintain those opinions now. Clearly I am considered a hypocrite, dissembling my real cha-



racter out of deference to the Fellows. But I can say, this view of the case gave me no pain at all, and that all I felt was fresh horror at my past life which had entailed such imputations upon me.

O may the bitterness of this day last long in my mind, and may God give me grace to see, if in it there lurketh any secret foulness, which I have not confessed before Him !

*Dec. 4.* I woke at three in the night. . . .

The enthusiastic misery of yesterday is enough to warn me that I was not right. I received a most kind letter from K. this morning ; he advises burning confessions. I cannot make up my mind to that ; but I think I can see many points in which it will be likely to do me good to be cut off for some time from these records. My feelings respecting them are becoming stagnant ; and they are much less likely to lose their savour, and become mere words like a book, if while the things remain upon my memory, I do not indulge my idleness by the help of what I have written. Besides a constant intercourse is the surest way to prevent my ever having a fresh view of them, as it must perpetuate my present thoughts and associations with them. Probably, also, my curiosity being excited by obstacles to refresh my memory may make me think more. K.'s letter dissipated my bothers about the . . . . What he says about doing kindnesses quite accords with the feeling which has been for some time growing on me. Dr. — has told me

to indulge in a more generous diet, and I was glad of the excuse, but I must take care to prevent a relapse. The vacancy left in my mind by abstinence, fits it for spiritual ideas.

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*Dec. 9.* Having on principle closed my journal, nevertheless I think it better to enter a record of what seems like an æra in my life, my taking on myself the office of a tutor. I resolved upon it this week; the idea having never before entered my head except to be rejected. It came into my mind, that from the experience I had acquired of myself this term, as to the manner in which I could best fill up my day, I might expect rather to be exhilarated than fatigued, by the deduction of one or two hours in which I have invariably found myself flagging in my solitary pursuits, to assisting those of some one else:—2ndly, that feeling, as I hope to do, more certain of the way I am to go, I might also be not wholly useless, but in fact might be turning time to account which I now wasted; and that even if I was unsuccessful in my endeavours, still I should be honestly earning what I could lay out in charity:—3dly, that it would be a good thing to make myself a better scholar, and that in my business as a tutor, I should as much benefit myself, as answer the ends above mentioned. This would probably have never come into my head, unless I had been as it were acci-

dentally detained at Oxford by my sudden determination not to make use of the ——'s leave.

—— has applied to T. to ask him if I will take him as a pupil, just as I have come to the determination of employing myself in this way. If the thought was sudden on his part, the coincidence is still more curious ; at any rate it seems the fates have thrown us together. I must repress all enthusiastic notions about the event, and content myself with steadily keeping in view those ends, on account of which I resolved on the step I have taken. Must keep down anxiety about his class, be proof against accepting *over-pay*, and above all watch and pray against being led out of the way by the fascination of his society ; but rather by steady perseverance in the right course, do what I can with God's assistance, to be of some little service in guiding his ways.

1827. *Feb.* 8. Since I left off, I have been punished for the feeling that dictated the last line. I hope God may not permit me to relapse ; but experience has taught me that I cannot by myself prevent it, and I am now frightened at seeing in myself many symptoms of returning pride.

*Feb.* 10. Save me, O Lord, from the snares of a double mind, and make my way stable before Thee. Suffer me not, when my foot slips, to lean upon a bruised reed, nor to follow blind guides when my eyes are dimmed. Make me to go in the path of Thy commandments, and to trust in Thy mighty arm,

and to take refuge under the shadow of Thy wings. Thou art a place to hide me in. Thou shalt preserve me from trouble: Thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance.

*Feb. 22.* O God, Thou addest day after day to existence, giving me continued opportunities to seek Thee, if peradventure I might feel after Thee and find Thee. Yet I advance not in the knowledge of Thy will, nor to the desire of performing it. It has pleased Thee of Thy great goodness to take me out of the way of temptation, and to smooth the paths in which Thou wilt I should walk. My present and my future interest both lead me in the same direction. I am no longer in the company of those who scorn the appearance of piety, nor dazzled with examples of fascinating vice. I live among those who profess thy fear, and I lean on one to whose friendship I have no access but through Thee. And while Thou hast set far from me those snares and dangers with which I was formerly beset, Thou hast ceased also to afflict me with troubles and vexations. I am no longer exposed to insult and derision, nor set at nought by those who do not understand my words.

And yet, in spite of all this, I make but little progress in the ways of godliness. Few as are my troubles, I allow them to disquiet me; few as are my temptations, I do but little to resist them.

*Feb. 23.* I am still very inconsistent. I constantly catch myself feeling ashamed at other people



observing things, which when unobserved I do unconsciously. And then it is at fancying myself despised, rather than at having done what was wrong, that I feel vexed.

In order to guard against the effects of long neglect, I am forced to have recourse to silly scrupulosity, and to deliberate about the most common trifles, as much as matters of the greatest importance. And when, by attention to one branch of my duty, I am beginning to correct my impulses, and to feel without the necessity of thought, I find myself gone back in others, so that all is to be gone through again. "If the Lord himself had not been on our side when men rose up against us, they had swallowed us up quick when they were so wrathfully displeased at us."

O Lord, Heavenly Father, Thou that leadest Joseph like a sheep, what should we do without Thee for our Guide and Protector. When Thou turnest away Thy face, we are troubled. When Thou withdrawest Thine aid, we fall a prey to our enemies. Unless Thou gavest us Thine help again, to what dark places would our own thoughts carry us?

O God, hide not Thyself from me for ever, nor shut up Thy lovingkindness in displeasure. O look upon me and be merciful unto me, as Thou usest to do unto those that love Thy name. Take from me the way of lying, and cause Thou me to make much of Thy law.

*March 3.* O Lord God, who by the things which Thou sufferest us to do amiss, shewest us the weaknesses through which sin has access to us, work in me at the same time such hearty sorrow for my transgressions that its remembrance may, by Thy grace, protect me for the future.

*March 4.* I am getting into a bad way, am carelessly indulgent in my food; idle, arrogant, selfish, spiteful, detracting, irritable, inattentive in chapel. I feel to have lost all rule about expense, and am unstable in all my sentiments which regard my intercourse with others, conscious that I cannot set up for myself a consistent standard in the face of general though mistaken opinion, yet aware that my vanity so strongly inclines me to compliance, that it is the side on which I must be most on my guard. That I ought to comply in some degree is, I think, certain; but in what degree I am very doubtful. I must be energetic about abstinence, or I shall quickly drop back into lazy fatness. Besides, I am much in want of lowering, to tame my rising insolence of feeling.

O God, keep up in me now, while I am in the sunshine, that consciousness of my wretchedness which the day of darkness forced on me. Or if by no other means I can be preserved from arrogance, bow me down again, O Lord, and let Thy storms pass over me. O may it please Thee, of Thy goodness, to render its accomplishment unnecessary.

*March 5.* O Lord, who, as a punishment for long

neglect, permittest our souls to become so distorted and deformed, that we, when seeing the necessity of acting differently, and anxiously desiring to renew our lives, still through the imperfection of our misshapen faculties are unable to perform what we even earnestly attempt, yet Thou hast said, that seeking we shall find, and knocking we shall gain admittance, and that Thou wilt give Thy Spirit without measure to those that ask it; O work in me to will as well as to do Thy good pleasure, and make me to obey Thy godly motions in righteousness and true holiness. I will walk in the way of Thy commandments, when Thou hast set my heart at liberty. And, in the meantime, make me ever watchful for an opportunity of resisting evil, and working to obtain this rich inheritance. Let me find the narrow course between Pharisaical scrupulosity in things to which, I as yet annex no meaning, and using this as a pretext for real negligence.

*March 15.* O Lord God, Thou art always with me, and spiest out all my ways; whatever I do, I do in Thy sight, and my inconsistencies are spread out at one view before Thee. O teach me to dread Thy contempt, as I do that of Thy servants; keep the thoughts of it before my own conscience, when I can no longer see its reflection in that of others, and bring me by degrees to such steady constancy in all my thoughts and actions, as suits Thy unchangeable pleasure and uninterrupted presence.

O God, who, by the image of Thy fearful wrath,

presented in the thought of Thy trusty servants, teachest those who shrink from Thy displeasure, to flee the evil ways which Thou dost hate ; make me, when unconscious of this reflected light, still to recollect its bright original, and preserve in me, through all the changes in society, such steadiness of thought and action as may suit Thy unvarying will and uninterrupted presence.

*March 22.* I am in a very odd way just now, and should like to leave some monument of it. I am sure it is owing to some bodily derangement, but it has filled my head with all sorts of fancies. I got hold of a notion that K. slighted me and thought me a bore ; and then I bothered myself with fancying the disgust which he must feel towards me, if he had seen any thing to suggest that my letters to him last Christmas were insincere.

Also, whether justly or not, I have been accusing myself of sneaking in mentioning ——'s work to ——, without alluding to my reason for being interested in it, &c.

When will the time come when I may be as sincere and open as the day, and my undisguised feelings will, on impulse, always come uppermost.

Grant it, O merciful Father. O leave me not a prey to them that will eat me up.

I have found out, within a few days, that I have very odd notions about other people, and that I cannot fancy them really endowed with capacities for any pain or pleasure, except as they come in contact



with myself; and yet I quite forget all my scepticism directly I fancy myself the object of their perception. I wonder what I shall detect in myself next. But experience makes me conscious, these things will soon fade, and that they are only fancies for the moment <sup>1</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> [The reader's attention should be called to one peculiarity of the foregoing Journal, from which instruction may be gained, *viz.* the absence of any distinctive mention of our Lord and Saviour, in the prayers and meditations it contains. That the author's faith in His grace and merits was most implicit and most practical when he wrote it, can be amply testified (as far as such a thing is the subject of human testimony) by the friend who was most intimately acquainted with him at the time; nor is there reasonable doubt that where he speaks of "God" and "Lord," he includes an allusion to Christ under those titles. Yet it is remarkable that, though petitioning for the grace of the Third Person in the Blessed Trinity, he does not introduce the name of Him, from and by whom the Holy Ghost is vouchsafed to us; and this circumstance may be a comfort to those who cannot bring themselves to assume the tone of many popular writers of this day, yet are discouraged by the peremptoriness with which it is exacted of them. The truth is, that a mind alive to its own real state, often shrinks to utter what it most dwells upon, and is too full of awe and fear to do more than silently hope what it most wishes. In such a state of mind the appointed prayers of the Church are most valuable, as enabling it to speak its desires without using its own words. We find it to have been the author's practice, during the period of his Journal, to attend regularly Morning and Evening Prayer. What he observes in the Memoranda which follow, throws light upon this remark. He there speaks, in one place, of using his own words, *because* he felt at the time unworthy to use the words of "holy

men ;” from which it follows that all his comfortable and more healthy devotions would be in *their* words, and he would have recourse to his own, when he was overwhelmed with his own thoughts, when he was contemplating himself, and confessing sin. Let it be recollected that the penitent in Luke vii. *said nothing* ; yet our Lord told her, “ Thy faith hath saved Thee.” If there was any deficiency in the author’s view of religion at the time, it was that he did not recognize so fully as afterwards the doctrine of Christ’s *presence* in His Church, *e. g.* the power of absolution, &c. It may be worth noticing that, how long and strict he had been in the duty of fasting, was not known to the friend most intimate with him, who read it in this Journal with extreme surprise. How little account he made of his self-denials may be seen in his verses beginning “ Lord, I have fasted, I have prayed, &c.”]

## OCCASIONAL THOUGHTS<sup>1</sup>.

FROM OCTOBER; 1826, TO 1829.

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*Oct. 27, 1826.* Almighty God, Father of all mercies, I beg to offer Thee my deep and unfeigned thanks for all the blessings which Thou hast bestowed upon me;

But, in addition to those of Thy favours which I enjoy in common with all mankind, I more particularly bless Thy holy name for those of which I partake as member of this college; for the means Thou hast given me of daily sustenance, and of a continual admission to Thy house and service, through the pious charity of holy men of old.

I bless Thee, O Lord, in that Thou didst put into their heart the desire of erecting to themselves a memorial, and of leaving to posterity a great example in the foundation and endowment of a

<sup>1</sup> [These Memoranda are published as they were originally set down on paper by the author, who made no corrected copy of them.]

seminary of religious learning; and I pray Thee that, as it has fallen to my lot to succeed to this their institution, I may fulfil my part in it as I believe they would approve if they could be present with me; that I may not waste in foolish or gross indulgences the means afforded me of obtaining higher ends; or allow myself to consider as my own that time which I receive their wages for dedicating to Thy service, by the advancement of useful learning, and adorning the doctrine of God our Saviour.

But more especially do I beg of Thee to accept my thankfulness for those merciful dispensations of Thy providence which affect my lot in particular.

That it has pleased Thee to bring me into the world under the shadow of my holy Mother, in the recollection of whose bright society Thou hast given me, as it were, a consciousness of that blessedness, which Thou hast taught us to look for in the presence of Saints and Angels. Also, that my lot has been so cast that I should fall into the way of one whose good instructions have, I hope, in some degree, convinced me of the error of my ways, and may, by Thy grace, serve to reclaim me from them; with whose high friendship I have most unworthily been honoured, and in whose presence I taste the cup of happiness.

Oct. 30.—[*On national character.*]

There are many expressions which seem to point out that there is an analogy between the ways in which national and individual characters are



formed. We talk of the infancy, the maturity, &c. of nations, not only intending their early or advanced periods, but a comparison of these periods in nations and in each person.

The different dispensations of God to the Israelites seem very much to correspond to the steps taken in the education of children at different times of life.

In reading history, people cannot but be struck with a curious analogy between the different passages of their rise, stationariness, and decay, and corresponding periods in the life of people we see about us.

What is the philosophical account of this? how are the conduct and opinions of those who have gone before us, either immediately or long ago, likely to affect us in ours?

What is the power and extent of the dominion which prejudice exercises over the generality? and how are our prejudices formed?

Do different circumstances form the dissemination of different prejudices? and supposing each prejudice has fair play given it in succession, is there any likely to outstrip the rest? What is it, and what are the circumstances best suited to it?

By "Prejudice" I do not mean *an opinion formed previous to study and an examination of a question*;—no one would say it was prejudice to like "Allan Water" without having inquired into the principles of music (examination and inquiry are prejudice's most powerful agents) but *without the right*

*sort* of inquiry,—whether the error is an inquiring too much or too little. Anything is a prejudice which we believe except on right grounds.

It is no prejudice to think “Allan Water” beautiful τῶδε, in a person who feels pleasure from it; nor in a person who feels no pleasure from it to think it beautiful, ἀπλῶς, on the evidence to be derived from the consent of mankind: but it would be prejudice for the former to infer that it was beautiful ἀπλῶς, or for the latter to fancy it was so to himself.

I fancy the former are the prejudices of a rude and the latter of a refined age. The latter, being built on examination, has contrived to escape observation, and to pass for genuine.

*Nov. 11 and 12. By removing the impediments to knowledge and enjoyment, we do not promote wisdom or happiness.*

The most perfect objects which art or science have as yet been able to present to any particular affection, have but little more tendency to give rest and satisfaction to that affection, than is afforded by the most ordinary objects, as long as they are the best of which we have an idea.

But as when the objects being compared, we are able to discover a greater suitableness in one than in another to the affection, the knowledge of what is better creates a disrelish for the worse, therefore we see men engaged in the pursuit of something more than they have, though at the same time we

are certain that something will have no tendency to diminish their discontent.

It is, however, observable that, though nothing is *in itself* more than another able to give us satisfaction, yet that this effect *is* produced by the *difficulty* of attaining it.

The pleasures, therefore, of all men seem to vary, not according to the facilities they have for obtaining what is pleasing, but according to the trouble they take to be pleased.

Over against this our nature, are set those obstacles which originally intervene between our affections and their objects; in the having overcome which rather than in having attained our end, pleasure does chiefly consist.

If then, as I believe to be the case, our pleasure is rather promoted than impaired by those things which, in the course of nature, sharpen our appetite in impeding our gratification, the same thing will hold good concerning obstacles of a moral nature, which do, in fact, only differ in that, in the first case they are affected by God's power, and, in the second by His command; which command, when we have taught ourselves to consider it inviolable, as we now experience His power to be, the voluntary self-denials, which religion imposes, will no more diminish from the sum of our pleasures than does the not falling of the rain when we could wish, lessen the delight which accompanies the harvest.

And, as pleasure does not seem to be lessened

by the impediments to gratification, so neither is wisdom advanced by the facilities for attaining knowledge: for, as in the first case, it is not what is done for us that can give the relish; so likewise in the second, it is our own exertion which must give the salt its savour. Knowledge, which is put in our way, does as little affect our character, as gratifications which are untold for, do touch our affections.

They, therefore, do as much err, who assert that what facilitates religious instruction does certainly tend to make men better, as he who should require deviation from the scheme of nature, whensoever this might multiply the instruments of pleasure; and it is beforehand as probable that God intended us to be taught religion on some general plan, the deviation from which no particular case can justify, as that He should think fit to adopt this method in the course of nature. And the impediments to instruction may, in this case, as well as in the other, arise either from a necessity which it is not in the power of man to control, or may arise from a signification of God's will, the accomplishment of which is left to our co-operation. So that it is not in the least improbable, that over and above those things which may seem deficient in our means of teaching, we should find commands respecting the manner of it which may appear to us to hinder its reception.

Moreover, as the apparent obstacles to pleasure



do arise, not only from those laws to which God has, according to His own will and judgment, subjected us by His power, or imposed on us by His authority; but, since one of these laws is<sup>1</sup>, that the will and judgment of others should likewise interfere in many cases, which He had otherwise left free to us, so it is by no means improbable that He may, in the same manner, have sanctioned impediments, otherwise unnecessary, in our religious instruction, through the will of others, into whose hands He has committed us.

There may be Ecclesiastical Ordinances, which we have no business to repeal, though their consequences seem to have no benefit; and there may be Ecclesiastical Authorities, to whom we are bound to submit, whether they are in conformity with, or in violation of His will, by whom they are delegated.

And supposing these authorities, Civil and Ecclesiastical, really to have been instituted by Him who ordains the course of nature, it does by no means follow, that, being intrusted with their power for our good, they are therefore required, as much as lieth in them, to remedy, by its exertion in each particular case, those difficulties which, by the general laws of nature, seem often to intervene between individuals and the means of their gratification; but, rather by observation of what is calculated to promote their real pleasure, often to

<sup>1</sup> [*i. e.* from one of these laws being.]

interpose difficulties apparently superfluous, where its instruments seem, by nature, to have been put into our hands.

Because it is true, that more people are likely to come to a comfortable church, and that those who do come are likely to read more in a light church, and to hear more in an open church, it cannot hence be inferred that comfortable, or light, or open churches, are more calculated to increase the wisdom of mankind ; any more than that the sum of pleasure would be increased by making peaches as plentiful as blackberries, and as durable as potatoes ; and, I suppose, there are few who would allow this change to be made in their peach trees, supposing thereby they must diminish their flavour.

So that, if it can be shown, that churches built on this notion do less tend to make a few wise, by affording facilities to instruct more . . . . .

*Nov. 12.* There are two senses in which a person may be said to have understanding of a thing, of which one is as distinct from the other, as the meeting of an affection and its object from the being pleased thereon.

And, as in the latter case, it is not the known suitableness of the object to the affection which doth regulate the proportions of the pleasure, but rather the difficulty, in spite of which the meeting was effected ; so, in the former, it is not the measure and value of the knowledge required, with which the wisdom imbibed is commensurate, but

the impediments we did surmount, and the self-denial exerted, with a view to its attainment.

This is the reason why the facilities afforded for our gratification, by means of the arts and commerce, while they tend to multiply the instruments of pleasure, do at the same time render them ineffectual; and why the daily improvements in the methods of instruction do tend only to increase knowledge, without advancing that end for which knowledge is desirable.

With the advance of civilization men multiply their enjoyments and attainments; but the rudest times may still have been as happy and as wise.

The impediments to knowledge and enjoyment, which, in rude times, were effected by physical necessity, still continue enforced by moral obligation.

The proportion to be observed in spending our time and money . . . . .

Nov. 14 and 19. [*On intensity and permanence, as properties of the pleasurable.*]

The relative value of goods may be estimated, either with regard to the intensity or permanence of the effects they are calculated to produce<sup>1</sup>.

As far as I am acquainted with my own affections, I should say, that in proportion as the plea-

<sup>1</sup> Τοῦ δὲ μὴ δουλεύειν γαστρὶ μῆδ' ὕπνῳ καὶ λαγνείᾳ, οἷε τι ἄλλο αἰτιώτερον εἶναι ἢ τὸ ἕτερον ἔχειν τούτων ἡδίῳ, ἃ οὐ μόνον ἐν χρεῖα ὄντα εὐφραίνειν, ἀλλὰ καὶ ἐλπίδας παρέχοντα ὠφελήσειν ἀεί. Xen. Mem. Socr. i. vi. 8. March 4, 1827.

sure arising from their rest<sup>1</sup> is intense, it is also transitory. (The comparison is certainly intricate: for, as each affection admits of various degrees of satisfaction, we must be careful not to compare the higher in one with the lower in another; but draw the conclusion from the general view of the average pleasure we have received through each.)

I believe that the affection for beauty is, in me, particularly perfect, and for harmony particularly defective; yet the pleasure I receive from sound is, for the time, fuller than that from form: and again, that of eating, than that of hearing. Certainly the exact reverse is the case with their durability.

And I have an indistinct notion that the same inverse proportion may be traced through the other more recondite affections.

But, if it exists in any degree, and any where, it is quite certain that the two sorts of goods must be commensurable; otherwise, when they interfered, we should have to act at random.

To decide this balance impartially must, previously to the formation of habits, require a degree of self-denial, proportionate to the difference of the intensities of the two pleasures compared; and to choose the less intense, is, as far as it goes, walking by faith, and not by sight. *Arist. Rhet.* i. 12. n. 12, 13.

Another thing must be taken into consideration, which perverts our judgment in this question; be-

[<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* Resting on their object, *vid.* p. 80. Cf. Hooker, E. P. v. 70. §. 4.]



fore people can reflect upon their natural affections, they have imperceptibly imbibed habits, that is, have altered the original proportions. From having often experienced the pleasure of reflecting on a beautiful song, men habitually associate the recollections of the past, and anticipations of the future, with the pleasure which they receive directly from the sound, and a confused brilliance is the result; on the contrary, the associations attendant on *having* eaten are all unpleasant. Again, the feelings excited by beauty are still more enlarged and dazzling. So that the visible delight, which people are given up to, on the presence of the latter objects, and which certainly is in the extreme overpowering, is far from a fair measure of the mere result of the affection resting in its object.

Again, there are other affections, those, for instance, which rest in love or admiration, which it is still more difficult to get at. Scarcely anything can bring home to us the consciousness of being loved or admired without giving us an earnest of future love and admiration; and we know the effect of long habit to be such, that an earnest of this sort, which is entirely destitute of intrinsic charms, *viz.* money, can excite a present transport in most minds.

Again, I think that the sentiments of approbation, love, admiration, in their various degrees, which arise naturally in our minds, on the contemplation of any action, and which are, in fact, the laws on

which we are to regulate the proportion in which any motive is to influence our conduct (Arist. Rhet. i. 7. n. 19.), will be found so to coincide in their directions with the result which we should independently arrive at, from the consideration of what proportion is calculated to effect the greatest sum of pleasure ; that, in fact, the rewards and punishments with which this natural law is enforced, are, without looking beyond this world, justly apportioned.

But since, experience being necessary to our comparing pleasures with one another in respect to their durability, previous to experience, free agents can only balance their respective intensities ; and therefore, though they do feel the law, yet are ignorant of its sanctions ; therefore it is necessary to their having any tolerable chance of attaining to happiness, that some intelligent being, having power to annex other consequences to actions, over and above those which do by nature follow them, should by the infliction of present pain counteract the intensity of present pleasure, so as to adjust at once that balance, which could not otherwise be effected without time. The scope of this power being to remove the obstacles which naturally hinder our seeing our real interest, its effects are to be shown, after it has been withdrawn. But when these obstacles have been removed or superseded, the only influence, which any power can have over us, is by actually altering our interest, and this influence must necessarily cease with the power.

From this we collect in what respects an instructor should differ from a governor in the exercise of his power.

*Nov. 18 and 22.* For whatever cause the great Author of nature contrived that resemblance (as it appears to us) which subsists between the part of His dominions, of the existence of which He has given us a consciousness, and that other part with which we are acquainted only through our understanding; it seems calculated to assist our conceptions of the one to observe what passes in the other.

That people cannot help doing this, almost all metaphorical language is a proof; and whether this similitude is real or not, the belief that it is so may be of great service to many minds.

The business of our life seems to be, to acquire the habit of acting in such a manner, as we should do, if we were *conscious* of all that we *know*; (and in this respect no action of our lives can be indifferent, but must either tend to form this habit or a contrary one: so that those whose attempt to act right does not commence with their power of acting at all, have much to undo, as well as to do.) The craving, and blankness of feeling, which attends the early stages of this habit, ("Show some token upon me for good,") makes any thing acceptable which can even in fancy fill it; and it is delightful to see things turn out well, whose case seems, in some sort, to represent to us our indis-

inct conceptions of our own. Animals fainting under the effect of exercise, and then again recovering their strength, which that very exercise has contributed to increase; the slow and uncertain degrees in which this increase is effected, and yet the certainty that it is effected:—the growth of trees, sometimes tossed by winds, and checked by frosts, yet, by the evil effects of these winds, directed in what quarter to strike their roots, so as to secure themselves for the future, and by these frosts hardened and fitted for a new progress the next summer;—in things of this sort, I am <sup>1</sup> so constituted as to see brethren in affliction evidently making progress towards release.

As we see that, in disciplining our bodies, to have acquired the power of undergoing any particular sort of fatigue, with which we discipline ourselves, is a thing utterly distinct from the attainment of that general power of bearing fatigue, and that real increase of bodily vigour at which we aim; so it seems, that in disciplining our minds we are able to make rapid progress in the acquisition of any particular habit of self-command, without adding perceptibly to our general well-being.

This is the third day I have practised a dumb-bell exercise, and to-day I have done without any trouble, what made me ache all over the day before yesterday; yet, I believe, that at that time I was

<sup>1</sup> [In the MS. it is originally written “we are,” which is erased, and “I am” substituted.]



much more up to a hard day's work than now. In the same manner I find that I do many things of course now, which would have cost me much pains a year ago, or even three months ago, yet I believe I should be very much mistaken if I thought myself much better than I was then.

This is one of the strongholds of self-deceit, against which we must constantly defend ourselves. (We gratify the same arrogant feeling in comparing ourselves with our former selves, as with our neighbours, as long as we look to those respects in which we differ from them for the better.)

Thinking severely of our former selves, and indulging indignation against our former actions, is so far from having any necessary connexion with humility, that it is one of the means of cherishing pride. We look about every where for proofs that we are good; and to make ourselves believe that we are making rapid progress, is one of the most flattering.

For this reason, it is as much our duty to look with lenience on the faults of which we have divested ourselves, as on those of our neighbours, from which we fancy ourselves free. In our confessions we should always try to discover what feelings we are now conscious of, that border on those which dictated the action we lament. On these we may be as severe as we choose. It is a hundred to one but they remain, and, in many respects, which we do not think of, influence our present conduct.

One means to keep ourselves from being elated by our progress in any particular discipline, would be to choose our self-denials in such things as we see other people doing without difficulty. If there is any amusement we dislike, or little dangers<sup>1</sup> and pains which we shrink from, which the generality take as a matter of course; or, if there is any *eccentric* pleasure we have a fancy for, particularly if we think it a proof of genius, (I do not include those that may be an *exercise* of genius, but am not sure even about these,) in short, whatever is disagreeable, and at the same time makes us like other people<sup>2</sup>, is an opportunity for self-denial.

And it seems to me, that the danger of conscious (I do not say ostentatious) singularity is so great, that I do not feel sure how far the certainty that an action is wrong in itself ought to be a reason for abstaining from it, when the better sort of people do not see the thing in the same light. *e. g.* I am sure I ought not to spend more money on my food than . . . . .

*Nov. 26.* Several ideas are running in my head, which I must get quit of, or they will keep me in a state of abstraction.

<sup>1</sup> [He used to consider hunting an instance in point.]

<sup>2</sup> [The influence of this thought is traceable in the tone and train of thought which runs through many of the author's sermons; in none is there any effort after originality. It seems covertly to have been intended in one of his conversational sayings, that "his highest ambition was to be a humdrum."]

It makes as much difference, and just of the same sort to me, whether I believe that a poet meant what he writes or not, as whether, when I am looking at a beautiful ruin, I believe it to be a haunt of ancient days, or a got-up business for effect.

Yesterday, before breakfast, while the vacancy produced by fasting was still on me, and I was reading the Psalms, and craving for a comprehension of the things which I could only look on as words, and was worked up to such a pitch, that I felt trying to see my soul, and make out how it was fitted to receive an impression from them,—Merton bell began to go; and it struck me, (I cannot tell why) that if such a trifle as that could give me such a vivid idea, my soul must be a most intricate thing; and that when senses were given to the blind part of it, what things would those appear, the apprehension of which I was struggling after. This is as near what passed in my mind, as I can find expressions to shape my memory by.

This blindness of heart is what, by habit and patience, it is our work practically to remove. We are to shape our souls for its removal, by making it in harmony with the things invisible.

*Dec. 1, 7, and 17.* It is the object of our lives, by patient perseverance in a course of action prescribed to us, so to shape and discipline our desires, that they may, through habit, be excited in the same degree by the objects which are presented

to our understanding, as they would by nature, if we had senses to relish them; that is, that the degree of our appetite for these objects should so far exceed that which we feel for sensible objects, as the known value of the former exceeds that of the latter.

The former field of existence is what I think St. Paul had in his mind when he spoke (Heb. vi. 19) of "that which is within the veil<sup>1</sup>," into which Jesus Christ had gone before us. The veil signifying our unconsciousness, in spite of which, "by two immutable things, in which it was impossible that God should lie, we might have strong consolation who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us." All this seems the real meaning of faith as insisted on so much in the New Testament. . . .

Of the objects which we pursue or avoid, some we immediately perceive to be either present or absent; some we only believe to be so through the intervention of the understanding.

The various dispositions of our fellow creatures towards us are of the latter sort. We have no faculties for perceiving love or admiration; but being conscious of the feelings ourselves, and recognising in others the effects which we know to proceed from them, we believe their presence upon

<sup>1</sup> [The quotations from Scripture here, and elsewhere, are in the MS. made in Greek. This passage is in the 2nd Lesson for the preceding evening.]



evidence, and are affected therewith. Of being in society we cannot be conscious, if by society we mean, not that of certain shapes doing certain things, but of beings which feel in some respects as we do. The existence of such beings we only believe on evidence, having observed effects like those which proceed from our feelings, in so many instances as to make it appear that the causes are likewise similar.

The same sort of evidence we have of the existence of other beings, in some respects like, and in others different from ourselves.

That a Being exists endued with power and wisdom, the limits of which we cannot reach to, is, I think, more certain than that we have fellow creatures. All men, whether they know it or not, act as if they believed in a Being endued with intelligence and power and will superior to any interference. They count on the course of nature continuing as it is, because they know that what they have long continued to do they go on with; and rely without any doubt on its skill and ability for perfecting their undertakings, where their own skill and ability fall short.

That this Being has any other attributes, we have not the same sort of evidence. These are the "things within the veil," they are *κρυπτός* the objects of faith. But consideration will show that the difference is not in kind but in degree, and that among what we call the things visible, motives are pro-

posed to us to be acted on, approaching to it by degrees almost imperceptible.

*Isa. xxv. 7. 9<sup>1</sup>.* “And He will destroy in this mountain the face of the covering cast over all people, and the veil that is spread over all nations . . . . And it shall be said in that day, Lo, this is our God ; we have waited for Him, and He will save us : this is the Lord ; we have waited for Him : we will be glad and rejoice in His salvation.”

*Dec. 2.* I think we can clearly discern how, in two respects, the power which God has delegated to fathers upon earth, is calculated to promote the happiness of mankind ; and the having these before our eyes may, perhaps, serve to keep us in mind of the extent and nature of the claim which their authority has on our obedience.

First, as God has united the whole world as one family under Himself, by directing them to perform in common those actions which He has revealed as necessary, so, lest among those whose more constant intercourse extends likewise to the pursuit of things indifferent, the want of somewhat to determine their aim should cause dissensions and a separation of interests, He has selected one from these lesser communities, whose will, tending in some partial direction, should render that which was otherwise indifferent, necessary in that He enjoineth it. In all cases then which are to us indifferent, either

<sup>1</sup> [Lesson for Dec. 17, 1826. Third Sunday in Advent.]

from God's will not having been revealed respecting them, or from our not being acquainted with it though revealed, the will of fathers to us is absolute.

But, secondly, as God by calling Himself our Heavenly Father doth thereby intimate that these earthly relations be considered types of Himself, in this respect also doth their delegated greatness become to us a solace on our pilgrimage. For, lest we should be always in suspense, straining our minds in vain at the conception of His presence, whom, being unconscious of Him, yet we know, He therefore hath given us a sensible object on which to rest, being, as it were, His shadow upon earth; so that the love and kindness which we here experience to follow on obedience, may be, as it were, an earnest of what we are to expect hereafter, when that veil is drawn which hides from us at present as well His kindness as His terrors.

*For Sacrament to-morrow*<sup>1</sup>.

O God, I have heard with my ears, and our fathers have declared unto me, the mighty works that Thou didst in their days and in the old times before them; how with signs and wonders and a stretched out arm, Thou didst make Thyself known unto men, with the rod of Thy power governing the nations upon earth. Neither in these latter times,

<sup>1</sup> [Advent Sunday, Dec. 3, 1826.]

O God, hast Thou left Thyself without witness ; but even now art manifested in Thy holy Ordinances, which stand among us as memorials of what hath been.

Yet my eyes are blind and my heart is hard, and my ears are dull of hearing. I perceive not the signs of the times, neither do I remember that the Lord He is God, that it is He that made us and not we ourselves.

The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib, but Israel doth not know, Thy people doth not consider<sup>1</sup>. I have forsaken the Lord, I have provoked the Holy One of Israel to anger. I am gone away backwards.

Therefore, also, hath my salt lost its savour, and the things which should have been for my help are unto me an occasion of falling. To what purpose are the multitude of my prayers? Who hath required it at my hands, that I tread the courts of God<sup>1</sup>? My alms are an abomination to Him; my fasts and my sabbaths His soul hateth; they are a trouble unto Him, He is weary to bear them<sup>1</sup>. When I spread forth my hands, He will hide His eyes from me; yea, when I make many prayers, He will not hear me.

O Lord, wash me, make me clean; put away the evil of my doings from before Thine eyes.

I am gone astray like a sheep that is lost. O

<sup>1</sup> [From the first Lesson for Advent Sunday, as in other instances of his quotations.]



seek Thy servant, that I may live, for I do not forget Thy commandments. Do Thy good pleasure unto Sion: build Thou the walls of Jerusalem. Then shalt Thou be pleased with the sacrifices of righteousness, with my offerings and oblations; then will I fall down on my knees before Thine altar.

*Jan.* 10, 1827. O God, Thou hast set my misdeeds before Thee, and my secret sins in the light of Thy countenance. I stand in my naked filthiness before Thee, whose eyes are purer than to behold iniquity, in whose sight can no man be justified.

O my God, I dare no longer offer to Thee my diseased petitions in the words by which wise and holy men have shaped their intercourse between earth and heaven. Suffer me, with whose vileness they can have had no fellowship, to frame for myself my isolated supplication.

O my Father, by Thy power I began to be, and by Thy protection Thou hast continued to me my misused existence; yet I have forsaken Thee my only strength, and forgotten Thee my only wisdom. I have neglected to obey Thy voice, and gone a whoring after my own inventions. As soon as I was born, I went astray and spake lies. I loved the delights which Thou hast given me, more than Thee who gavest them, and I dreaded the might which Thou hast delegated to man, more than Thee the Almighty.

Wherefore Thou also, O God, hast forsaken me

as I have forsaken Thee. Thou hast cast me away from Thy presence, and taken Thy Holy Spirit from me, giving me over to vile affections and a reprobate mind.

Yet praised be Thy Holy Name, Thou hast not even thus utterly left me destitute; but with hideous dreams Thou hast affrighted me; and with perpetual mortifications Thou hast disquieted me; and with the recollections of bright things fascinated me; and with a holy friend Thou hast visited me. Thou hast sought Thy servant while astray in the wilderness; Thou hast shown me the horrible pit, the mire and clay in which I am wallowing; O mayest Thou of Thy great goodness set my feet upon a rock and order my goings. Purge me with hyssop and I shall be clean; wash me and I shall be whiter than snow. Turn Thy face from my sins and put out all my misdeeds. Make me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me. O give me the comfort of Thy help again, and stablish me with Thy free Spirit. . . .

*Jan.* 12. O may the recollection of these dreadful things so fill my soul with deep humility, that, when the secrets of all shall be revealed, my house may not appear to be without foundation, nor its breaking come on suddenly at an instant. And may the constant sense of my own unworthiness to enjoy at Thy hands any blessing, teach me so to use my good things for the benefit of others, that they whom I may make friends of the Mammon of

unrighteousness, may, when I fall, receive me into their everlasting habitations.

O Lord my God, I, who am even as a beast before Thee, and unworthy, even on my own behalf, to offer unto Thee any supplication, do yet, in compliance with Thy high commands, venture to intercede with Thee for others.

Bless, O Lord, with Thy constant favour and protection, that high spirit, whom, as Thy type upon this earth, Thou hast interposed between me and the evils I have merited. Fill him, O Lord, with the fulness of Thy grace, that, running with patience the race which has been set before him, he may finish his course, at thy good time, with joyfulness, and find a rest from his labours in the portion of the righteous.

*Jan.* 15. Strengthen me, O Lord my God, that I may dare to look in the face the hideous filthiness of those ways, in which, for the sins that with open eyes I have acted, Thou hast permitted me blindly to stray; that I, who in the things where I was lightened, hitherto have trusted the vain thoughts of others, refuse not now, by the light which they enjoy, to see and confess the foulness of that darkness in which Thy just wrath hath overwhelmed me:

And grant, that, measuring by this blight of Thy heavy vengeance, the baseness of that vain cowardice, which hath deserved such a visitation . . . .

*Jan.* 21. O God, Thou hast searched me out,

and known me; Thou knowest my downsitting and mine uprising; Thou understandest my thoughts long before.

Thou knowest how that my soul is a troubled and restless thing, haunted by the recollection of past wickedness, and afflicted by those evil powers, whom by my transgressions I admitted into Thy temple. My wounds stink, and are corrupt, through my foolishness.

But though I feel how bad I am, and though sometimes my heart is smitten down and withered at the thoughts of it; yet my miseries pass away from me like a cloud, and my soul refuseth to conceive its wretchedness.

So unstable are my thoughts towards Thee, that the words which at one time serve to give them shape, presenting my heart before the throne of Thy Majesty, are at another but an unsavoury sacrifice, carrying with them nothing but their empty sound.

*February 4. The faith of the elect is certain and perpetual.*

*Objector.* Do you mean that God willeth it should be so *unconditionally*?

*Answer.* No; for this is both without promise and contradicted by reason.

*Obj.* Then *what* condition do you require?

*Ans.* That the will of the person elect should co-operate with God's will.

*Obj.* Then your first assertion [“ the faith of the



elect," &c.] falls to the ground; for, though the will of God, on which you rely, be unchangeable, what assurance have you that the *condition* on which He willeth may not fail? If you say, God will uphold you, you say nothing, unless you contradict your first admission, and maintain that He will do so unconditionally, or, in other words, that His unconditional will to uphold is the condition of His willing to preserve.

I do not see my way any farther; yet I think I can conceive that the consciousness of a present wish to serve God, may be an earnest that this wish will remain for ever. Otherwise, how terrible would be the prospect even of the best!

The likelihood that we shall do so and so, is quite distinct from our freedom to do it; for we are as free to do what we hate as what we like. But part of our freedom consists in our being free to like and dislike. What is there here to prove, but that likes and dislikes, equally free, should be also equally liable to change? Why should it not be as probable, that a man should at some time fall away from his affection to the Bible, as that he should do the same with regard to a fairy tale.

The belief that a thing is good, while it lasts, makes affection steady. But are we not responsible for our faith, and therefore free to it? and may we not, therefore, after having once believed the Bible good, yet afterwards cease to believe it?

We cannot cease to believe a thing [good] except in one of these two ways; either by learning more about it, or forgetting what we once knew. Now no one has any faith who can doubt but that as he learns more about the Bible, he shall have more reason to think it good. From this possible way of changing he can only expect good.

Perhaps the certainty that faith will be perpetual, consists in this, that God will never permit us to forget a knowledge once attained to, that the Bible is good.

It may be worth inquiry what it is to know "the Bible is good," and how it differs from a knowledge that "the Bible is true."

*Feb. 7.* Some people imagine, that there is something blasphemous in the supposition that a finite creature can be conscious in two places at once. This is so far from being true, that even our own experience contradicts it. Perhaps there is some absurdity in the very idea which attributes a place to consciousness, or the things capable of it. With regard to ourselves, there is nothing to show us *where* we are conscious, (though most people suppose the conscious thing is somewhere within the body,) or that we may not be with equal propriety said to be conscious, or, in other words, to *be*, wherever any thing is of which we are conscious.

It seems to me that the question where we are, is one not of fact, but degree; and that the only facts which make us suppose we are where our

body is, give us likewise the same reason for supposing that in the same sense we sometimes are far away from the body.

*Feb.* 19. H. remarked, in a sermon yesterday, that in the same sense as the Jews were *nationally elected* into God's household before other nations, and likewise some heathen nations before others, without any other apparent or assigned reason, than *the good pleasure of God*, we all have been *individually elected*, inasmuch as no reason can be assigned for our having been born in a Christian country, rather than a heathen, except *the good pleasure of God*.

In this sense, and this alone, can the "calling and election" of individuals be called arbitrary.

Whether in the other sense we are elect, depends on what we ourselves are; whether we are leaning on the arm of God, outstretched to help all to whom it has been revealed, on condition that they *will* to lean on it. It is God that worketh in us *to will and to do* of His good pleasure, but not so as to leave nothing to ourselves; while it is *we* that *will*, we have *the power* not to will.

Is the absolution of a priest necessary, because comfort cannot be obtained without it; or cannot comfort be obtained without it because it is necessary? Is its expediency the cause or effect of its goodness? <sup>1</sup>

[<sup>1</sup> Vid. below, June 2.]

*March 7.* “That thou mayst fear this glorious and fearful Name, the Lord thy God.” Deut. xxviii. 58.

What object is it that men fancy they are pursuing, when they treat religion and the Name of God, with irreverence?

To venerate a name is no absurdity, and to use towards it the signs of respect is no idle form, intended merely to keep men in mind of their duty.

For though names are vile, independent of the idea signified by them, and though the name of an idea, as yet unknown to us, or but imperfectly developed, can as yet, of course, take no hold of our feelings, yet experiencing this absence in ourselves, we have no reason to infer it respecting others. Nor can we presume that it is impossible to attain what we know nothing of, but that we have not attained it.

That glorious and fearful Name, “the Lord our God,” may to some be truly glorious and fearful; and what they rightly feel, we may. (And though the affectation of this feeling, when it does not and cannot exist, is sickly and disgusting, and it is probably from feeling this disgust that many are led to take any means which may separate themselves as far as possible from the objects of it, yet there is a dignified and a manly course which may with patience be pursued; of obeying precepts without affecting to understand the thing enjoined, and waiting till we perceive their reason, merely from



conviction that they have a good one. This is the only means of attaining any knowledge, and, more than any, the knowledge of the Most High.) It is alone by long experience that we can build up within us that terrible idea. But the idea will never become terrible to us, unless the Name is long before kept holy. It is a sort of treasury in which to deposit all that we find good and precious.

*March 16. St. Matt. ix. 29. "Then touched He their eyes, saying, &c. . . . and their eyes were opened."*

xx. 34. "So Jesus had compassion on them, and *touched their eyes*, and immediately their eyes received sight."

St. Mark viii. 23—25. And *He took the blind man by the hand*, and led him out of the town; and when *He had spit on his eyes*, and put His hands upon him, He asked him if he saw ought. And he looked up and said, I see men, as trees, walking. *After that He put His hands again upon his eyes*, and made him look up."

St. John ix. 6, 7. "When He had thus spoken, *He spat on the ground, and made clay of the spittle, and He anointed the eyes of the blind man with the clay*, and said unto him, *Go, wash in the pool of Siloam*, &c. . . . He went his way therefore, and washed, and came seeing."

Is there any account to be given why our Lord should have taken at different times such distinct methods of performing the same miracle? It is

hardly conceivable but that these actions of His had some end in view, and that where they were different the ends were different.

St. Ignatius was an advocate for celibacy, Cot. Patr. Apost. [vol. ii.] p. 164. c. 3. "He gave rules about virginity, and neglect of wealth, comfort, and what besides is pleasurable<sup>1</sup>."

*March* 21. Jeremiah ii. 11, 12. "Hath a nation changed their gods which are yet no gods? but My people have changed their glory for that which doth not profit. Be astonished, O ye heavens, at this, and be horribly afraid; be ye very desolate, saith the Lord."

God expostulates with the Israelites, pointing out to them the never-varying faith of the heathen nations with which they adhered to their false deities, while the servants of Him who alone was true were alone disobedient.

The history of India and its present aspect are wonderfully illustrative of this; where it is not by pleasure that they are allured, but, in spite of heavy penances, are detained in obedience.

*March* 25. I suppose the question whether it is better [for religious mysteries, &c.] to be under or over-rated, would resolve itself into this: Is it better to mistake truth for falsehood, or falsehood

<sup>1</sup> Act. Martyr.

for truth? To me it seems as if the first was at least as great an evil as the second<sup>1</sup>.

*April 1.* I should like to analyze my notions of a Moral Sense, and make out exactly what I mean by it.

There certainly are such feelings as hatred, disgust, love, and admiration, and the objects of these feelings are men of certain characters, or perhaps more properly the characters themselves, meaning by character likes and dislikes.

I. I think it is quite certain that education and imitation are not the only things which in each person assign these affections to their objects. For,

1. The difference between those whose circumstances have been to all appearances the same is too wide to leave any presumption of this.

2. Each person can distinguish in himself many various shades of agreement and contrariety subsisting between many of his own sentiments and those with which his acquaintance and instructors regard the same objects. In some cases we perfectly coincide, in some are widely different, without knowing from what the difference arises, considering that it began before we could reason.

<sup>1</sup> [The comparative evil of superstition and irreligion seems to have been here in the author's mind: a question which arises on considering the subject of the Church, Sacraments, &c. The risk involved in underrating them (supposing the matter of fact not to be clear) is, he considers, at least as serious as that of overrating them.]

From this, I conclude, each person has a nature, (like seeds,) which cannot, perhaps, without cultivation develop itself, but the absence of which no cultivation could supply, much less substitute a new essence.

II. Whatever disagreement subsists among men as to what things are hateful, or the contrary, all agree that there ought to be none. For one of the things which every body hates are hatreds and approbations at variance with his own; *e. g.* the hating murder implies the hatred of indifference to it.

That is, every one is so constituted as to believe that there is such thing as Vice.

*April 9.* This is the Monday of Passion Week, and I have resolved to keep the whole week as strict a fast as I can, without being observed. Yet I feel very much afraid that the indulgent way into which I have let myself drop back for this last three months, will have so weakened my resolution, that I shall, at meals, find some artifice with which to deceive myself. So that to invigorate myself, I have thought it best to resume my old plan, of recording against myself what I have resolved.

O my God, give me grace to turn this trifling effort to the lasting benefit of my soul; for it is through Thee alone that I can either will or do any thing acceptable in Thy sight.

During the week I have been in London, I have had great fluctuations of feeling, which I should



like to preserve some memorial of, to counteract the effects of a return to Oxford associations.

The great works of genius, accumulated through successive generations, and produced by man, in all the superficials of condition, so excessively different from ourselves, and from one another, yet to a deeper insight manifesting so much identity . . . . .

*April 10.* I was excessively disquieted by my talk with —— yesterday; and do not fancy that I have to attribute it to any suspicion that he had the better of me in argument.

But, that the impression may not pass away wholly, and leave me equally unprepared to resist, on any future occasion, the shock which now so ruffled me, I will endeavour to set down in as strong a point as I can, the arguments which seem to me to be the ground of his opinions.

1. When on any controverted question we range ourselves decidedly on one side or the other, that is, when we make up our minds on any point in opposition to other minds, which seem equally satisfied, we either deny their capacity to draw the conclusion, or that they have investigated the argument with candour; that is, we attribute to them either an intellectual or a moral defect, from which we consider ourselves exempted.

Is it conceivable that we should have any grounds for exempting ourselves, on which they may not also exempt themselves; in other words,

[any grounds but those,] which leading to opposite conclusions are fallacious?

2. Supposing it true, that, instead of its being presumptuous to doubt, the presumption consists in being confident, whether in the results of our own inquiries, or in the superiority of those whom we follow, the same presumption attaches, to a still higher degree, to those, who, not being contented with their own confidence, condemn all those who dissent from them . . . .

*April 12.* People need not be vexed and disquieted at finding themselves unable to convince others abstractedly, that things may be really of importance to which they attach no value. To those who do not choose to see it, nothing could be more ridiculous, than the assertion, that the variation of one hundredth part of an inch might make, under many circumstances, the difference between beauty and ugliness; and that forms which they do not appreciate may speak a language to corrected taste, to which they also might render themselves sensible.

And this is still more the case in questions of right and wrong; about which, if any one chooses to be sceptical, it is impossible to set any limits to his scepticism. For the whole argument must rest on facts, credible only on the experience of others, which he may doubt, or his own, which he may deny. It is clear, then, that with those who will

confess any stage of the scepticism vicious, who admit that there are errors for which man must give account, this excuse, which will justify all equally, cannot be applicable to any.

*April 13th. Good Friday.* The varieties of that mysterious and unseen thing, which is capable of pain and pleasure, between which we can now but faintly discriminate from observation of the various actions and opinions which they originate, may one day be objects of as distinct perception, as are now the forms which are presented to our eyes. And the nameless faculty, whatever it may be, through which this perception shall be conveyed to us, may, like our personal organs of vision, be a means of receiving delight, as well as discovering truth; they [it] may admit of impressions analogous to those of beauty and deformity; and things, which, independently of this consideration, seem to differ but little from one another, may affect us in a manner as widely different as . . . .

*May 3. 1 Sam. vi. 1—6.* When the Philistines found, that by retaining possession of the ark they entailed upon themselves the vengeance of its Master, they consulted their “priests and diviners;” and their answer is curious: they recommend sending it back with a trespass-offering, and enforce their advice, by saying, “Wherefore then do ye harden your hearts, as the Egyptians and Pharaoh hardened their hearts? when He had wrought won-

derfully among them, did they not let the people go, and they departed?"

What sort of people were these diviners, who could utter such a sentiment?

*May 14.* Jeremiah xliv. 15—28. "Then all the men which knew that their wives had burned incense unto other gods, and all the women which stood by, a great multitude, even all the people that dwell in the land of Egypt, in Pathros, answered Jeremiah saying, As for the word that thou hast spoken unto us in the name of the Lord, we will not hearken unto thee. But we will burn incense to the queen of heaven, and pour out drink-offerings unto her, as we have done, we, and our fathers, our kings, and our princes, in the cities of Judah, and the streets of Jerusalem: *for then we had plenty of victuals, and were well and saw no evil. But since we left off to burn incense to the queen of heaven, we have wanted all things, and have been consumed by the sword and by the famine.* Then Jeremiah said unto all the people, which had given him this answer, saying, The incense that ye have burned in the cities of Judah, and in the streets of Jerusalem, ye and your fathers, did not the Lord remember them, and came it not into His mind? Therefore is your land an astonishment, and a desolation, and a curse, without an inhabitant, as at this day. *Because ye have burned incense, and because ye have sinned against the Lord, and have not obeyed the voice of the Lord, therefore this evil is*



happened unto you. . . . Moreover, thus saith the Lord, all the men of Judah, that are in the land of Egypt, shall be consumed by the sword, and by the famine, until there be an end of them ; and all the remnant of Judah, that are gone into the land of Egypt, to sojourn there, shall know whose words shall stand, Mine or their's.'

This seems to me a very remarkable place, and to let one a good deal into the state of feeling among the Jewish idolaters. It seems clear, that, by some means they had blinded themselves to the evidence of God's extraordinary dispensations, in the way as we have [blinded] ourselves to His ordinary; and would not recognize His outstretched arm, in the evils He brought on them at the hand of others.

D. says, without any doubt, that the overthrow of Sodom and Gomorrah was the effect of a volcanic eruption. Now considering the conversation between the Lord and Abraham, in which the real cause of the overthrow is so decidedly stated, and the arrival of the crisis attributed to the failure of ten righteous men, who might be its protection, this becomes a most striking and appalling proof of the coincidence of the *will* of a superintending, with the *agency* of what might seem a blind Governor, and brings before our eyes the Most High ruling in the kingdom of men.

*May 17. [Why heretical opinions are of consequence.]*

The fact that such a slight thing as living among a set of people, whose accent in conversation is peculiar, has such an effect on the organs of a child's speech, as to render it in many cases impossible [for men] to divest themselves of the peculiarity they have contracted, and that without having been accustomed from children to make particular sounds, it becomes impossible even to make them correctly, may help us to conceive how modes of living, apparently but little differing from one another, may eventually make one class of men eternally happy, and another the reverse. (I mean the sort of difference resulting from heretical opinions.)

Also, the objection of heretics against the true believers, that they themselves are disunited, and differ as widely from one another as from those whom they join in reprobating, may be compared to the objection of a foreigner that he never heard two people of any country utter sounds like one another, and that there was a decided distinction between [in] the whole [entire] pronunciation of individuals coming from different parts of the same country; and that, therefore, though he was being educated to live in that country, he would not attend to those who instructed him in the pronunciation of the language, for it was quite clear, that, though his pronunciation might be different from that of others, he should not be peculiar where there were no two alike.

Dr. K. said yesterday, that, what was commonly called the chain of existence, which joins by connecting links the animal and vegetable kingdoms, and leads us on by regular degrees from the lowest of organized bodies to the most perfect animals, was, in fact, a fallacy ; for that so far from its being the case, that as vegetables improve in their specific characters, they approach to the lower orders of sentient beings, it is only the very lowest of each province which can ever be mistaken for one another ; that is,

That in the principle of vegetative, as well as animal life, we can observe a progressive development of complication and system, diverging from a common point, and becoming more distinct as each becomes more perfect.

(I think I can trace a similar divergence in the kinds of beauty to which each kingdom seems to tend as its ultimate perfection.)

In the animal kingdom it is observable that, as the organization is developed, a corresponding improvement takes place in the nervous system. . . .

*May 28.* For a full and most satisfactory answer to the opinions of those who trouble themselves with making useless comparisons between what they call temporal and heavenly motives, or who suppose that any action, in order to be virtuous, must be performed and undertaken with a distinct view to the latter, see Davison [on Prophecy,] p. 171 [Discourse iv.]

He there asserts that motives differ as to high and low, not because they are derived from the scene of our future or present existence, but in proportion as the idea of reward is excluded from them, and they centre in the sense of τὸ καλὸν or the will of God.

June 2. *Απόρριαι about Absolution, Anathemas, Ordination, &c.*

When our Lord breathed on the Apostles, and said to them, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost; whosesoever sins ye remit they are remitted unto them, and whosoever sins ye retain, they are retained," what are we to understand was the nature of the power communicated to them? Was the validity of their sentence to depend upon the *truth* of its grounds? It is not easy to conceive the contrary; and yet, supposing these to *be* correct, we believe that their effects would follow them *independent* of any authoritative assurance.

So that a scoffer might say, "What does the sentence of the Church come to? for you do not seem to assert its validity except in cases where you would allow the sentence of any one to be equally valid. Its authority does not ensure its execution, unless without authority it would have been equally executed."

It seems to me altogether a very puzzling difficulty. An excommunicated person is either worse off or not worse off than he was before. If he is not, how can it be looked on as an evil and a



punishment? It degenerates simply into a matter of expediency<sup>1</sup>.

*June 15.* The volume of revelation, like the face of nature, is, to a cursory view, picturesque and irregular; and it is only on an examination, at once minute and extensive, that the uniformity of their structure is discernible. God, in all His dealings adheres to the simple laws He has prescribed to Himself, so far as they are consistent with His deeper counsels: and it is only by tracing through a long succession of events an evident subordination of what are called natural causes to some ulterior consistent object, that we are able to distinguish the arm of the Most High ruling in the kingdom of men.

*July 1.* It seems as if there was no necessity of attributing to Absolution a mystic efficacy, and sanctioning it with a revealed commission, *in order* to justify its exclusive appropriation to the Priesthood, and to render it a presumptuous intrusion in unauthorized persons to assume the office.

For if we only look on the institutions of the

<sup>1</sup> [The conviction in which the author settled on these momentous subjects will be found in the Essay on Rationalism, which he composed in his last year. He considered that Almighty God had put it *absolutely* into the power of the Church to deprive individuals of her *spiritual privileges*, as *e. g.* it evidently rests with her (though she is answerable for her discretionary power) to baptize or not to baptize individuals.]

*Church* with the same respect which we willingly concede to those of *Society*, and place them on the same level with matters of etiquette, it is not a very measured contempt which arises in our mind on observing an ignorant neglect, much less a purposed violation of established forms.

I think I should almost be contented to look on it as a very disgusting species of vulgarity.

*July 4 and 13. Cogitations on the nature of formal prayer, and the uses of expressing reverence in our outward demeanour.*

1. We know that God dwelleth not in temples made with hands; that His eyes and ears are alike every where, even in our secret thoughts; so that we cannot expect to make Him more acquainted with our wants by declaring them, or more sensible of our trust by expressing it.

We know also, that it is not with the manner in which we express ourselves, but with the nature of our thoughts that God is pleased or displeased; and that it is the latter, not the former, which disposes Him to grant our petitions.

It is necessary that we think rightly of God, and think often of Him; but when, where, and in what manner, is left to ourselves.

2. Our thoughts are so uncertain and capricious, that it is no more in our power to feel strong emotions of thankfulness, penitence, trust in God, at a set time, than to feel hungry or thirsty at a set time; neither are the words, which at moments of

high excitement give shape and substance to our ideas, at all fit to convey our ordinary [feelings].

From this it might be superficially concluded that, fixed times and forms of prayers were neither necessary nor expedient, and that supposing it right now and then to apply our minds more particularly to the contemplation of God and ourselves than is compatible with that active service of obedience, which consecrates each moment of a well-spent life; still it would be more judicious in this respect to be guided by the accidental circumstances, the influence of which extends even to the best regulated minds, and disposes them more at one time than another to the reception of high thoughts and the craving for invisible society<sup>1</sup>.

*July 16. On the connexion between a right faith and right practice; on the ἡθoς of heresy.*

Is there or is there not, the same probability that a man who is *morally good*, will have a *right faith*, as that one who is *in many respects* κυρίως ἀγαθὸς will be so *in all*?

I do not know that I can state my difficulty; but it seems to me inconceivable that our salvation should depend upon two causes essentially independent; that is, of such a nature that the presence of one should in no way imply that of the other.

It seems contradictory to all we know of the scheme of God's government, that men should be

<sup>1</sup> Vid. *infra*. p. 129.

made responsible for events over which they have no control. Liberty of choice seems implied in the idea of reward and punishment; so that, if we are *responsible* for our *faith*, it *must* be under the influence of our *will*. And that *in fact it is so*, no one who will examine the origin of his own opinions, can doubt.

But what I want to make out is,—

That particular opinions are essentially homogeneous with particular characters; that the temper which generates and constitutes the latter assimilates itself with, and has a natural tendency to promote the former, and *vice versâ*; that when we condemn particular opinions as vicious, we really condemn the same temper which develops itself indifferently either in opinions or actions.

The great variety of conflicting notions which prevail on subjects apparently abstract, and among people who have had the same data submitted to them, is scarcely to be accounted for by any variety we observe in the reasoning faculty.

And the undoubted pertinacity with which the partisans of each opinion adhere to their own, puts it absolutely out of the question. Various shades of hesitation or confidence, and, among those who hesitate, differences in the direction of their doubts, are perfectly natural, and to be expected among men who with candour seek for truth, but have different capacities for the search; but positive certainty on both sides of a controversy can hardly subsist, un-



less the affections of one party, at least, are engaged in the dispute.

Again, the fact that opinions of this sort are a bond of union among those who hold the same, and sometimes a cause even of aversion to those who differ, proves that, whether there be, or be not, any original conformability between these opinions and particular characters, they now do appear to be associated. For we cannot suppose that opinion, *quatenus* opinion, has any power to attach or segregate.

Things to be shown :—

1. That many of our *opinions* are the result of our *character*.

2. That some affections have an *essential tendency* to produce particular opinions ;—though these same opinions may, and in fact do, often result *accidentally* from other affections.

3. That this is the case as well concerning what are called matters of *faith* as questions of *morality*.

The very notion of right and wrong implies that it is wrong not to entertain and respect *it*, previous to all *rational* conviction concerning its nature. As revelation is useless without reason to prove its truth, so reason is worth nothing without instinct to enforce its suggestions.

Again, the fact that we are required not only to entertain these notions [of right and wrong], but to annex them to particular objects, and this at a period of our lives when we are incapable of appreciating

any other evidence than the authoritative declarations of those who take care of us, proves that the absence of implicit faith, which alone can [then] protect us from any vice, must in itself be vicious.

And, as the time arrives when we become responsible for adhering to the errors of our instructors, it is clear that there must be some other means gradually opened to us of discovering what is right and wrong; and to remain ignorant of these means, must be a violation of duty. And, as vices differ in kind, as the characters of injustice, deceit, filthiness, are essentially distinct, [so error in faith may be vicious, though essentially distinct from immorality<sup>1</sup>.]

[*On the anathemas in the Athanasian Creed.*<sup>2</sup>]

I assent to the damnatory clauses of the Athanasian Creed, because I believe them only to repeat the declaration of Scripture.

I feel a difficulty in assenting, because I admit, as a self-evident axiom, that no opinion can, *as such*, be the object of God's wrath or favour.

The declaration and axiom are reconcileable on the supposition that the condemned opinion involves something moral, either as its effect or cause, or both: and, unless this supposition is impossible, both may be true; unless it is improbable,

<sup>1</sup> Vid. p. 142.

<sup>2</sup> [These remarks are on a detached paper, but seem to belong to this date.]

the latter does not even raise a presumption against the former.

As to its being impossible, I suppose no one in his senses would assert this.

What people will say is, that its improbability is such as should induce us to doubt our interpretation of Scripture;—a supposed misinterpretation being the least difficult solution of the two.

Now, according to my notion, there is no such improbability in the first supposition as should induce me to relinquish the interpretation, were its evidence even much slighter than it is; and, I think, the prevailing opinion to the contrary to arise out of these two mistakes:—

First, from interpreting the word “damned” more strictly as applied to heresy, than to moral vice—say fornication or adultery—and, consequently, the degree of moral guilt attributed to each individual heretic.

Secondly, from overrating the difficulty of attributing moral guilt at all to apparently good heretics, in consequence of estimating their characters by a false rule.

As to the first, if we allow, with Scripture, that “cursed are all fornicators,” since we know that the guilt of fornication admits of every intermediate stage between the unclean profligate and the almost innocent Turk, we must consequently interpret the curse in an equally extended sense; ranging from the threat of God’s heavy wrath against

wilful sin, to the mere exclusion from the superior blessings which are to follow Christian purity.

Is the interval more wide between the pride of obstinate heresy, and the misguided credulity of its dupes? and will not the meaning of "accursed," which suits the former case, adapt itself equally to the latter?

But, secondly, we find heretics, whom we cannot suppose altogether duped, and yet whose character is such that we should shrink from convicting them of moral vice.

Now, unless we start with a *petitio principii*, we can only justify this reluctance on the ground that it is improbable those who seem good in all *other* respects, should be vicious in one; an assumption which would go to disprove the guilt of fornication, and which indeed does undermine the principles of many, when they see the heroism and disinterested generosity which is, in some cases, stained by this defect.

[*Between July 16 and Sept. 7.*] The proposition, that the effect produced on us by external objects is very disproportionate to their known value, does not relate exclusively to a comparison between objects differing in kind; nor is the fact sufficiently accounted for by the variety and distortion of taste, which renders our affections alive to their objects in degrees so different from what nature intended.

We get into the way of resisting some particular



developments of an affection almost without effort, when to other and much less violent developments of the same affection we yield sometimes in complete helplessness. Sometimes I get into a way of being abstemious at one meal, sometimes at another; sometimes about one sort of dish, and sometimes another. When I have felt no difficulty in refusing wines that I liked best, and cutting myself short in the nicest dishes, I have stuffed myself with bread and butter at tea. When I have not cared for giving away five pounds, and really with (as far as I know) unmixed motives, the same motives have hardly preserved me from being shabby about sixpence to a porter. I believe it would be no great pain to me to hear that it was impossible for me to get into a boat again this summer; yet, yesterday, I quite craved to give four pounds a week for P.'s boat, and was quite provoked because E. and M. had been using our sprit for a punting pole. I can even conceive myself fidgetted in any degree at disappointments about the means towards an object, which I looked at with complete indifference, while those means had no other charm for me than their tendency to promote this object.

I suppose the fact is, that there are very few things that one really cares for on their own account. But we must have something to care about; and, when we have fixed on any one thing, we care for it, because we have fixed on it. We like doing a thing, because we are doing it; and hate to be

put out of our way, though we would as soon go one way as another.

*September 7 and 21.* While I am in one state of mind, all other states seem to me unreal and delusive. I often have strange feelings about the importance of particular things, which, at the time, seem impossible to be extinguished, and afterwards are impossible to recal; and then they seem to me wild, and of no consequence, and, when they come again, their absence seems to have been a delusion. Upon the whole, if I was left to myself, I think I should come to this conclusion:—

That, whatever might be the difference between the words, in which different people, at the same time, or the same person at different times, would describe their ideas and feelings, and whatever may be the forms of conduct, or objects of pursuit, with reference to which these ideas and feelings are shown; yet that these varieties are all superficial, arising from the accidental influence of circumstances on the same dull unchangeable material;—*νομίζειν οὐχ οὕτως διαφέρειν ἄνθρωπον ἀνθρώπου*; —that the aversion men show to admirations and disgusts widely different from their own, is, in all cases, the effect of a groundless prejudice, and that all minds might harmonize, if they would but think so.

But the conclusion which the Bible forces upon us is fearfully and widely different. For, though from the darkness with which we are surrounded, and

our utter inability to compare our own state with that of others, our relative position in the moral world must remain an impenetrable mystery; yet we know that there is a sufficient difference between the souls of different men, to fit some for the company of angels, and others for that of devils; and that visionary and fruitless as our own changes of feeling may appear, our hearts are, at this very moment, a scene of contention between the powers of light and darkness; and that we can neither speak, nor act, nor think, without taking part with one or the other of them.

What a horrid consciousness, unless One was always with us, “who is able to keep us from falling, and to present us faultless before His presence with exceeding joy!”

*Oct. 19.* I am often puzzled to make up my mind as to what are the essentials of religion.

—— said, the other day, that in the view he took of Church history, he should think the Heretics had for the most part been the best party, and that the Orthodox were in most cases chargeable with the unchristian character which the controversies assumed; that the difference of opinion between us and the Arians is not more than, without any distortion of heart or judgment, might naturally be expected from constitutional varieties of apprehension; that the security of a commission derived from the Successors of the Apostles is to him not obvious.

—— does not see the advantage of having the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper administered more than four times a year, nor of weekday prayers, nor of observing the Church festivals and fasts.

Fasting and all voluntary self-denial seem even among quite the better sort of people to be thought superstitious, or at any rate of no use.

*Dec. 3. Difficult to lay down any rule as to the nature or extent of the information supernaturally conveyed to the inspired writers.*

*Qu. 1.* Is it necessary to suppose that they themselves were aware of its precise limits?

(1.) For we know that God exerts an influence over the minds of all men, the limits of which, however, no one knows. (2.) And that all wise books, as far as they are wise, are in a particular manner dictated by His wisdom, suggesting thoughts, which arise, as it were, by accident.

*Qu. 2.* May we not suppose that the difference between this sort of inspiration, and that which controlled the Apostles, consisted rather in the assurance they had respecting its general extent than a particular consciousness in each individual case?

We have prejudices confessedly the effect of circumstance and education, some of which, however, are from God, and some from the evil principle. May not they have had some general assurance of protection to a certain extent, and on certain subjects, beyond which they were subject to contingencies like us, and up to which their knowledge



was imbibed in the same manner as ours, only different in being ratified?

Also the deductions of intellect, while different minds can rest in different conclusions from the same premises, are subject to a like influence, and require a like warrant.

To my mind the conduct of the Apostles, on many occasions, especially their disputes, proves that it required reflection on their part to know whether the subjects in question were within the consecrated ground; *i. e.* whether they might trust their impressions with confidence, or should allow themselves to look to consequences, as St. Peter's conduct at Antioch relative to circumcision.

*Dec.* 8. Formal religion necessary in very different degrees to different people;—what supplied its place to those among the heathens who resembled those among us who require it most? or into what did they fall through its absence?

What is the final cause of those intensely acute perceptions of the imagination, by which the entrance of some minds into the world has been enchanted? and is there any modification of them which is to last with us on our pilgrimage? or is their purpose answered at any definite period?

It is hard to conceive that we are really in the possession of privileges so inestimable as the minds of those prophets and righteous men, who desired in vain to see them, thought. Perhaps the brilliance

with which memory invests the scenes of past existence, which while immediately present shared in the universal insipidity, is intended to help our conceptions that the kingdom of God may be ἐν τὸς ἡμῶν, in spite of all our cravings and . . . .

*Jan. 6, 1828. In what respects is it rational to suppose that inspired writings differ from other writings?*

For we cannot suppose that the operation of the Spirit dictating superseded entirely the exertion of the writer's mind; otherwise the different inspired books would have wanted that individuality which characterizes them.

Neither can it be believed that they were withheld from asserting *any* misconception, for we know that their language respecting natural phenomena accords with the notions of their times, which subsequent experience has contradicted.

But, if the influence of the Spirit which directed them was only partial, in this their case was not so different from that of other and uninspired writers, since we believe that all which is good in any book is from God.

In what then did the pre-eminence of their privileges consist? I suppose in the evidence by which their inspiration was manifested.

As far as regards us, I can perceive no other distinction; and I see no reason why we should assume any other with reference to them; why we should suppose that they were in any other sort

conscious of the influence which directed them, than Bishop Butler was when he composed the Analogy<sup>1</sup>. The same evidence which convinces us, was sufficient to convince them, that within certain limits they were secure from the possibility of error.

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We cannot be certain that the inspiration which dictated the Sacred Writings differed at all in kind, or very materially in degree, from that which suggested such a work as Bishop Butler's Analogy<sup>2</sup>.

All we know of them is that they were the productions of men empowered by God to act miracles, and protected by an especial promise from forgetfulness or misconception on certain subjects.

The opinions of the Apostles might have seemed to themselves (like our prejudices and opinions, which are in fact the suggestions of good and evil spirits,) the results of experience or reasoning; except, indeed, on particular subjects, when their communication with heaven must have been perceptible,

<sup>1</sup> [The author would have expressed himself differently at a later period of his life. What he says here, and in the next page, is but an *investigation*, as the foregoing ἀπορίαι, (p. 111), on the subject of Absolution, concerning which his deliberate and explicit opinion will be found, as has been observed, in a later part of this publication.]

<sup>2</sup> [It must be observed that the author's object in this remark, as his friends happen to know, was to express the extreme wonder and reverence with which the Analogy inspired him, and to inculcate the mysterious state in which our souls are *ordinarily*, not to reduce Scripture to a human level.]

as in the case of St. Paul's initiation into the Mysteries of Faith.

But in general, though under the influence of a protecting Spirit, they might not have been sensible of His influence, except that they knew, as we do, the general limits to which the promise extended.

As far as I can see, it is perfectly gratuitous to believe that, beyond the matters which they were commissioned to reveal, their writings are more infallible than the compositions of other very wise men<sup>1</sup>.

*Jan. 8. Works the efficient cause of Faith.*

Some suppose that if a man believes right, he cannot possibly act wrong, and that error of conduct arises from want of conviction of the truth of religion.

This is true in one sense, and false in another. It is true that there is a sort of conviction, which it is impossible to suppose any one withstanding<sup>2</sup>; but

<sup>1</sup> [This again is said by way of exalting the ἀναπόδεκται φάσεις, as Aristotle calls them, of the wise; whereas the same words, in the mouth of the scoffing liberalism of the day, would be intended to degrade the apostles into mere ἐμψυχα ὄργανα, mouthpieces of inspiration, as far as it went, and beyond it possessed of no authority above their readers. Thus a late author writing against the Fathers (Mr. Osburn, of Leeds), allows himself to criticise and differ from St. Paul in those points in which he considers that apostle was *not* inspired.]

<sup>2</sup> [In all that is here said, love of God and a right disposition of heart are not in question; the comparison lies between intellectual conviction and works or experiences.]



it is false that nothing, which we call belief, or even conviction, can fall short of this cogency.

Many truths, which I have arrived at, almost demonstrably, have failed to impress me with that practical certainty which immediately results from the evidence of experience. I have felt that a source of uneasiness has been removed, when, having deduced a mathematical conclusion from one train of reasoning, the same turned out to be deducible from another. And, I remember, before I had familiarized myself with the practice of looking in the Prayer Book for the lesson of the day, feeling a sort of hesitating mistrust whether I had discovered the right one to read in chapel. And, as far as I can see, whenever the results of speculative reasoning can be put to the test of experience, or examined, in any way, by a distinct process, there is always a sort of satisfaction attending their confirmation, which implies an incompleteness in the previous certainty.

And all this seems true with regard to matters of religion; and for two reasons:

First, because the subjects on which they treat are such as, previous to personal acquaintance, must convey most indistinct ideas to the mind;

And secondly, from the natural distrustfulness we feel in the application of all moral reasoning, from our liability to overlook circumstances, which often, however slight in themselves, affect the case very materially.

Now these imperfections can never be removed by an idle endeavour to accumulate evidence, in the hope this will supersede the necessity of self-denial.

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[*After January 8.*] I think of all temptations, that which most puts one off one's guard is the being expected to do any particular thing by those with whom one lives ; and this is an impediment *in limine* to all the endeavours of one who has led a careless life, when he wishes to become more serious.

*Jan. 15, 1829.* A person who avoids instilling religious notions into a child's mind, that when he comes to maturity he may judge for himself, without prejudices, might as well in educating an accountant, keep him from working arithmetic, that he might strike out some new rule for himself at once.

[*After Jan. 15.*] The questions, *Why is Private Prayer a duty?* and *why has God made it a duty?* must occur to many persons almost as often as they pray.

There is something in the act itself which appears stranger and stranger to me, the older I grow ; and the points in which it seems so strange, are almost exclusively appropriated to it ; not bearing at all, or at any rate with much less force, on the ceremonies of Public Worship.

Perhaps, indeed, it may be one of the best ways of explaining what I mean, to draw the distinctions

which appear to me to subsist between these two sorts of worship, my real object being to state, as clearly as I can, the difficulties which appear to me inherent in the discharge of this duty.

The phenomenon, for it really is such, of a man finding himself engaged in an act of intercourse with the Deity, may in the case of Public Worship admit of many solutions, which do not at all extend to Private Prayer.

If he asks himself what is this that I find myself engaged in ; why is it that I utter these words, and place myself in this posture ? (N.B. I should state the sort of person who is here supposed to be addressing himself :—It is presumed that an act which all are taught from childhood to think a duty, and which is so clearly and positively enjoined in Scripture, can scarcely admit of that self-deceit so common respecting the performance of almost every other duty, and that no man can, habitually, neglect this duty without taking an open and avowed farewell of all religion ; I am supposing such a person, then, to be canvassing his own conduct in this particular.)

If a man asks himself this question when at Church, a ready answer suggests itself. “ The words are an expression of just sentiments, which, though they are not yet, ought to be, and I hope will be mine ; and by expressing them in this public way, I contribute to strengthen in the mind of each person here, that impression which I also ex-

perience in uniting myself to them. Our common service too, is an act of reverence to the Master we acknowledge, in the eyes of those who deny His authority.

“As to the posture, and all the ceremonial part, it is the natural way in which I should be affected, if I perceived the presence of Him I worship; and, therefore, a natural way of expressing to others the tone of mind which I think suitable to the occasion, as well as a proper respect to the feelings of those who may perceive, in a more lively manner than myself, the awful presence of Him I address.”

The practical advantages a man is conscious of deriving, and thinks it possible he may be conferring, by public worship [are such as these,] and as he knows prayer to be reasonable in the abstract, and has a kind of verbal belief that God is influenced by it, he feels nothing strange in the command, from the performance of which he derives benefit, nor in the manner of deriving the benefit, since it is sanctioned by a command.

This, indeed, is merely specious; but serves to satisfy the mind, and divert it from the contemplation of what would otherwise seem an absurdity; whereas in private prayer the difficulty stares one in the face.

And, first, all the forms of it, and whatever it consists of beyond a mere manual of duty, must either be referred solely to the object of creating an impression on our own minds, (which indeed would



be absurd enough,) or at least of tending to divert contrary impressions, and suffer the mind to rest undisturbed upon serious subjects, (which I do not feel to be the case), unless we are prepared to believe that, by the act of praying, we do something analogous to calling towards ourselves the attention of the Deity,—that we are addressing Him in a different sense from that in which our serious thoughts can be called addresses to Him, and that He is regarding us in a sense different from that in which He can be said to be always regarding all things.

If, indeed, the act of praying does, in this sort, alter our relation to the Supreme Being,—if, indeed, He turns to us when we call upon Him, then is prayer all that is said of it by those who enforce it as a duty, and extol it as a privilege; but if any thing short of this is true, the whole is a mummary.

This conclusion is not indeed any thing recon-dite, or the peculiar result of this train of thought. It is forced on us by the easiest and simplest [of] arguments, the plain declarations of Scripture. What I mean is, that on these occasions the thought is obtruded on us, as it were, in detail; and demands a practical, not merely an intellectual assent.

Private prayer, then, differs from public in this respect, that it forces us to dwell on, what the latter only requires us to assent to,—the reality of

God's fatherly care, and direct superintendence over us. And this accounts for the pain many people feel in performing this very simple and easy part of their duty. For, if one comes to consider, what I have said of this act, can be said of very few others, from which people are not able in some way to escape. Most of the phenomena of a Christian's life may be accounted for on other than religious motives; and while reason refers to these for the rule of our life, our common sense leads us, on other grounds, to conduct so nearly similar, that a slight effort of self-deceit will substitute it for the other.

1. <sup>1</sup>*My duty towards God.* "My duty towards God, is to believe in Him, to fear Him, and to love Him, with all my heart, with all my mind, with all my soul, and with all my strength;" that is, I must allow myself in no pleasures which obscure the recollection of Him; no pursuits and speculations, which do not directly, as well as ultimately promote His service; which do not tend to keep my understanding in such a frame as to attend upon devotion. Any thing which engages me so much, as to make my thoughts wander to it in chapel, whatever it may be in itself, is to me injurious. And in checking myself at this point my strength is required.

<sup>1</sup> [The dates of the remaining Memoranda are not preserved. They all, however, belong to this period.]

I am "to worship Him, to give Him thanks, to put my whole trust in Him;" that is, I am not to let myself get so fond of any thing on earth, as not to be able to give it up cheerfully, when duty bids me; *e. g.* comforts, favourite projects, the good opinion of others. I am not to congratulate myself on my successes. I am never to give way to great fear or sorrow, knowing that I have One who will support me in danger, and who administers affliction for my good.

I am "to call upon Him, to honour His holy name, and His word, and to serve Him truly all the days of my life." My thoughts should be in such a posture as to recur to Him, by impulse, in all cases of perplexity; but, besides this, I should set apart portions of every day to going over in my thoughts the occasions on which I am most likely to need His assistance, and the instances in which I have failed to obey Him most recently. I should also give some part of my time systematically to the study of the Scriptures. The Lessons of the day may be enough, as an every day business; but, perhaps, at least once a week, I should give some hours to close and critical study of them.

*My duty towards my neighbour.* "My duty towards my neighbour is to love him as myself, and to do unto all men as I would they should do unto me." I should be looking about for opportunities of doing kindnesses, particularly to my friends and relations. I should think of them

during their absence; remember what they wish me to do; write letters to them when I have time on my hands. In their presence I should consult their inclinations; give way to them even when their wishes seem mistaken, unless I shall do harm by so giving way; make up my mind to disoblige them, when I am sure it is for their interest; and the more particularly with reference to those whose favour I wish to court. To execute their commissions. . . .

“To love, honour, and succour, my father and mother.” To show them respect in all instances where there is opportunity; to consult all their wishes and even caprices; not to obtrude advice on them; not to hold pertinacious arguments with them; to write home regularly, if desired; and not to indulge myself in frivolous excuses about it.

“To honour and obey the king, and all that are put in authority under him; to submit myself to all my governors, teachers, spiritual pastors and masters; to order myself lowly and reverently to all my betters;”—The —, K., doctors and heads of houses generally; not to go out of my way to say disrespectful things; not to abuse the —s and — except where I may be likely to do good by it, and therefore never with flippancy.

“To hurt no body by word or deed;” not to say satirical things either in people’s presence or behind their backs; or to take pleasure in ex-



posing them when they seem absurd ; or to answer them illnaturally when they have said offensive things.

“To be true and just in all my dealings ;” not to take credit where I do not deserve it ; nor to set up for understanding things which I know nothing about . . . . . [*unfinished*]

2. O Lord my God, I am nothing without Thee. When Thou takest away my breath I shall die. Keep this in my mind, I beseech Thee, amidst all the business and distraction of life ; and especially this day ; that, whether I live, I may live unto the Lord, and whether I die, I may die unto the Lord ; and that dwelling ever on this thought I may blend a wish to please Thee with all my motives :—

That whether I am finding fault, I may do it without peevishness ; or teaching, without a wish to display ; or talking with my friends, without sacrificing kindness to amusement ; or eating, or drinking, without gluttony ; and that when I am more especially engaged in my duty to Thee, my thoughts may not wander off to frivolous subjects ; but that I may recollect in my prayers all that I have to be forgiven, and all that I have to be supported against, both generally, and at that particular time.

For I need Thy Fatherly support, O Lord, not only to continue my existence, but to prevent existence from being a curse.

Grievous, indeed, is the load of my past sins, but to

this I add daily ; and unless Thou defendest me, I shall utterly become a prey to my evil inclinations. O Lord, the thoughts which sometimes come into my head, are too shocking even to name ; and there are innumerable others which creep in, and which I allow in my self-deceiving folly. I dwell with complacency on all the little merit that I can attribute to myself ; and am elevated and depressed by the slightest successes and reverses. I indulge resentment. . . . [*unfinished*]

3. “ Et plura alia quæ in rudibus gentibus etiam in pace observata, nunc tantum in metu audiuntur.” Tac. Hist. i. 26. It is not by enervating the understanding that great public fear renders men credulous, but by bringing them in contact with feelings which they have not been accustomed to experience, and showing them how little there is in what they have habitually taken for truth respecting the goods and ills of life ; it makes them doubt whether it is so very certain that every thing else must be false which is different from the usual order of things. Nations are not credulous, or the contrary, in proportion as they are foolish or wise ; but, in proportion as they have had opportunities of observing the uniformity of nature on an extensive scale, they get to allow themselves in the notion, that because so many things are like what they experience, nothing can be different from it. “ Put them in fear, O Lord, that the heathen may know themselves to be but men.” Ps. ix. 20.

5. How ludicrous the dogmas of the Gnostics would be, except connected with the fact that a vast importance was actually attached to them by a large portion of mankind! In this point of view, they become indicative of the nature of the human mind, and their very absurdity becomes an additional feature of interest.

There are feelings within us to which, under other circumstances, these very absurdities might make a powerful appeal; *what are those feelings? what circumstances prevent their taking this turn? and what turn do they actually now take?* or are they *quite dormant?*

6. What is meant by "If the salt hath lost its savour, &c.?" In all the three places where it occurs, the mention of it arises out of something said about self-denial. [Matt. xiii.; Mark ix. 50.; Luke xiv. 34.]

7. *Hosea* iv. 11. "Whoredom and wine, and new wine *take away the heart.*" I suppose really abstinent self-denying people cannot conceive how it is possible for any one to divest himself so entirely of the fear of God, as the generality seem to have done. But a life alternating with mortification and indulgence, (if it affects other people as it does me) might convince any one how easy it is to *lose himself*; how the distant prospect is made dim, and the heart taken away, by present ease and satiety.

8. *Rom.* i. 28. "And even as they did not like to retain God in their knowledge, God gave them over

to a reprobate mind." As they would not see the importance of retaining right notions *as to the nature of God*, that is, a true faith, He also took from them the power of discerning right from wrong, in a large class of actions. People should not feel so confident, as they do, that they see the *common sense* of an obligation to good conduct any clearer than to true faith.

9. *2 Kings* vi. 30, 31. "And it came to pass, when the king heard the words of the woman, that he rent his clothes; and he passed by upon the wall, and the people looked, and, behold, he had sackcloth within upon his flesh. Then he said, God do so and more also to me, if the head of Elisha the son of Shaphat shall stand on him this day." What was Jehoram's motive in wearing sackcloth?

10. *There are other ways of ascertaining the will of God than by finding what is prescribed in Scripture.*

(1.) For many persons are never able to make out the evidence on which the most important doctrines are grounded, and no persons are able, till after long study; yet previous to their being acquainted with this evidence, their opinions are not a matter of indifference. In what respect then are they responsible for the people they trust, and the degree in which they trust? and by what in this are they to be guided?

(2.) Acting on our Moral Instincts may be pleasing to God, independent of a belief that by so acting we shall please Him; otherwise there could be



nothing hateful to Him in the disobedience of children, who are as yet necessarily ignorant of Him; or in the voluntary blindness of those, who, having never attended to the evidence of His existence, cannot seek to please Him of whom they are ignorant by attending to the ways of removing this ignorance.

(3.) Either God is indifferent to the pains men bestow in proving to themselves that He exists and cares about their actions, the belief of which is presupposed in a desire to please Him, or this desire is not necessary in order to make our actions acceptable. . . . .

. . . . The knowledge that by following the law, which, independent of all belief in God, cannot but assert its authority, we do, in fact, please Him, is a great comfort, being both an explanation of the feeling, and an encouragement to obedience. But for these very reasons obedience, previous to this knowledge, implies more docility of mind than subsequent to it. And that this docility, though it be called blind, is yet pleasing to God we know. For, as the belief that God exists and cares about our actions is necessarily implied in a desire to please Him, all the pains we take to attain to this belief must be the effect of this blind docility. Yet to assert that this pains is indifferent to God, is to say that He feels no anger against those who have hardened themselves against conviction.

11. It is urged against the existence of the

moral sense, that it is capricious; that its partial consistency may be accounted for, by the fact, that certain actions and characters promote the welfare of society; that, whether it exists or no, it is no certain guide, that is not distinguishable from other prejudices.

But, if there be any such thing as virtue and vice, they must be *founded* on a moral instinct. Those who argue for the sufficiency of the Bible, and despise reason altogether, are told that the Bible owes its weight to the declarations of reason; in the same way, those who form rules of conduct independent of instinct, must have recourse to instinct to enforce them. If the ideas of right and wrong, approbation and disapprobation, are not absurd, we must have a natural perception of some object to which they belong.

The utmost, then, that can be meant, by those who found rules for virtue on expedience, is, that we have only one moral instinct, *i. e.* benevolence; a wish to promote the good of men. From this, it would follow that vices differ only in degree, being all violations of the same feeling,—which is obviously false: few things are more distinct than the feelings excited in us by injustice, falsehood, indecency. It must be maintained, then, that these are mere prejudices,—the effect of association, if consistent, otherwise of caprice.

To the caprice alternative it may be objected, that various as may have been the *degrees* of approbation or disapprobation in which, at different

times, different vices and virtues have been estimated, the decrees of one age have never been reversed in another. . . .

12. I object to the distinction between conduct and opinion; and would substitute opinion about matters of conduct, or matters of faith.

Supposing the *objections* answered to supposing such a sin as heresy, there is the following *positive evidence* :—

(1.) From Tradition, preserved both in the *Church*; and even among the *heretical sects*, almost the last of which was to deny the importance of correct faith, while the others bore witness to the importance of the truth by the asperity with which they condemned it, when supposed to be falsehood.

(2.) And from the sanction of Scripture, the tone of which is quite irreconcilable with the notion that our assent to facts revealed in it is a matter of indifference.

(3.) And there is quite enough in what we can see of the *ἥθος* attendant on Dissent in general, and which seems inseparable from some heresies, even supposing them universal, to help us to conceive that they may generate a moral character, which either is right to the exclusion of that we approve, or is excluded by it.

If there is any chance of particular opinions excluding those that hold them from privileges which they might otherwise enjoy, it becomes the duty of those, who think so, to put every opportunity in their way which may lead them to examine their

error. Among these, it cannot be denied, that traditionary creeds hold some place. And though, considering the inadequate medium which words supply for conveying ideas, it may be inexpedient to define with accuracy, in the language of any man, what others will interpret according to their own; (as if one was to take much pains about making a line look straight to the eye of a person who saw it through an unequally refracting medium, with the hope that others, who saw it through other mediums might have the same effect produced on them,) yet this would be no objection to drawing the line in a rough way, which, though an inadequate guide to each, would be something of a guide to all.

13. The “array of talent” which has marshalled itself exclusively on the side of the Romanists [as regards their political claims] is pointed out to us, as a twofold argument for abandoning our position.

The intelligence of their supporters is urged as an *authority* to which we should in common modesty defer; our inability to do *without* them, as a reason why we should court their services on their own terms.

I do not mean to admit the force of either separately; but what I assert is, that both together, they are utterly untenable.

When the *authority* of these persons is urged, their friendship is assumed; while their threatened *desertion* supposes them disaffected.

As to the first point, it is here presumed that



they are quoted against us, not to shake our principles, but our mistaken way of supporting them.

The weight, then, which we should attribute to their advice, must depend on their attachment to *our principles*; we must know *what* they intend to support, before we can rely on them as supporters.

Next, it would be no very consistent display of attachment to abandon the principles themselves, to punish the deluded obstinacy of their unenlightened adherents. No folly which we can show will alter the character of the *ends* we have in view; and he who will not desert *them*, cannot desert *us*.

I shall assume, then, that whatever may be the inexpediency of our present line of conduct, no part of that inexpediency arises from the chance of our detaching from our cause any true friend, however enlightened.

They who support the Romanists to *advance* the interests of the Church, will not adhere to them in spite of its interests; nor suffer it to sustain unnecessary injury, because they cannot benefit it their own way.

On these grounds, then, it seems to me quite evident, that those whose services must be bought by *concession*, can have no authority as advisers.

It may be true, that "all the talent of the country" hold the safety of the Established Church second to their theories of political convenience, and to such talent we may submit as conquered enemies, but we never can coalesce with it as allies.

# ESSAY

ON THE

AGE FAVOURABLE TO WORKS OF FICTION<sup>1</sup>.

(SPRING 1826.)

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*Is a rude or refined age more favourable to the production of works of fiction?*

Non etenim credo quia sit divinitus illis  
Ingenium, aut rerum fato prudentia major.

THE pleasure we derive from works of fiction is not a measure of their excellence as fictions, farther than as it is perceptible on the first reading.

According to this test, refined ages excel in this species of composition.

This conclusion is not contradictory to the received opinion, that the poems which have been handed down from wild times, are superior to any thing which has been produced in refined times. For *Poetry* and *Fiction* are not, as has been supposed by critics, coextensive ideas.

In accounting for the decline of the former, and the improvement of the latter, it is unnecessary to suppose that refinement has a tendency to develop the faculties of invention, and repress

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<sup>1</sup> [Considering the date and matter of this Essay, it has been thought best to place it here, instead of reserving it for the next volume.]

the enthusiasm of poetry. This proceeds on the fallacious notion that the talent which shows itself is the only talent which exists. The real account is this, that the facilities for publication, which alone could make it worth while to take trouble about *fiction as such*, have a proportionate tendency to keep poetical feeling concealed.

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In the great works of fiction, to which the pre-eminence has been so long conceded by the universal consent of mankind, the sources from which we derive pleasure are so various and blended, that it may seem fanciful to attempt any general division of them. They run so much into one another, and depend so much on their combination for their effect, that it is difficult to say how far any one in particular contributes to the delight we are sensible of receiving from the whole; and while they perplex us with the splendour of their general effect, we indulge in a confusion which we cannot dissipate, and gratuitously attribute to them every perfection, because they evidently possess the greatest.

However, it will generally be allowed, that a work of fiction can only be good as such, from the *naturalness* and contrivance of the incidents it relates; from its power of putting an illusion upon us, and making us in a manner fancy ourselves engaged, and personally interested, in the scenes presented to us. And it must also be admitted, that this species of illusion is not the only means through which we are susceptible of imaginative pleasure; that the imagery presented to the mind

by remote associations, is distinct from it in kind, and much less resembles a mere passive impression. The existence of this distinction does not result from a refined analysis of the affections themselves, but is forced upon our observation, by the very different characters of the pleasures they produce.

There is a peculiarity in the pleasure arising from passive illusion, which separates it very widely from the other pleasures of the imagination. Instead of coming upon us gradually, and growing more intense as we dwell longer on the same object, its strongest hold is through the first impressions, and it becomes weaker and weaker, every time the object which at first excited it is anew presented to our mind.

The experience of each individual must be sufficient to convince him of the truth of this position, and the universal practice of narrative writers, as well as the rules given by critics to direct them, afford their concurrent testimony in its favour. The subjects which are recommended, and which alone are successfully adopted, by those who address themselves to this province of the imagination, are all of a nature rather to create a transient excitement, than to afford a permanent gratification. All the most fascinating and popular works of fiction are made up of variously modified appeals to the love of terror, anxiety, and surprise. It is only to these sudden and violent emotions that illusion can be in any way subservient; and, in the few



attempts which have been made to engage its powers on the side of deeper and more lasting feelings, the passive impression evidently subsides, before we become fully sensible of the beauties which it is intended to set off. This is evidently the manner in which we are affected by the fourth book of the *Æneid*. On our first acquaintance with it, we are wholly engrossed by the lively interest of the narrative, and the vivid pictures which it presents to us : our pleasure arises from it as a work of fiction. But, as its scenes become more familiar to us, they fade gradually into indistinctness, and leave upon the mind a general effect of sober melancholy, which grows upon us every fresh perusal. We gradually turn our thoughts from Dido to Virgil, from the scenes immediately described to the general view of the human condition in which their conception originated ; to the contrast between the beauty of the natural world and the wretchedness of the moral, which is suggested to us every where, through incidental expressions, such as—

*Quæsiuit cœlo lucem, ingemuitque repertâ.*

These permanent and lasting feelings derive about as much of their intensity from the interest at first excited by the narrative, as would be added to the cartoons of Raphael, by the momentary deception of a show box.

And as it is only when subsidiary to sudden excite-

ment that illusion can be turned to any account, so it is almost impossible, without the reciprocal aid of this excitement, to produce any thing like illusion at all. The most fascinating scenes in "As you like it," and that beautiful fifth act in "The Merchant of Venice," will generally be allowed as illustrative of this position. For, though the elegance of the language, and the naturalness of the characters, and the enchantment of the scenery, all unite in presenting the agents and actions to us, under the most delightful and fascinating colours, very few people will assert that they have felt that sort of immediate and personal interest in them, which it is impossible to resist in many ordinary novels.

And, indeed, it is more than questionable whether the effect of fiction, as such, is not actually impaired by the introduction of any topic of more than momentary interest,—whether the violent and feverish emotion, on which illusion depends for its very existence, is not positively checked and interrupted by appeals to any feeling of a different description; for it is the constant habit of experienced novel readers, to pass over even wit itself, and reserve it to be enjoyed on a second perusal.

It seems, then, that the power of illusion is both in its nature most striking on the first reading; and that from the subjects with which it is necessarily combined, it cannot by any means outlive the first reading (for surely nothing less can be stated

concerning terror, anxiety, and surprise); and, consequently, the pleasure we derive from works of fiction, is no farther a measure of their excellence as such, than as it is perceptible on the first reading. Now, if we assent to this, which it hardly seems possible to deny, it will scarcely be disputed that refined ages in general, and our own times in particular, have, in fact, produced the most perfect works of this class. No one, who will attend to his own feelings, can allow himself to suppose that he ever took that violent and feverish interest in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, which has hurried each successive reader through the *Mysteries of Udolpho*; that he felt the same thrill of anxiety for the escape of Hector, when the gods were deliberating over his fate, as when the old covenanter, in the act of putting on the clock, was interrupted by the clatter of Claverhouse's horses; or that he looked with the same intensity of interest on the untimely end of Rhoesus, as on Sir Kenneth's return to his broken standard. And where shall we look in the whole compass of ancient fiction for a parallel to the discovery scene in the *Lady of the Lake*?

The objection which will be immediately brought against this whole view of the subject, is its supposed repugnance to the general feelings of mankind. People are ready to suppose, that by conceding the superiority in this branch of imagination to perishable modern novels, they are detracting from the greatness of Homer and Shakespeare, and

offering an insult to the sacredness of their immortality. This would naturally arise from adopting the axiom of ancient criticism, that Fiction—understanding by Fiction the invention of stories—is the very soul and substance of Poetry. But the axiom itself must surely be discarded, if it lead us to mistrust the dictates of our own feelings, and to reject the plain suggestions of nature, unless they are conformable to the arbitrary rules of criticism. That among the Greeks the ideas of Poetry and Fiction were confused, is certain, but it is equally certain, that in our own language they have long since been separated; and that, though critics, blindly following one another, have persisted in considering them co-extensive, yet, in the common usage of the words, each is constantly applied to works to which the other is wholly inapplicable. It would be as absurd to call the *Georgics* or [the *de Rerum Naturâ* of] *Lucretius*, fictions, as the *Mysteries of Udolpho* poetry; nor is it possible to go along with an opinion to the truth of which one of these things is a necessary condition, either that we deny the *Æneid* to be good poetry<sup>1</sup>, or admit it to be an interesting story. If *Virgil* had wished to burlesque *Aristotle's* theory, he could not have done it more successfully than by obliging its partisans to

<sup>1</sup> The *Æneid* is here spoken of with regard to its general plot, its hero, and his exploits. The Episodes are of a very different character.



discover in his works the supposed essentials of epic excellence.

It is not merely, that by distinguishing at all between Poetry and Fiction, we disclaim the notion that the ideas are co-extensive. There is something in the distinction which indicates still farther, that, according to our view, the ancients have characterised their great works of imagination wrongly, have taken the name they attributed to them from an accidental, rather than an essential quality. If excellence, as *fictions*, had been the essential feature of the ancient ποιήσεις, the word *poetry*, by which we still characterise these writings, and all other of the same class, would not have been distinguished from fiction, but from the other qualities, whatever they are, which appear to belong to them independent of fiction. But, on the contrary, it is these very qualities which have retained the original name, while those, which it in the first instance denoted, have been distinguished from it as merely accidental.

It appears, then, that the confessed superiority of the early poems is in no way irreconcilable with the notion that they yield as fictions to many modern productions, or with the hypothesis from which this is deduced, that the impression made on the first reading is the only test of the excellence peculiar to this class of writings.

That the change which has taken place in the

character of works of imagination is not accidental to the state of society in which it has been effected, but has been, in a great degree, promoted, if not altogether caused by it, may fairly be presumed from the fact, that a change very analogous has taken place in the arts under the same circumstances. The Panoramas, Dioramas, and wax-work images, which have been brought to such perfection in our own times, are distinguished from the great master-pieces of painting and sculpture, very much in the same way as modern novels from the works of Homer and Shakespeare. In each case the first impressions are decidedly in favour of the moderns; no picture of Raffael's ever gave half the idea of reality, which it was so difficult to get rid of, in looking at the Ice-bergs or Corfu; nor was the Apollo Belvidere ever taken for a man like a wax Lord Nelson or the Irish giant. As illusions, these works are incomparably superior to the highest efforts of antiquity.

Now it happens that in this case there is no difficulty in tracing the connexion between the altered character of the works themselves, and the alteration in the condition of society which it has accompanied. We acquiesce at once in the idea that the additional encouragement given to these works, by the concourse of people who can be collected to enjoy them, is the sole and adequate cause of their improvement, and feel at no loss to account for the very dissimilar effects which have been produced in

the higher branches of the arts, from its being obvious that these depend on very different circumstances for their encouragement. He who directs his talents to creating illusion, relies for his remuneration, not on the greatness of the pleasure he shall afford to any single person, but on the number of those whom he shall please a little; while first-rate excellence, from the intensity of the delight which it communicates, and the length of time requisite to appreciating it, is evidently an unfit subject for an ordinary show, and looks for its encouragement to individual munificence. So that the equalization of wealth which alone could promote the former, has a proportionate tendency to repress the latter.

But, with regard to writings, as it would seem, the case is different; the most lasting beauties, as well as the most transient, are equally capable of being submitted to every one; and the facilities for publication, which have not been able to promote true poetry, appear an inadequate account of the rapid improvement in novel-writing.

Unable to reconcile this seeming discrepancy, or inattentive to the simple and natural generalization which it admits of, men have attributed the altered character of works of imagination to the effects of refinement on the imaginative powers; and taking it for granted that the talent which shows itself is the only talent which exists, have looked for the operation of external circumstances rather in

the original development of faculties themselves, than in bringing to light, or keeping in obscurity, the individuals to whom each had been given by nature. Some have gone so far as to assert that as civilization advances, poetry necessarily declines, because the vigour natural to uncultivated imaginations has been impaired by the rules of criticism, and paralysed by the generalizations of philosophy<sup>1</sup>. Those who talk in this manner seem to forget that there ever were such people as Virgil and Lucretius. And a closer examination will convince us that their account is as unnecessary as it is unphilosophical.

There is scarcely any reason to believe that one age or nation has been more favourable to the conception of poetry than another, from the fact that in this age or nation great poets have arisen; nor is there any ground for concluding that the faculty of producing illusion is of modern growth, because it did not show itself till its effects could be extensively communicated. On the contrary, supposing people to exist at all times capable of excelling in each class of imaginative works, it might be expected that the increased facilities for publication would repress the exertions of the poet, as much as they tend to stimulate the novelist. And the fact that these opposite effects have accompanied them is rather a twofold correspondence which strengthens

<sup>1</sup> Edinburgh Review on Milton.



the argument than an inconsistency which invalidates its force.

Poetry is not a matter of trade in which supply is regulated by demand ; a stimulus from without is in no way necessary to its cultivation, whether we place this in the prospect of fame or of any other more substantial reward. Its own bright and silent pleasures are its sufficient and only recompense, and all that it can procure besides is as superfluous an adjunct to these, as it is an inadequate substitute for them. Personal indulgence is a sufficient motive for the conception of poetry, and the gratification of friends the only one for its publication.

But with respect to illusion the case is widely different, from its transitory and perishable nature ; its force will altogether be lost in the conception, and the very act of inventing will dissipate the charms of the invention. Composing a story is like reading one for the second time. No one can feel much interest in the termination of events over which he himself has an absolute control ; and the destiny of a hero will be an object of at least as little interest to him who has ordained it, as to those who already know how it has been ordained by others. Conscious skill and ingenuity in the disposition of his materials may indeed be some slight gratification to the accomplished story maker ; but even this consists rather in anticipating the effects they are likely to produce on others, than in the contemplation of an abstract tendency which he

can enjoy by himself. Ghosts, murders, haunted passages, and all other ingredients of the horrible, can in themselves be no greater objects of interest to their compounder, than gunpowder and saltpetre to the maker of a skyrocket. And indeed the two cases are in many respects similar, except that the latter may in common with others witness the explosion he is preparing, while the former alone of all men is precluded from enjoying it.

We need not then feel any great surprise, that where there is so vast a difference in the pleasures of production, there should also be a difference in the effect of external motives to exertion. The poet writes for himself, the story-maker for others, and this is just the distinction we might look for, between the writers of a rude and a refined age.

All this would hold good on the supposition that the generality of mankind were equally capable of enjoying the pleasures of high imaginary associations, as of being excited by the momentary powers of illusion.

But as it is, the case is much stronger; the facilities given to extended circulation are not only no encouragement, but a positive impediment to the publication of first-rate poetical excellence.

A feeling for real poetry is so very rare, and the admiration bestowed on what are called fine passages and powerful writing so very universal, that the greater the number whose judgment is consulted, the more certain it becomes that their decision will

be wrong. This is not a case in which the partisans of error are deprived of the advantage of their numbers by a diversity of opinion among themselves. We cannot argue here as in other cases,

*ἑσθλοὶ μὲν γὰρ ἀπλῶς, παντοδαπῶς δὲ κακοί·*

the leaning is all in one direction; and while there is a presumption that each individual will prefer the counterfeit to the genuine excellence, it becomes a moral certainty that the generality will do so.

*Omnia nam stolidi magis admirantur amantque  
Inversis quæ sub verbis latitantia cernunt,  
Veraque constituunt quæ bellè tangere possunt  
Aures, et lepido quæ sunt fucata sonore.*

Little need be said in order to make it evident that where this taste is prevalent, a wide circulation must operate disadvantageously to true poetry. But it may require to be noticed that its prevalence and engrossing nature are probably attributable to the same circumstances to which it owes the extent of its operation; that previous to the facilities for general publication the impediment was likely to be itself less, at the same time that its influence must have been more confined.

For the taste is clearly artificial, and till it had been pampered by competitors for popular applause, would not wholly supplant the natural love of poetry, of which few are altogether destitute. While the admiration of the generality was not worth courting by unnatural means, they would be more will-

ingly pleased by such as are natural. There would be nothing to deter those who felt from expressing their feelings, or to seduce those who expressed them from expressing them as they were. Sentiments would flow genuine from the heart that conceived them, unpolluted by the hopes of fame and uncramped by the dread of ridicule<sup>1</sup>.

It seems then that the phenomena of works of the imagination may be generalised and classed together, as effects of the increasing facilities to publication. And with regard to Fiction in particular, a historical review of its progressive improvement would probably tend to confirm this notion. We must not indeed expect to find an exact account of all the peculiarities of each work, since many circumstances tend to influence these which we cannot attribute to any general cause. The accidental turn

<sup>1</sup> The sort of feelings in which the poetry of wild ages was likely to originate is beautifully illustrated in what Homer says of himself:

Χαίρετε δ' ὑμεῖς πᾶσαι· ἐμεῖο δὲ καὶ μετόπισθε  
Μνήσασθ', ὅπποτε κέν τις ἐπιχθονίων ἀνθρώπων  
Ἐνθάδ' ἀνείρηται, ξεῖνος ταλαπείριος ἔλθων,  
ᾧ κουραὶ, τίς δ' ὕμνιν ἀνὴρ ἥδιστος αἰοιδῶν  
Ἐνθάδε πωλεῖται, καὶ τεῶν τέρπεσθε μάλιστα,  
Ἵμεῖς εὖ μάλα πᾶσαι ὑποκρίνασθ' εὐφήμως,  
Τυφλὸς ἀνὴρ, οἰκεῖ δὲ Χίῳ ἔνι παιπαλοέσση.

Surely the feeling which dictated this is very distinct from Milton's pompous anticipation of renown.



of mind which one may receive in education, the capricious fancies which induce men of similar talents to follow widely different pursuits, and often direct genius in that very way in which it was least likely to appear to advantage,—all tend to disarrange and sometimes even to reverse the order of things which theory would have rendered most probable. But notwithstanding these disturbing forces, the general features of ancient as well as modern fictions accord very nearly with what antecedent probability would have suggested; and we find that the degree as well as kind of perfection which this art has at any time attained, has been always in a great measure proportionate to the probable facilities for its circulation.

Before the art of printing was introduced, the most obvious method which suggested itself for the accomplishment of this purpose was dramatic exhibition; and accordingly we find the drama the first form in which the art of story-making proceeded very far towards perfection. It may be thought perhaps that, considering the shortness of the period which intervened between *Æschylus* and *Sophocles*, there is a more than proportionate difference between the importance they attached to this ingredient of their compositions; and that as the attention of the former was not called to it by the state of society in which he wrote, that which the latter gave to it must be accounted for on different principles. But short as the intervening period was, it

afforded room for a great and important revolution in the condition and habits of the Athenians; the great increase of wealth and security which attended the rapid advancement of their power, and the public allowance which gave such universal leisure for literary amusement, rendered the gratification of this taste a much higher object of ambition at the opening of the Peloponnesian war, than it was just subsequent to the battle of Salamis.

Great, however, as was the perfection to which the art was brought by Sophocles, and admirably as he has combined all the artifices of excitement in the story of the *Œdipus Tyrannus*, yet it was not to be expected that this should be the whole or even chief object of his attention. From the limited number of those from whom the successive audiences were supplied, and from the consequent impossibility that a play should have any great run without being over and over represented before the same people, it was necessary, in order to the attainment of popularity, to rely upon other qualities than the excitement of a transient illusion. The most that a well contrived story could effect, would be to secure a favourable reception at first, and accordingly it was much attended to, but not exclusively. Besides, compositions of this sort are in their nature precluded from many sources of interest, of which the simple narrative admits; much is necessarily left to the scenery, and still more to the actor. In themselves they are mere skeletons of perfect fiction,

and it was impossible that written stories should advance beyond this limit till the invention of the art of printing.

This opened an entirely new field, and facilitated the circulation of a class of works which before had no opportunity of putting in their claim to popularity. Not that its effects were immediately visible, for at the time of its introduction the world was only just emerging from a second state of wildness, and it was long before the corruptions consequent on a general taste for literature again showed themselves under an exaggerated form.

The second dawn of literature, though under very different auspices from the first, still bore many essential marks of resemblance to it, and its second deterioration is clearly traceable to the same cause. Shakespeare may in many respects be considered the Homer of the second age; and though it would be childish to go far in attributing their remarkable similarity to the circumstances in which they lived, yet to these circumstances we may fairly ascribe one point in their similarity, *i. e.* their negligence of all sources of interest which they themselves would have been precluded from enjoying. These two great poets seem more than any other poets who have dedicated their talents to works of fiction, to have written for their own gratification, and to have followed the train of their own wild and romantic thoughts, instead of attending to what others would most favourably receive.

But as the taste for literature has become more general, the temptation to court popularity has increased ; the unlimited extent to which books may be multiplied has made the writers of works of fiction entirely independent of the theatre, and the simple narrative is now universally adopted by them ; the taste for the drama is quite supplanted by the taste for novels, and the certain road to literary fame is the power of giving five hours of amusement to all that are too stupid to amuse themselves, or too idle to be of use to others.

It is true that this way of viewing the subject offers us a very discouraging prospect as to the probable character of future works of imagination. But at the same time that it represses expectation, it suggests an answer to discontent. If it is the essential distinction between Poetry and Fiction that the merit of the latter consists in the suddenness, and that of the former in the permanence, of its effects, then novelty is as superfluous with the votaries of the one, as it is necessary to the dependants on the other ; and while the former have no reason to complain, the latter have every reason to be grateful. While an everlasting succession of novels will continue to glut the craving of posterity, those who have a relish for higher pleasures, few as they may be, will never be insulated while enjoying the sympathy of those immortal companions, Homer, Shakespeare, Lucretius, and Virgil.



## LETTERS TO FRIENDS.

### I. FROM 1823 TO 1827.

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#### 1.

(γ. 1.) 1823.—I will pledge my own peculiar veracity to the following statement :—The situation is, I am confident, and on this matter *experience* has peculiarly qualified me to judge, far the most beautiful place in *the world*, the *focus of irradiated perfection*, the favoured haunt of *romance and sentiment*, the very place which, if you recollect the circumstance, you taxed me with a disposition to *romanticity* for encomiazing, when I informed you, that I had destined it for my κρησφύγετον, where unmolested “flumina amem silvasque inglorius.” The parsonage is situated in a steep and narrowish glen, which intersects a long line of coppice that overhangs the Dart for the length of nearly a mile, and rises almost perpendicularly out of the river to the height of about 200 feet. The stream there is still, clear, and very deep; on the opposite side is Dartington, and a line of narrow, long, flat meadows, interspersed with large oak and ash trees,

forms the bank of the river. The steep woods on the Little Hempston side are in the form of a concave crescent (thereby agreeing with Buckland). From the parsonage to the river is a steep descent through a small orchard; at the bottom of which, on turning the corner which the glen aforesaid makes on its north side with the course of the stream, you come at once on a sort of excavation, of about half an acre, which, terminated by an overhanging rock, forms a break in the line of coppice aforesaid. In this said rock young M. found the hawks' nests. I think they build there every year. On the opposite side, *i. e.* the Dartington side, is what was formerly a little island, but now no longer claims that proud title, in the oaks of which I am in hopes we shall soon have an heronry, as they haunt there all the summer.

After this I should not so utterly despair of success, if I felt less interested in the event; but as it is, I can hardly hope for so great a gratification.

2.

( $\gamma$ . 2.) 1824.—I am afraid you will think me a booby if I tell you that the cause of my not having made progress proportional to the time is my having made an attempt at the Latin verse. I comfort myself that it cannot fail to have improved my Latin scholarship, and may have been of some use in teaching me to arrange my ideas, in which latter province T. tells me I am lamentably deficient. . . . I look out my words in great style, but the

fatigue is excessive, so as to supply the place of out-of-door's exercise. By the by, I suppose you know the "Ancient Mariner," with which I became acquainted the other night, much to my gratification. . . .

When I came home I found things looking most dismal. My father had cut all the laurels to the roots, in hopes of making them come up thicker. A field almost outside the windows, which had been put in tillage, was ploughed so extremely ill that we were afraid it would be forced to be tilled with turnips (*Dî talem campis avertite pestem!*) instead of clover. . . . The copse also which overhung the river by the Little Hempston rocks was in a great part gone, "and the place thereof knew it no more." I hope the rest may be spared to bear witness to my veracity, which I fear would otherwise be called in question.

## 3.

(γ. 3.) 1824.—I hope you have been so charitable as to suppose that some not inadequate cause can be assigned to that much-to-be-lamented effect, your not having heard from me according to promise. But little as is the doubt which *à priori* reasoning would have left on this subject, yet perhaps, as the subtilty of scepticism is such as to insinuate its influence even into the most necessary matter, it may not be ungrateful to find the same conclusion supported *à posteriori*. Be it known then hereby that a week and two days ago I filled

all the sides of a sheet with close writing, and recrossed one of them, and this not with flat and barren anecdote, but with diverse metaphysical and sentimental reflections, aptly illustrated out of your dear friend Rhetoric, together with an epic poem in prose (after the manner of Ossian), on crossing Dartmoor in a violent storm, in making our pilgrimage to the vicinity of South Pëtherwin. But, say you, with friend Sir Toby, "Wherefore are these things hid? Is this a world to hide virtues in?" Now the simple truth is this, and may thus be digested into a *sortes*. A letter cannot go without a direction, a direction cannot be written without a place to write it, and my letter had no place left to write it, for being intended to go in a frank with a drawing of South Pëtherwin parsonage, it was written *chuck full* all over; but the said frank we were unable to obtain, being that Mr. B. did not come as was expected to the yeomanry review, and none of the members of parliament about here are at home: on these considerations I have left that scent, and set to work on another.

For the rest, I have just got well of a baddish cold, which I caught in recrossing Dartmoor: am very well and very idle. Poor Cicero gets on but badly, and I fear has but very small chance of being read through this vacation. But as C. is coming here this evening to stay the week, it is to be hoped he may excite me to better things. I can hardly tell whether I wish you were coming with him or



not, for to tell the truth, things look rather “unkit” (is that right?) here; as the unfortunate laurels were most of them killed by the hard winter, and look as unhappy as possible. Moreover, the Totness weir, which had just been rebuilt at great expense, was carried away in a violent storm a few nights ago, and we are thus precluded from the most sentimental part of our scenery. “Ετι, it is so horridly cold and wintry, that it would not be at all a favourable time to judge of things in general. These consolatory reflections suggest themselves to me, when I feed on the hope that you will come under more favourable auspices next summer.

Having written this much yesterday, I was unavoidably necessitated to leave off, in order to superintend the laying up of our boat in its winter habitation, after which operation my faculties lay dormant for the rest of the day. In the evening C. arrived; . . . he is looking very well, and has been catechising me concerning the house and demesnes of S. By the by, the two members of this last sentence have sufficiently little connexion with each other, and I think the whole epistle may be considered as a good example of the *διηρημένη λέξις*. And now that I have been so candid as to make this confession, I shall consider myself entitled to continue the same style throughout; and to proceed. When first I saw the article on Buckland in the new Quarterly, I predicated with confidence who wrote it, notwithstanding that I could nowhere

find “most perfect specimen of inductive reasoning:” it was evidently the production of —, and smelt of “Schola Philosophiæ Speculativæ.” . . . .

## 4.

(γ. 4.) 1824.—Now I proceed to vindicate my character from the unwarrantable aspersions you have been pleased to throw upon it. Be it known then that since the first of May I have read the four first books of Herodotus, three of Ethics, two of Thucydides, Œdipus Tyrannus, Eumenides, Ἰκέτιδες, and a book of Homer, and all this, not carelessly, but with Scapula and Matthiæ. And though there are several posing places in the Æschylus and Herodotus with which I shall in course of time bother you, still upon the whole I flatter myself that in a short space I shall be at least equal to Peter Elmsley, and I would advise you to prepare the examining masters for the reception of such a luminary, and to recommend to friend — and others a careful reperusal of their books. I have not yet begun with Mr. S., neither have I so much as opened a mathematical book since I have been at home. Indeed, considering my progress in other matters, I think it would have been next to miraculous if I had. My father, I must assure you, has received no favourable impression of your moral organization from the injudicious exposure which you made in your last letter. But I will urge the matter no further; . . . . the shortness of the time during which your ἐνέργειαι have been discon-

tinued may not yet have allowed the annihilation of the  $\xi\xi\iota\varsigma$ . I shall rest in hope that this timely admonition may awaken you to a sense of your duty, and reinstate your perceptions of the  $\alpha\lambda\eta\theta\epsilon\varsigma$  in their full vigour. “Thine by yea and nay, which is as much as to say, as thou usest him.” R. H. F.

## 5.

(γ. 5.) *March* 23. 1825.—It is a heavy tax to read this through, but not more than an equivalent for your past delinquencies. On this head, therefore, I rely on your equity; for the rest, viz. that you should understand it, and comment upon it, I own I have nothing to appeal to but your generosity: nevertheless, as I am but weak in the Roman history, and am conscious moreover of being inclined to visionariness, I feel it necessary to make this appeal, before “proceeding farther in this business.”

It seems to me that the history of the Roman Commonwealth, as well in its other features, as the influence of the tribunitian power, divides itself into three æras; the second beginning with the admission of plebeians to the consulate, and the third with the destruction of Carthage, or thereabouts. The last two are comparatively plain sailing, so that I need not bother you with them. In the first, which occupies 130 years, the power of the state seems to have made little advance: but the Constitution was undergoing a gradual change from a very bad aristocracy to a very perfect democracy. The way this change was effected seems,

from the meagre records which are left, to have been as curious as any feature in the annals of mankind. The Commonwealth commenced with every *à priori* probability against its duration: the Patricians had encouraged radical principles to get rid of the kingly power, yet expected to maintain, in the face of those principles, a new government still more illiberal, in the preservation of which no one had the slightest interest who was not actually a member of it, and admissible to its highest honours: all the rest formed an undivided party against it; the wealthiest, and most respectable, being precluded from advancement equally with the lowest rabble. It is most likely, besides, that the oppression of the Patricians was more felt by the Plebeians than that of the kings had been: so that, while they were taught to consider liberty the greatest of blessings, and to see the most atrocious acts perpetrated in the pretended defence of it, and felt, as they must have at the Secession, both their own power and the weakness of their adversaries, it is quite wonderful they should have been content with any thing but the overthrow of the present system. Probably the leaders of the revolt felt themselves not on sufficiently high ground to obtain the supreme power themselves in a revolution, and were therefore content to get what they could, and let things remain as they were. The curious office which they chose was an important change in the constitution; but, in my humble (*i. e.*



conceited) opinion, the Roman historians, in considering it merely as a nucleus of sedition, have utterly mistaken both its real and probable consequences. In whatever hand the election of tribunes lay, (whether of the Patricians, as would seem from the great opposition they made to Volero's bill, or of the people, which both the first and second election of the said Volero would indicate :)—it is evident that family influence had great weight in it, since so many different members of the same families have their names in the Capitoline lists, viz. five or six contemporary Genucii, Icili, &c. The natural consequence of such an office as this, was to disunite the people among themselves, by creating separate interests. For though all had still a common interest in not allowing things to remain as they were, a way was now open to those who had much to lose in an overthrow of government, for effecting the desired change without violence, by legal means; while they must otherwise have joined the rabble in hurrying matters without attending to consequences. Thus the radical party would be weakened; and, what was most important of all, the business of heading them would be taken out of the hands of any individual among the Patricians, who might fancy himself great enough to survive a desperate measure. How ill calculated the Roman constitution was to withstand such an union, was evinced in its third æra. With this view of the case the

facts seem to agree. Had it not been for the Tribunes, Cassius, (the original proposer of that favourite with the Radicals, the Agrarian law,) would probably have succeeded; and though, for the next twenty years, they themselves prosecuted it with such vigour, that they at last succeeded in getting the lands about Antium divided for a new colony, yet it seems, from what immediately followed, that they had overstepped their mark. For directly after this office [was] taken out of the hands of those who had been accustomed to enjoy it, and transferred to a set of fellows, none of whom, except that old radical, L. Sicinius Bellutus, had ever held it before; yet these men continued themselves in office five successive years. The measure they proposed was virtually to abolish the consulship, by limiting its power in such a way as they should think fit; and they pursued their aim with a violence quite different from the conduct of any other set of tribunes, and characteristic of low rabble: vid. Volscius Fictor's accusation of Cæso, and the determined obstinacy with which they impeded the levies, when Rome was in greater danger than it had ever before been. All this seems like the ebullition of a radical spirit, which had been too long encouraged, and as such it seems to have been considered by the subsequent tribunes; for, after the office got back into the old hands, the Agrarian law was never brought forward without intercession, till the final admission of Plebeians

to the consulate; and even then, when they seem to have stood on secure ground, backed up with family power and personal influence, they seem to have consented to it with great reluctance, and as a bribe. In the interim they contented themselves with teasing the Patricians into concessions, by impeding unnecessary levies, defending debtors against their creditors, and preventing the triumphs of unpopular consuls; and, it is observable, that in the very heat of the contest under Sextus and Licinius Stolo, they were so careful of the interests of the country, that they made no obstruction to raising armies under Patrician leaders, against Veletræ and the Gauls. The Radicals seem to have made another sharp struggle at a time when it was most likely they should succeed, viz. after the popular mind had been inflamed by the usurpations and expulsion of the Decemviri: but their attempt at the Agrarian law, and continuing themselves in office, was instantly checked by Duillius, a man of good Plebeian family, who then happened to be in office. The first contest for the consulship, which ended in the institution of military tribunes, seems to have been premature; both in respect of the influence of those who proposed it, which was not sufficient to enable them to benefit by it after they had succeeded, as it opened the eyes of the people to their selfish views, which seems to have been an impediment afterwards to Licinius. However, it was a first step to that union with the Patricians,

which afterwards became so complete, that the distinction was better known to antiquarians than to statesmen; and we find, from one of Cicero's letters, that Papirius Pætus, a descendant of Cursor, was actually ignorant to which he belonged. Livy indeed continues the terms, but latterly they bore a different signification, Patricians denoting those whose fathers had held curule offices.

I have not room to sum up, and I am afraid I have not arranged my matters in the most intelligible form.

Your's half grateful, quarter resentful,  
and the rest hopeful, R. H. F.

6.

(γ. 6.) 1825. *Δαιμόνιε*, When I was manufacturing my last letter, I consoled myself with the notion that it was the most difficult part of the work. For the history of the subsequent periods being more diffuse and correct, and so little mention being made in it of the tribunes, I concluded the office ceased to be of much importance. However, alas, to use the words of a detestable author, on a detestable occasion, "a lower deep still ready to receive me opens wide." I find reason to believe that this rarity of mention arises rather from want of observation on the part of historians, than of materials to record.

The object of this note is to request that you will tack on three theories to the end of your comment on my other, if indeed you intend to make one.



1st, To connect the fact of the most outrageous sedition since the expulsion of the Tarquins having succeeded within a short period to the admission of the Plebeians to the consulate, with the change which this measure must have produced in the office of tribune, which would now probably be filled by men having no longer any interest in common with the oppressed.

2nd, To account for the very important change which took place at some future unknown period, and which must have remedied the aforesaid evil, viz. the exclusion of all from plebeian magistracies whose fathers had borne curule offices. This change seems to me so contrary to the interest of those in power, that I can attribute it to nothing but a sedition. N.B. What I am now going to advance I do with diffidence, from my ignorance of the Roman customs about names; but it seems to me that the extraordinary frequency of the agnomen *Nepos* in the lists of plebeian magistrates, which began all of a sudden about fifty years after the plebeian consuls, may, in want of better evidence, fix the period of the institution.

3rd, To trace to this curious but salutary institution (which necessarily opened to talent, however obscure, a ready road to the highest offices) the very extraordinary civil tranquillity and absence of faction which continued afterwards so long, and amidst such trying circumstances.

Also be so good as to write a sermon on “*flumina*

amem sylvasque inglorius," for the benefit of my Father, who objects to our having a four-oar given us, as infallibly tending to debilitate and torpify the mental faculties. I am afraid it is not in my stars to be ever contented; for I confess I do not feel that serene felicity which I pictured to myself last October as my destiny; though my delight is not impaired as to the misery I have escaped. I am sure the ghosts of those who have taken a degree at Oxford will require a double portion of Lethe, before they begin "in corpora velle reverti."

*March 31.* P.S. I wrote the inclosed the day before yesterday, but, as you will perceive, incapacitated it for going by the post without a cover; so I waited for a frank. And, as I am become so prudent as not to like wasting paper, you are indebted to this circumstance for an elongation of my epistle. I don't recollect whether I told you that I have been reading Clarendon, for which, though I skipped over some parts, I feel much veneration. I am glad I know something of the Puritans, as it gives me a better right to hate Milton, and accounts for many of the things which most disgusted me in his, not in my sense of the word, poetry. Also, I adore King Charles and Bishop Laud . . . . You prosed me once for not sending regards, remembrances, compliments, &c, so let every one choose which they like best, as I

commit to you an assortment of each kind for distribution.

Tuque vale, sedesque juvet meminisse meorum,

Heu nunquam rediture.

7.

(γ. 7.) *May* 13.—Αἰνότετε.—I have been long intending to thank you for your benevolent instructions, which, I don't know whether I ought to be ashamed or not in confessing it, answered a purpose different from what they were intended for; viz. they convinced me and (what was more to the point,) my Father, that I knew so little about the matter, and had so little time left, that it was no use to proceed. It certainly was no small satisfaction to me to have so good an excuse for giving up what I had exhausted the entertainment of, and had nothing but the laborious to come. Also the weather has been so very beautiful this spring, and the delicious blue sky, with hardly a cloud on it for six weeks, so very tempting, that it was hardly possible to help being idle. But somehow my conscience rather misgives me, and what with admonitions now and then from my Father, and my lately having taken up with reading sermons, I am become "as melancholy as Moorditch or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe;" so that upon the whole I think I must come to you to be prosed and put into a better way. I meant to have stood for Exeter this year and paid you a visit then, but B.'s good luck having made a Devonshire vacancy, I suppose I

should have to stand against much the same fellows in both cases; so that I had better take my chance where most is to be got. You will therefore have the satisfaction of knowing that my visit is not *πάρεργον*, but *ἀνταρκές* and *τέλειον*. By the by, I am now officiating as ethical instructor to B., in which capacity I have been much humiliated at finding how little I know about the matter; but it makes me get them up, which perhaps I should never have done else. I do not think them at all less prosy and long-winded than I used, and I would bet Bishop Butler against all the 'stotles in the world.

Among other things I am also becoming something of a florist, and something of an architect, in which latter I make some proficiency. I am a powerful coadjutor (though I say it that should not say it) in the completion of D., which bears a different aspect from when you saw it last. It will be a pretty monastic looking erection, and if we could but make it old, and buy a ghost or two, would be somewhat sentimental. For, thanks to my Grandmother's perverseness, she would not have a new house except in the shape of an old one repaired, which superinduced the necessity of so many crooked little passages and such an irregular exterior, that my Father had an excuse for doing what would else have seemed fanciful. Talking about architecture, a new town is going to be built down by Torbay, which is to cut out Brighton, and every place. The ground where it is to stand is perfectly unencumbered with



houses, and covered with trees, so that there is every advantage at starting; and all will be done on a general plan, so that the buildings shall as little as possible interfere with each other. If you know any one that wishes for a delightful sea residence, send him there. You must know you narrowly escaped having a poetical effusion from me the other day. I was out in so magnificent an evening; but being as you know a man of few words, I found that by the time I had made my verses scan and construe, they would be so remote from an effusion, at least in the quality of being *effunded*, that it was better to be contented with a prosaic statement: viz., that coming home from Little Hempston the other evening after sunset, and having with some difficulty discovered and scrambled into my boat, which was moored under an old stump at the bottom of the woods, as I proceeded on my course down the river, the sky gradually assumed a portentous appearance, and distant flashes of lightning, growing gradually more distinct, began at regular intervals. Things however are not so constituted as to allow the sublime to amalgamate with the comfortable: according to the decrees of fate, the storm which had lingered in the upper regions, till I had got so far on my way home as to be out of reach of shelter from Dartington House, now came down with such violence as to save me the trouble of running at any rate, by convincing me that whether I was out five minutes or fifteen I should be in an equally bad

case. The thunder got very loud, and the lightning was so green and brilliant, that I could see the stiles and gates, and even their latches, like the spectres of the things from which “*nox abstulit atra colorem.*” Sometimes the flashes lasted for nearly a second, and dazzled me so, that after they were passed I could make no use of the twilight at all. Having got thus far, I feel in the awkward situation of having told a story without a point, and feel inclined to resort to the usual remedy, and apply to my invention to help me out of the scrape with a marvellous conclusion. Perhaps however you may be contented with a moral: so here goes. As good never comes unalloyed with evil, so that very evil often serves to give it a relish which it might otherwise be destitute of. I could not have reckoned this as an adventure, if I had not been forced to change my clothes when I came home.

I am ready for you at any time; if one would suit you better than another, (for some *shall* suit I am determined) be so good as to inform me.

Scripsi et quem dederat cursum mea charta peregi,  
Et nunc magna mei downstairs ibit imago.

## 8.

(γ. 8) *Aug.* 16.—“*Suaviter ut nunc est inquam:*” but it was not so with poor —— in the packet, being that he was sick all the way from Portland Head to Plymouth Sound; and was so completely miserable that he would not be spoken to, and kept on groaning out that he would give

all he ever expected in the world to be on shore. By this unfortunate circumstance he was prevented from seeing the sun rise over the watery element in the very act of "pillowing his chin upon an orient wave;" and [from] bearing testimony, which I can do, that there is nothing the least sublime in the mere fact of being out of sight of land, and having nothing but the sky and sea, and the sea and the sky. But what was most melancholy of all, he was unable to get a glimpse of all the glorious coast of the south promontory of Devonshire. I had never seen it before, and we skimmed along within a bullet shot of it: I will not say any thing of it, as I mean you to see it.

But to recede, and commence a regular narrative. Of course you cannot be ignorant of every circumstance which is connected with our history till C. left us . . . . We found his information respecting the coach most woefully deficient, and were actually obliged to lie under the wall, by the roadside, three hours waiting. What an opportunity for the weather, if it had not already glutted itself on me! At last,

*Liquimus et tristes campos, Cotswoldia regna,*

*Arboribus sedem invisam—*

*Et tandem Oxoniis fessi succedimus arvis.*

I was quite ashamed that I could ever have abused such a beautiful place. Next day . . . . we came upon Southampton, while it was under one of the most imposing magnificent effects pos-

sible; a rainbow lost in a dark cloud, which was raining as hard as it could pelt, was resting one of its ends on the woods, and the sun on the waters, and the spires, made the misty smoke, that was rising up from the town, quite imposing and sentimental, &c. However, my complacency was much alloyed by the tantalizing sight of the beautiful yachts, with their glittering sails, skimming along in the breeze, which had just started up after the violent rain which had fallen; and the melancholy "heu non mea" rushed on me with irresistible force. At Cowes . . . . we embarked in the Sir F. Drake for Plymouth; it started two hours after its time, so that we were disappointed in our expectations of seeing the Needles at sunset. . . . . Plymouth seemed quite a paradise, and I never saw it to such advantage—the water was so calm and delicious: and, as we went from the steam packet, which landed at Dock, in a little boat, under the fortifications of Plymouth, instead of going in a coach through the streets, the long creeks and promontories, and arched staircases down to the water, together with the unusual and unaccountable quiet of the town, "produced such an effect as is easier conceived than described." By the by, we had the luck to see the Enterprise steam-packet go round the Start Point for India. At last we are among "lucos lætos et amœna vireta Fortunatorum nemonum, sedesque beatas." . . . . Please to give my submissions at F. Vale.



## 9.

(γ. 9.) *Sept.* 10.—About the Poems—it is really too ludicrous for a fellow like me to sit down deliberately to criticise the taste and philosophy of a production of yours: so that I have no inclination to expose or commit myself, by detailing to you my remarks on particular passages. There are, as you may suppose, many places which, in fun, I would show fight about; and there is something which I should call Sternhold-and-Hopkinsy in the diction, of which I began to note down the first instances I met; but, finding it go through, I concluded it was done on a theory. But, though I am not quite such a fool as to think my opinion worth offering in point of criticism, it may not, perhaps, be quite useless to confess it as a matter of fact, with which you may begin an induction as to the probable good you may do by publication. I confess, then, and not without some shame, that you seem to me to have addressed yourself too exclusively to plain matter-of-fact good sort of people . . . . and not to have taken much pains to interest and guide the feelings of people who feel acutely, nor to have given much attention to that dreary visionary existence which they make themselves very uncomfortable by indulging in, and which I should have hoped it was the peculiar province of religious poetry to sober down into practical piety. I know all this may be great nonsense, may be even humbug; for long experience has convinced me how

much I can cheat myself as to my real feelings. But, that you may see that it has not been concocted since, but was the impression made on me while reading, I will extract a note which I made . . . . I suppose I meant that things like Gray's Elegy, which turn melancholy to its proper account, by pointing out the vanity of the world without telling us so, seem to me more to answer the purpose. And now I will cease making an ass of myself . . . . I am half conscious that the same sort of objections might be made against the Psalms; and though I cannot but think that they will make your Poems less generally liked and read, I am far from confident that it may not be better, upon the whole, for those who attend to them as a religious duty.

I can hardly shut up without telling you of such an interesting set of fellows that we heard of in our peregrinations. They were sixteen French fishermen and three boys, who had all come over in one boat, to get bait on the English coast, and were kept there ten days by the wind: all that time they sat upon the deck knitting stockings and nightcaps; and, when Sunday came, they were just so far out at sea that the people on the coast could hear them singing the Roman Catholic service so beautifully, and in the evening they came on shore, and danced out of mere jollity for an hour. They were such grateful fellows, that a gentleman on the coast, who had done them

some kindness, could hardly get rid of them without his giving them some commission to do for him in France, *i. e.* to let them smuggle something over for him; and, when they could not remove his scruples as a justice of peace, they caught him an immense fish, and were quite disappointed that he would not accept it as a present.

## 10.

(γ. 10.) *Dec. 6, 1825.*—"Sir, my dear friend," you cannot tell how much I am obliged to you for your benevolence to my last letter, but that does not make me the less a fool for having expressed myself so; and what provokes me most of all is, that I did not give myself fair play by not writing till my opinions had settled; for as far as my memory goes, I think they are now undergoing a revolution, and that if I were to see the pottery [poetry] in question again, I should think quite differently of it. There is something about them which leaves (to use the words of our friend Tom Moore)

"A sad remembrance fondly kept  
When all lighter thoughts are faded."

And though I cannot account for the fact, I have been much more sensible of this since a reperusal of Genesis.

I wrote the foregoing not long after the receipt of your letter, but have been such a doddle, that I have not been able to collect materials for finishing it: and the circumstance which now at last helps

me out is a melancholy one, no other than the decease of our friend and companion *Johnny Raw*: who was taken off some days since in the staggers. There was something peculiarly doleful in the poor fellow's exit; and there was a sort of dreariness diffused over all its circumstances, which set it off with almost a theatrical effect. As B. says, it would have not been so much if he had wasted away by a long illness, or if we had heard of his death at a distance; but to have been using and admiring him till within a few days of his decease, to have watched all the stages of his rapid illness, seen him bled, given him his physic, which seemed to distress him very much, though all along the pain he suffered was evidently very great; and, after all, to have got up at two o'clock in the night, when the crisis was to take place, and come into the stable only a minute after his death, where we could just see him, by lantern light, stretched out on the straw:—were incidents not calculated to excite pleasure. Add to this, it was one of those shivering cold stormy nights which make me feel as if I and the people with me were the only human beings in the world: a fact, by the by, which I am not yet sufficient psychologist to account for. And the next day, when we went out to bury him, the weather was just the same, and there was nothing to excite one cheerful association. Also it was somewhat staggering to the speculatively inclined, not to be able to discover one single reason why he



should not be able to gallop about as well as ever. He was evidently in good condition, his flesh hard, and his limbs sound,—and why I should be able to walk any better than he, was more than I could elicit. We buried him under an elm tree in the lawn, and nailed his shoes to it for a monument. . .

The last Quarterly has just . . . . been put into my hands, and seeing an article on Milton's newly published affair, . . . . I looked greedily for a final demolisher to his fame. Guess my horror at finding him *in limine* styled "the great religious poet of the Christian world." I did not expect this from the worthy editor, ἄλλως τε καὶ, who had admitted into his last number an expression equivalent to this, that "considering the wretched ἥθος that developed itself in every part of his compositions, it was to be regretted that even a person of Milton's talent should have undertaken a religious subject." You will find this in an article on Sacred Poetry. I was so disgusted at this gross inconsistency, which was even aggravated by subsequent expressions, that I could not read it through. However, I was much gratified at the discussion about Εἰκὼν βασιλική, which seems to me to get rid of all the difficulties stated in a satisfactory manner. The part where it accounts for Clarendon not acquainting Bishop Duppa with Gauden's claims I thought quite beautiful. My Father has found the Εἰκὼν itself among some old books, and I have been reading it. It puts me in mind of a verse in this morning's

Psalms, "Thou shalt hide me privily by Thine own presence from the provoking of all men, Thou shalt keep me secretly in Thy tabernacle from the strife of tongues;" which seems to point out the clearest and most beautiful instance of the moral government of God being begun on earth. I should like to know the Hebrew of the verse before, "Oh how plentiful is Thy goodness which Thou hast prepared for them that trust in Thee *even before the sons of men.*" For if "before" means "in the presence of," then David is drawing the conclusion I want; but I am afraid it must mean "greater than falls to the lot of the rest of mankind." . . . .

Please to look, when you are in a humour for it, in Medea, 705, where Ægeus says, εἰς τοῦτο γὰρ δὴ φρουδος εἰμὶ πᾶς ἐγώ. The commentators cited by Elmsley have fumbled much about it, and some of them I do not understand; but may it not mean, "for as to my name continuing in my posterity, in that respect I am clean gone." If εἰς τοῦτο will bear this signification, it is certainly prettier than as it is commonly explained. I like Hecuba far better than Medea. . . . .

Another interval has elapsed, and the leaves, which had held out surprisingly hitherto, have almost totally disappeared, and now we may reckon winter to be fairly set in. I wish I could write verses, to perform the obsequies of this delicious summer, the like of which will probably never visit the abodes of mortals again.

I have been getting very metaphysical of late, and was thinking the other day of putting down in this letter some ruminations about predestination and necessity, which Bishop Butler put me upon ; but I was afraid of you, or of my conclusions themselves, I am not sure which : so they remain locked up in my brain, till they either share the fate of most of their predecessors, the many other speculations which have been commenced there in embryo, and die a natural death, or till, having undergone the process of digestion, they may make their reappearance in a less startling form.

A lady told me yesterday that you wrote the article on Sacred Poetry to which I have alluded in a former part of this treatise ; a fact concerning which I am incredulous, as well as on account of your aversion to reviews, as because I thought it did not come up to what I thought your standard of aversion to Milton. I think I shall give him a touch some day ;

“ ————— animumque explesse juvabit  
 Ultricis flammæ, et cineres satiasse piorum ;”

*i. e.* King Charles, Bishop Laud, &c. I am being taught French, *i. e.* reading Telemachus, with some one by to tell me all the words I don't know, which I think the only natural and satisfactory way of acquiring a language. I came to a beautiful place to-day, which contains the same idea as you attribute to Cassandra's εἰ δὲ δυστυχῇ, Βολαῖς ὑγρώσων

σπόγγος ὤλεσεν γραφήν. I cannot quote French by memory, but the sentiment was, Great indeed are the blessings of misfortune to those who forget it not in the day of prosperity. . . . .

Captain B. is returned, so I can now get a frank, which will enable me to get rid of this rambling epistle. You will probably think it as odd a production as I do when I read bits of it over again. But now that it is written I shall send it. Besides, it has one advantage over letters written at once, that it shows the person to whom it is addressed how often he has been in the thoughts of the writer.

I have been lately occupied in translating Melmoth back into Latin, which in general I do horribly; but sometimes I have made surprisingly good hits, "though I say it that should not say it." However, I have found ample reason to retract my rash opinion, that the Oxford prize essays were as good Latin as Cicero.

# 11.

(γ. 11.) *Jan.* 12, 1826.—*Δαιμόνις*. As I am conscious of being one of those imbecile-minded people who one day admire a thing as if they could never think of any thing else, and soon after cease to think of it at all, I must write to you while a little book that I took up the other day accidentally continues uppermost in my thoughts. It calls itself "Fragments in Verse and Prose, by a young Lady;" and struck with the sentimentality of the title, I took it up to laugh at it; nor did I find any thing



in the preface to do away with my preconceived opinion. But on opening the book at random, among some fragments extracted from her private meditations, I began to like her most extremely. The mention of Piercefield, and initials Miss S., made me remember your having told me of a Miss Smith that lived there, while we were scrambling up the Windcliff. I am sure if you had admired her half as much as I do, you would not have let me go till we had hunted out every corner that she mentions. There is something to my mind very peculiar in all the turn of her thoughts, and those half metaphysical half poetical speculations, which almost put me in mind of my Mother. Yesterday I mentioned the book to a person who I was surprised to find knew a great deal about her, and from whom I was still more astonished to hear that I myself knew very well indeed her intimate friend Miss H., to whom most of her letters are addressed. . . .

I should have liked above all things to join I., and spend a month there; but I have taken up steady reading, and it would have upset me again. I try to keep myself in order by entering every evening how many hours I have read, and I find the plan answer to a certain degree, but it would really be amusing, if it were not myself, to see how often I have caught myself trying to cheat, and put artifices on my conscience about what to call reading.

You will laugh when you hear that I am trying to write for the English essay. But I like the sub-

ject so much that I really am in hopes I shall get it accomplished. As yet I have done nothing but string together a parcel of thoughts, most of which I believe are original, and some I am willing to hope just; but I feel quite out of my depth, and am poking about (as Mr. S. used to say) in the dark without any settled plan. I hope something may strike itself out in time, for I am unable to quicken its motions.

## 12.

(γ. 12.) *Feb.* 1, 1826.—*Perjucundæ mihi fuerunt tuæ literæ: vereor ne meas cum tu perlegeris, fructum sis ex illis longe dissimilem percepturus. Primo enim a te sum aliquid postulaturus; deinde id quod postulo ejusmodi est, ut a nullo unquam postulassem, nisi cujus in me animus esset spectatissimus; neque vero a te postulo sine pudore. Qui quidem pudor me coëgit ut cogitationes animi alienâ linguâ obducam; quo pacto faciem personâ, quibus plus solitâ opus est impudentiâ. Sed pauca de re. Scito me, ut Loydi alicujus prælectionibus adsim, Rhedycinam venisse. Reliquum est id quod libentius tacuissem. Pater meus, cum me huc mitteret, insuper voluit me rem aggredi, tum difficillimam, tum, ut ipse quidem judico, futilem prorsus et ineptam. Voluit, me Collegii Orielensis Societatem, per eam portam quæ nunc omnibus patet, inire conari. Quod autem a te contendo, paucis exponam: Quam ignarus fuerim, quam doctarum omnium artium rudis, cum tecum vel proxime essem, bene intel-*

lexisti. Crede mihi, idem sum ille *φροῦδος*, qui utroque pede claudicans e scholis evasi : me in nulla re scholastica, ex illo tempore usque ad hunc diem, sentio profecisse. Immo etiam vel retrogressus fuisse videor. Quibus rebus an facile fidem adhibiturus sis, nihil dubito, præsertim cum ipse turpia de me prædicem. Scimus enim, ego atque tu, quam paucis contigerit ipsis de se parum [bene] existimare; nedum mihi. Quare in majorem modum rogo, tu ut ad patrem meum aliquod, vel ad me scribas, ex quo ille possit intelligere, quod tu et de mea ignorantia sentias, et de cumulo isto omnigenæ doctrinæ, quo ne turpiter profligarer opus esset.

Potest autem tibi in mentem venire, me meæ ignaviæ pœnas luere debere; quippe qui, nisi dedecus aliquod egregium offenderim, nullo possim alio modo e somno excuti. Et desunt profecto, quibus argumentis hoc a me opprobrium depellam. Causâ vero si ego apud te parum valeam, at gratiâ saltem videar valuisse : tuque quod meritis meis concedendum non judicas, id precibus concedas. Hoc a te vehementer etiam atque etiam rogo.

And now, that I have explained myself, I may take off my mask, the keeping on of which has given me some trouble, and confirm face to face the sentiments which I have uttered in the dark . . . . I could not find the places you referred me to in Miss Smith, but am happy to find that we sympathise in the extent of our admiration, if not in the sources; though indeed I am willing to be-

lieve both. But, as for old Klopstock, I cannot read about him and his wives; and am rather horrified at Miss S.'s having taken so much trouble about him, or any other sentimental old German. What makes me admire Miss S. so excessively, is more than I can give any intelligible account of: she either does not admire, or is not acquainted with my favourite books; and those that she fancies she admires, (for I am sure she does it only in ignorance) are my inveterate enemies. Neither could I fix upon any passages in her own writings which would seem to justify me if I quoted them. But somehow I seem perfectly certain I know her intimately, and that I can trace the feelings in which all she says and does originates; and all this is so consistent, as far as it goes, with what I have imaged to myself as the archetype of human perfection, that I have invested her, in my imagination, with all its attributes. . . . Lloyd's immense catalogue of books, that he recommends as necessary, has frightened me beyond measure: but I am getting to be of your opinion, that to be fully occupied is almost necessary, in order to get through life with tolerable ease and comfort. . . . Pray grant my request.

13.

(γ. 13.) [*April or May.*—'Ηθεῖν κεφαλὴ (if a junior fellow may presume to address a senior by this title) . . . My dreamy sensations have at length



subsided, and I cannot think how I could have made myself such a fool as to be so upset. But it was altogether such a surprise to me, and I knew it would delight my Father so much, that I could not stand it all. I do not mean that when the news was announced to me I did not contemplate the possibility of it, for you must know that I am the most superstitious of the species, and that on the first day of the examination I had a sort of indescribable sensation, from which I augured the event. But such a confused prophesying as this is so very different from a sober expectation, that it served rather to increase than diminish my surprise at its being realised. . . . And now I hope I shall set to steadily at divinity and other sobering studies. I have a great wish to give up my Essay, as I am quite weary of it, and feel that it is wasting my time: besides, the thinking is the only part that can do any good, and the putting it into language a pure bore. I hope you will give your sanction to this step, for I promise I will . . . regularly read hard six hours a day, at any thing your honour may be pleased to recommend. As for the pleasure of getting the Essay, I assure you it is a matter of most inconceivable indifference to me, as I do not think I would give sixpence for it, leaving the trouble out of consideration. You may be unwilling to credit this, and perhaps I am deceiving myself; but . . . I am not conscious of exaggerating.

## 14.

(γ. 14.) [*April.*].—I have been taken with a fit of writing after resting on my oars for a while; I should like to tell you all about how I get on, but am exhausted with other occupations. If it is not arranged sufficiently to have a chance, don't give me the trouble of showing up . . . . I am happier than I ever was at Oxford—far; but that is not saying much.

## 15.

(γ. 15.) [*April or May.*].—I am infinitely indebted to you for your expeditious attention to my concern, and will try my best to set to rights the places you row. However, I still maintain that my end is both relevant and true, and my [puzzle-headed] antithesis a good one; but I bow my head in implicit confidence as far as practice goes. Distinctions and refinements are growing on me, and I am all in a maze; and it is delightful to have the shadow of a great rock in a weary land to which I may turn for temporary shelter. If I had a year more I could not make it at all to my satisfaction; so I must make the best of it . . . .

## 16.

(γ. 16.) *May 25.*—I have long been intending to honour, bothr, gratify, or whatever-you-please you with a communication; but have hitherto been unsuccessful in my attempts to develop the embryo metaphysics which have been preying on me; and having now finally abandoned the idea, I shall

descend into the regions of matter of fact. In the first place, then, I have been subjected to the humiliating, but useful, degradation of presenting my own person as a psychological fact to my speculations; and have become acquainted with some characteristic points in my psychical history, which had previously escaped my notice. A curious circumstance has convinced me that, much as I despise the opinion of the generality in theory, I should have been practically very glad to get the prize. A friend of old ——'s found out that his essay and ——'s, and ——'s, and one other, which, from some odd coincidences I concluded to be mine, were selected; and he afterwards communicated to us, day by day, the gradual rejection of all the others; so that, upon the whole, I convinced my reason that I was to get it, although I could not get over some inward sensations which rejected such a conclusion as preposterous: I was just in that trying state of suspense which was sure to make the most of any inward lurking anxieties, of which I should never have been conscious, unless my expectations had been excited, and I will candidly confess I was in a great fidget. Now what remains is how to turn this to the best account, and how to wage war successfully against a feeling so infinitely ridiculous. I have stated my case, and must look to you for a prescription. . . .

I should like to detail to you our —— proceedings, but no striking features occur to my mind at

present, so I will favour you with my general impressions. — is the only one with whom I have got to be at all intimate; he is not the least of a Don, and I like him very much indeed. . . . — is a person for whom I have a very great veneration, but he is such an immense person, that I hardly dare to bring myself in contact with him. — is to my mind far the greatest genius of the party, and I cannot help thinking that, some time or other, I may get to be well acquainted with him; but he is very shy, and dining with a person now and then does not break the ice so quickly as might be wished. I venerate —, but dislike him: I like —, but *disvenerate* him. Old — is very funny, good-natured, and I think very much improved. And now for my ill-fated inconsistent self; I have been trying to be diligent, and have been horribly idle; trying to be contented, and yet constantly fidgetty; trying to be matter-of-fact, and have nearly cracked myself with conceited metaphysics. This last is principally attributable to Lucretius, whom I have been reading with considerable attention, and intense admiration; I shall very soon have finished him, as I have got on some way in the sixth book. In the end of the book, about the mortality of the soul, there are some magnificent extraordinary reflections, on our longings for something indescribable, and beyond our reach; on our having affections, which have no adequate object, and which we long to forget and smother, because we cannot gratify



them; which make a striking preface to Bishop Butler's Sermons on the Love of God. . . .

## 17.

(γ. 17.) [*Not sent.*] *Sept.* 28.—I have been meaning to write to you every day for a long time, and I don't suppose you would wish me to be influenced in putting off longer by the sad thing which we have just heard. At least, if I may judge from myself, there is so little difference between what are called real afflictions and imaginary ones, that it seems just as rational to go on in the common way when under the former as the latter.

With me this last summer, both at the time and looking back on it, seems to have gone very strangely; and I do not see any ground why my reason should contradict my feelings because the things which affect me are either in their nature confined to the person who feels them, or are thought trifles by people in general. I have been trying almost all the Long to discover a sort of common sense romance; I am convinced there must be such a thing, and that nature did not give us such a high capacity for pleasure without making some other qualification for it besides delusion. But the speculation has got much more serious, and runs out into many more ramifications than I expected at first; and it seems to me as if I might make it the main object of a long course of reading, the first step of which would be to follow your advice in learning Hebrew and reading the early

Fathers. This I have determined upon doing immediately upon my return to Oxford, and the intervening space I shall pass away as I can, with I. and P., among the mountains and waterfalls. Since I wrote this in the morning I have been walking with P., whose quietness of mind makes me quite ashamed of my speculations, and I hardly like sending you this letter; however, if I have been making myself a fool all the summer, it is better I should not go on brooding on it by myself; for letting somebody know the state of my thoughts is the only way of keeping them straight; and I know no one but you who would make sufficient allowances for me to venture on such things with. Perhaps you may think it very odd, but this summer has been the first time I have had resolution to ask for the papers which they found of my Mother's after her death. The most interesting to me are some prayers and two fragments of journal, one for the year 1809, I think, and the other in 1815. The prayers seem to have been a good deal later.

18.

(γ. 18.) [*Not sent.*] *October 12.*—We heard from Mr. R. of the very great misfortune which has happened to you, which has, I believe, been partly the reason of my not having written to you before. It seemed as if it would be unfeeling not to speak of it, and yet as if there was nothing to say. I have been in a very odd way myself too, and a letter

that I tried to write to you seemed so strange when I read it afterwards, that I resolved not to send it. Now I feel to be getting into a more comfortable and quiet state than I have been in for a long time, and shall try if I can to collect my ideas.

All this summer I have been trying a sort of experiment with myself, which, as I have had no one to talk to about it, has brought on great fits of enthusiasm and despondency, and being conscious at the time of most contemptible inconsistencies, both in my high and dejected feelings, I set to work to keep a journal of them, to answer the purpose of a sort of conversation between my present and my future self; an idea which I got from reading an old journal of my Mother's, which they found after her death, and which I never could make up my mind to look at till this summer.

I read over what I had written last week before receiving the Sacrament, and it made me think myself a far greater fool than I ever did before. It made me seem to myself as if I was two people, and that the fellow who would act and feel as I have let myself do, could never be the same person who has the high notions of happiness and the capacities of man which I am making in theory.

It was really all I could do to keep in mind that I was the person I was reading of. I have been obliged to confess to myself what indeed I might always have known, that I am disingenuous, sneak-

ing to those I am afraid of, bullying to those who are afraid of me, and that I have got into such a way of talking on serious subjects without practising, that I actually find words an impediment to my ideas.

I should not have said all this, but that I think it the best way of fixing the confession in my mind, and that you may be able to assist me with advice as to the best way of disciplining myself, and of guarding against a relapse. Whenever I get into fresh society I find fresh temptations to act wrong. I feel ashamed to let myself appear what I approve before those who I think would ridicule it, and have an impulse to show off where I fancy I should be respected. But it is a great comfort to have confessed it all; and the other evening, when I had been summing up my account, I found in the Psalms for the evening, "Blessed is the man to whom the Lord imputeth no sin, and in whose spirit there is *no guile*." I wish I could be sure that this is my case, and that I am not now deceiving myself about many things. I have been taking to some advice which you gave me the first year I was at S. to read good books; at least, I have begun; I have read Bishop Taylor's Holy Living and Dying many times, and since I have been here, I have been reading Law's Serious Call, about which I remember what you said to me on the sofa at F. the evening before I left you the first time. Also I have yesterday taken up Bishop



Wilson, and read the sermon on the History of Christianity, and two others on the way of Profiting by Sermons. I expect to venerate him as much as you do. Also, I have found P. a most comfortable person to talk to, he seems so steady and common sense in his notions. I like him more and more every day. . . .

## 19.

(γ. 19.) *Oct. 14.*—It will seem rather pompous to announce my determination not to rise till I have got a letter written to you; but unless I start with some such resolution, I shall not be able to get one written at all. I have made three attempts to write . . . but all of them ran off into something wild, which upon reflection I thought would be better kept to myself. The fact is, that I have been in a very strange way all the summer, and having had no one to talk to about the things which have bothered me, I have been every now and then getting into fits of enthusiasm or depondency. But the result has been in some respects a good one, and I have got to take a very great pleasure in what you recommended to me when we were together at F., the evening before I left you our first summer, *i. e.* good books; and I feel to understand places in the Psalms in a way I never used to. I go back to Oxford with a determination to set to at Hebrew and the early Fathers, and to keep myself in as strict order as I can; a thing which I have been making ineffectual attempts at

for some time, but which never once entered my head for a long time of my life. . . .

And now I must drop back to myself. I wish you would say any thing to me that you think would do me good, however severe it may be. You must have observed many things very contemptible in me, but I know worse of myself, and shall be prepared for any thing. I cannot help being afraid that I am still deceiving myself about my motives and feelings, and shall be glad of any thing on which to steady myself. Since I have been here I have been getting more comfortable than I had been for a good bit, from the society of I. and P., whom I get to like more and more every day. . . . We were to have wandered over North Wales together, but have been obliged to relinquish that scheme for this time, and perhaps it is a good thing, as far as I am concerned, to have a less exciting life for the present. I have had one bit of romance, viz. a walk early in the morning up the Vale of Rydal to Devil's Bridge. The W.s wanted us to ride, but I thought I should remember it better by walking. . . . I shall always like scrambling expeditions as long as I can recollect ours up the Wye. Those few days seem like a bright spot in my existence, or perhaps it would be a more apt similitude to compare it to what you quoted as we were going in the boat to Tintern, "The shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

I dare say you will think this letter rather

strange, but it cannot do me any good to bottle every thing up; besides, I think there is no pleasure in letters which do nothing but detail matters of fact. I should have liked much better to have seen you; but as I suppose there is no chance of that for some time, I must make the best of it. When I said that I had taken to liking good books, I did not mean that I had read many.

I have read over and over again Bishop Taylor's Holy Living and Dying, but till I came here I had not gone farther; since I have read five sermons of Bishop Wilson, one on the History of Christianity, and the others on Profiting by Sermons, also most of Law's Serious Call, about which I remember what you said to me three years ago.

## 20.

(γ. 20.) *Nov. 5.*—It may seem an odd sort of thing to say, but I got from your letter something more like happiness than I have known since my Mother died. Since that time it seems as if I had been ἄθεος ἐν τῷ κόσμῳ, but I hope I may yet get right at last. It is a great comfort to find so many expressions in the Psalms like “O tarry thou the Lord's leisure,” as they serve to keep up the hope that, weary and unsatisfactory as are my attempts to be religious, they may in time “comfort my heart.” And now I can talk to you about myself, I feel a sort of security against bewildering my mind with vague thoughts, which I did not know where to

check, because I could not get any one to sympathise with them at all.

I have borrowed Mr. Bonnell's life, and have got about two-thirds through it. I did not at first like the plan you recommended to me about reveries, as I had been directing all my actions with a view to fitting myself for realizing my reveries. But it is a wretched, unsatisfactory pursuit, for besides that it does not seem to have any real religion in it, I have often felt as if I had lost myself, and that I was acting blindly without a drift. It is much better to give up all notion of guiding myself, and "seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added." I beg your pardon for putting before you the roundabout fantastic methods to which I have been resorting to arrive at a plain simple truth that ought to have come at once; but perhaps they may serve to show the state of my mind better than any direct description I could give. It is very frightful to see people like Mr. Bonnell so alarmed about themselves, and expressing so strongly the wretchedness of their moral condition. It seems as if, to a fellow like me, it must almost be presumptuous not to despair.

The evening before last I was much struck with a thought in the beginning of Hooker's preface to the Ecclesiastical Polity, about not permitting thoughts to pass away as in a dream. It seems as if people might make so much more out of their lives by keeping records of them. . . .



I will write you down some horridly expressed verses, which call themselves to the tune of Allan Water and Rousseau's Dream; the first sketched in autumn 1825, but undergoing changes for a long time, poor as is the result; the second written at W.'s. I have not shown them to any one, and they may give you a sort of guess at the things my mind has been running upon.

Ere the buds their stores deliver  
Have ye watched the spring time gay?  
Have ye seen the sere leaves shiver  
In an autumn day?

Have ye lov'd some flower appearing,  
Tulip or pale lily tall,  
Day by day its head uprearing,  
But to mourn its fall?

Have ye on the bosom rested  
Of some friend that seem'd a god?  
Have ye seen her relics vested  
In their long abode?

With the years that ye have number'd,  
With the flowers that gaily blow,  
With the friends whose sleep is slumber'd,  
Ye shall perish too.

---

Oh, can it be that this bright world  
Was made for such dull joys<sup>1</sup> as ours;  
Dwells there not aught in secret furl'd  
'Mid Nature's holy bowers?<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* The common flash going on.

<sup>2</sup> A foot wanting.

Is it for nought that things gone by  
Still hover o'er our wandering mind,  
And dreamy feelings dimly high,  
A dwelling-place within us find?

No—there are things of higher mould,  
Whose charmed ways we heedless tread;  
And men even here a converse hold  
With those whom they shall meet when dead.

Lord of the world, Almighty King,  
Thy shadow resteth over all,—  
Or where the Saints Thy terrors sing,  
Or where the waves obey Thy call.

I have just been reading your favourite play, *Measure for Measure*, which gives me a much greater idea of Shakespeare than I ever used to have. There is a remark, near the end of the fifth act, which I put down, not so much from its having had a chief share in exciting my veneration, as that it struck me there was a sublime wildness in it: speaking of honouring high authorities as such, he says, “Even let the devil be sometimes honoured for his burning throne.”

I wish you would give me some advice as to the order in which I am to read the *Fathers*. I feel in a wilderness, and so have taken to Eusebius, of which I have nearly read four books. The original letter from the Church of *Smyrna*, about the death of St. Polycarp, was the last thing I read, and as yet to me the most interesting. . . . You cannot think how obliged I am to you for answering my

letter so soon, and for putting me on a footing to throw off reserve. But I am afraid this letter will seem dreadfully selfish. Yours as long as you will let me. . . . . R. H. F.

## 21.

(γ. 21.) *Jan.* 8, 1827.—I am released, for how long I know not, from the misery in which I was bound last week, and I hope that the gloom which has passed over my soul has not left me where it found me. It is something to have felt the power of that Arm which is extended over me; and I will endeavour so to conduct myself for the future, that I may not need to be so severely reminded of it. Your letter has been the greatest comfort to me, and particularly that part in which you say that I am not to reckon tranquillity and cheerfulness a bad sign, but may, while endeavouring to do my best, allow my mind to rest on other subjects than the presence of that High Being, in the light of whose countenance are set my secret sins. I believe my resolution to expose them to ——— was taken in a moment of bitter enthusiasm, and am relieved to hear from you that it is not required of me. My great Father knows, better than any human being can, what degree of light I have resisted, and what degree of strength I have misused; and I do not think He would have brought me to a sense of my past vileness, if He did not mean to accept my endeavours to return. Yet I wish you to think that very bad things may be expected of a

vain coward, who, not having dared to act up to his conscience, had deserved to be given over by God to a reprobate mind.

However, my aim for the future shall be to conduct myself in the presence of men with such humility, that to Angels I may be an object rather of pity than scorn; and to take advantage of all opportunities of doing any one a kindness, that when I fail they may receive me into their everlasting habitations.

Among the other lights which have been gradually dawning on me, one, from following the guidance of which I hope I may derive great comfort, has made me conscious of the debt of reverence that I owe to my Father, not only in that bearing his sacred name he is proposed to me as a type of the Almighty upon earth, but that he has in his high character so demeaned himself as to become a fortress and rock of defence to all those who are blessed with his protection. Under his shadow I will, by God's blessing, rest in peace, and will endeavour, for the future, to esteem his approbation as the highest earthly honour, and his love as the highest reward. I feel in this resolution real peace, and while I am conscious of endeavouring to act up to it, will try, as you advise me, to quiet my gloomy apprehensions.

Perhaps no one can look back on his past life without seeing in the events which have given rise to the changes of his feelings something very mys-



terious: on me this idea grows with my faculties for apprehending it, and sometimes seems to give me a terrific insight into the dealings of the Almighty with mankind.

I am glad of your advice about penance, for my spirit was so broken down that I had no vigour to go on even with the trifling self-denials I had imposed on myself; besides, I feel that though it has in it the colour of humility, it is in reality the food of pride. Self-imposed, it seems to me quite different from when imposed by the Church; and even fasting itself, to weak minds, is not free from evil, when, however secretly it is done, one cannot avoid the consciousness of being singular. . . .

I have not much more to say, and when any thing comes over me, will put it down on a large sheet, and send it off when it is full. I am so very unequal to my feelings, that sometimes I suspect all to be hypocrisy; but the tide has by this time so often returned after its ebbing, that finding myself again on the dry land does not make me so much doubt the reality of all His waves and storms which have gone over me.

## 22.

(ε. 1.) *Jan.* 8. . . . I must prepare you to find me a great humbug about cock-shooting; for, though I will not recede from my assertions concerning the pre-eminent qualifications of our woods in that line, yet, as our sporting establishment does not go beyond the bare appointments for

what Bob calls hedge-popping, the vicinity of the cocks will serve no other purpose than to make you feel more acutely the disadvantages of a connexion with such unknowing people.

In answer to your inquiries about myself, I will give you the satisfaction of knowing that I am quite recovered; but you are not on this account to conclude that you will find me less doleful. I hope you may not, but cannot answer for myself for three days together. I have made very small proficiency in my classical acquirements this vacation, and fear that M. will find, next term, that he has made but a poor bargain of it. . . . .

## II.

FROM 1827 TO 1832.

## 23.

(γ. 22.) *July 6, 1827.*— . . . . I have quantities to say, sentiment and all sorts, not half of which do I suppose I shall get through, from the trouble of arranging my rambling ideas. . . . . I believe you were right when you thought I was unusually thirsty for home, for really the sensation of getting among these places was quite like eating and drinking them. . . . .

And now I am going to communicate to you a piece of intelligence, at which no doubt you will be most highly gratified, *i. e.* that no less a person than Mr. Richard H. Froude has derived a gratification of no ordinary kind from the perusal of your publication. That distinguished individual, though he has not as yet read quite half of them, owing to the attention they require, has, nevertheless, fallen in with much which he has honoured with his highest approbation. . . . . There are quantities more that bite and pinch me, and I like talking to them very much, as I cannot attribute *ὀλιγωρία*, or *καταφρόνησις*, to their sharpness.

St. Athanasius and the Life of Constantine did not happen to be in the T. library, but we have written to D. for them, and expect them to-morrow morning. I must go to work soon, or else I shall thaw. . . . . I have talked to ——— a good deal about

the matters we discussed: but I find he does not take at all a gloomy view of the aspect of affairs. He gives these fellows credit for all the rascality we attribute to them, but thinks that it will develop itself in a more common-place manner, and that they will all face about and humbug their old supporters with a parcel of cant, and at last take an opportunity to quarrel with them, and cast them off altogether. . . . But I think they will be banded together by their hatred of real Tories [Toryism] so strongly, that they will never give up the project of extirpating all institutions which promote it. . . .

24.

(γ. 23.) *July 27.*—

What is home, you silly, silly wight,  
That it seems to you to shine so bright?  
What is home?—'Tis a place so gay,  
Where the birds are singing all the day;  
Where a wood is close by, and a river dear,  
And the banks they sleep in the water clear;  
Where the roses are red and the lilies pale,  
And the little brooks run along every vale.  
Is it no where but home, you silly-billee,  
That the thrushes sing in each shady tree?  
That the woods are deep, and the rivers too,  
And the roses and lilies laugh at you?  
O there are thousands of places as well,  
So be quiet, I pray, and no nonsense tell.  
Oh yes, but faces of kindness are there,  
Which brighten the flowers and freshen the air;  
Sweetly at morn our eyes do rest  
On those whom waking thoughts have blest,



And, guarded in sleep by a magic spell,  
O'er which " Good nights " are sentinel.

Is then kindness so dainty a flower,  
That it grows alone in one chosen bower?  
Hast thou not many a brother dear,  
With thee to hope, and with thee to fear?  
Owning a common Father's aid,  
Resting alike in a common shade?

Yes, friends may be kind, and vales may be green,  
And brooks may sparkle along between :  
But it is not Friendship's kindest look,  
Nor loveliest vale, nor clearest brook,  
That can tell the tale which is written for me  
On each old face and well known tree.

*July 28.*—This stagnant effusion was enough for one day, and I must not put off any longer, otherwise I shall hardly catch you at F. I am dreadfully idle every day, and every night fancy I am sorry for it. But I really can say this for myself, that it is D.'s fault, and not mine, and that I have done nothing to the fourth century . . . . He has not got Eusebius, and will not lend Athanasius. So that I must put it off till my return to Oxford. But, oh that I could find an answer to the question, Why have you set about nothing else?

I received the packet you forwarded by C., and I think I have deposited both the copies in hands that will be glad of them. You certainly have convinced me that there may be legitimate reasons for publishing poetry; at least, if adding to the comfort of two or three people may be called

so. By the by, have you seen Hare's strange book? B. lent it to me a few days ago, and I have been a good deal pleased, as well as amused, by some of it. It is a most effectual spell for raising his apparition before one; and, considering that it is a talking apparition, that is no bad thing now and then.

. . . . I wish I could be as resigned about myself as about other people. . . .

25.

(ε. 2.) *Aug. 25.* . . . I congratulate you on having got over your Cambridge campaign successfully, and envy you now it is over: for, to tell the truth, the interval of time which has elapsed since I saw you last has been to me almost a total blank. I cannot say that I have either done, said, or learned any good, or indeed any thing at all, for an age: and the only flattering unction that I can lay to my soul is the feeble hope, that, as a field is improved by being left fallow occasionally, so my future crop may be proportionate to my present inactivity. . . .

I agree with you perfectly (for once) with regard to ——'s hymns, and, to tell you the truth, can acquit myself of any reserve in not having expressed that sentiment earlier, for it is one of late and gradual growth with me; and even yet I don't suppose that the tide is in, as I admire them more and more, as I improve in acquaintance with them. I remember the time when you thought me a fool for feeling confident that I must sometime like them

from what I knew of the author: but experience has verified my prophetic anticipations.

I have had nothing to do in the shape of an argument since I left Oxford; and, as I am getting decidedly [puzzle-headed], I hope I shall keep clear for the future, if it was only for the credit of my cause. But, as we have a liberal . . . . . staying here at present, I dread my inability to keep quiet. He would fully acquiesce with your friends in the praises of that good fellow Voltaire. G. was with us yesterday . . . . . He is much disgusted at —— about the Vaudois. He represents them as the most common-place and uninteresting of the species, and says that their pastors are Whigs and Arians, and, in short, that no one who has any regard to his credit must venture to say a word in their favour.

## 26.

(γ. 24.) *Sept.* 14.—I have for the last few days been trying, in vain, to hoist the main sail of industry, and to get under weigh.

The weeds, the green sea weeds  
On my ship's keel are growing;  
My idle sail flaps in the gale,  
So freely crisply blowing.  
The waves, the wandering waves  
That seek the ocean wide,  
Drift far away their feeble prey  
Over the heaving tide.  
Thou shore, thou rocky shore!  
Ye creeks and shady isles!

*Sept. 15.*—No rhymes would come last night, to say how much I would give for a glimpse of them, so to-day I will go on about the pump. My Father says, I would recommend Mr. — to have his village pump of cast iron, &c.

## 27.

(*γ. 25.*) *Oct. 3.*— . . . . Now I want to say something about your book, about which I must have seemed, though really it is only seemed, very careless and neglectful. The fact is, that my notions about it have been, in many respects, very fuddled and bewildered; and, I suppose, if I were to attempt to analyse and explain them, I might raise my fuddle to the *n<sup>th</sup>* power. But certainly, whoever the odd spright is that works revolutions in the fancies of men, he has been for a long time very busily at work with me; and perhaps, even now, the notion that he is giving me a little respite, is only a new plan which he has invented for deluding me. At present he has left me in the mind, that of the things I ever read, your poems are the best helps to conceiving that we are really the people for whom such great and wonderful things have been done; . . . . and I wish I could be content to think so, without going any more to “seek for enchantments.” . . . .

## 28.

(*γ. 26.*) *Oct. 23.*—Perhaps it may amuse you to hear something of my proceedings in my new line of life. I have six lectures in all: three each day



. . . . and the — is culled from the unpromising part of the College: so far I am well contented, for I shall not be doing so much harm as I might otherwise. I am also quite satisfied with the subjects, particularly the *Horæ Paulinæ*, which I am glad to undertake with an extra stimulus. But except the Euclid, I find myself quite obliged to work like an undergraduate; and, after I have contrived to get a slight knowledge of the subjects, such as might be drawn out and systematised by a good examiner, I find this but little assistance in probing and enlightening the ideas of others. . . .

I have now got through two days, and seen the general aspect of affairs, and as yet no liberties have been taken with me to my knowledge: however, this is the thing against which I endeavour to arm myself, and from which I expect a fruitful harvest of moral discipline. I look upon it as one of the best opportunities which can be given me to put my elements into order and harmony.

It is a quick and efficacious refreshment to me to think of the south westerly waves roaring round the Prawle after our stern, or the little crisp breakers that we cut through, when you cruised with us off Dartmouth harbour.

Somehow or other, without having exposed myself that I know of, in any flagrant way, there remains upon my mind a more vivid impression of my incompetence, than I expected to await my entrance into the office. I feel called on to act a

part, for which neither my habits nor my studies have fitted me. I am, and always have been, childishly alive to the pain of being despised, and I cannot but feel that I have not the sort of knowledge to give me any command over the men's attention, or even power of benefiting the attentive; and, if it was not that I know how good it is for myself, I believe I should give it up at once.

. . . . Two more tedious days are over; I am not a bit more in love with my occupation, so that this letter, instead of suggesting to you some ludicrous ideas and reminiscences, will terminate in a concatenation of dolefulness, and ask for a consolatory answer.

Lloyd gave us his introductory lecture to-day, *i. e.* settled the books we were to do, and the times of coming, and was very good-natured, as usual, in his reception of all of us. I am afraid my time and spirits will be so much drawn upon in another quarter, that I shall not have much left of either for him. Otherwise an historical account of the Liturgy, tracing all the prayers, through the Roman missals and breviaries, up to their original source, for one Lecture, and the Epistle to the Romans and first of Corinthians for the other, would be a very eligible subject to spend a good deal of time on. . . . I go to the Tyrolese singers, who perform some national music in the town-hall at eight o'clock. I hope they will help to lull me into a momentary forgetfulness; and that I may dream

myself among lakes and mountains, far, far away from the vulgar crowd.

## 29.

(γ. 27.) *Jan.* 1, 1828.— . . . . I see I am not yet in the case of the dove, which—

“ aere lapsa quieto  
Radit iter liquidum.”

. . . Soon after my arrival at home I put a letter on the stocks to you, but stopped from diffidence in the sufficiency of my materials: and now that I have suffered them to accumulate, I find I have lost as much from the diminution of the angle which the things of a fortnight since now occupy on the retina of my imagination, as has been supplied by the intervention of fresh objects. . . . I am, as usual, idle and desultory, and see that my drilling has as yet gone but a little way towards fitting me for *θεωρητικὸς βίος*, which I hope for, as the rest of my latter days. At present, if I were to settle in a curacy, I should dawdle away my time *οἷσθ' ὀπῶς*.

. . . . I wish I could write verses, and then I should make an attempt to perpetuate in my mind the notions that came into it the other day, at seeing the dead body of a poor woman, who, for the last two years, had been in a state of intense bodily suffering, from which she was released a few days since. I do not recollect having seen her before her illness, but while she was alive I had never

seen her free from the expression of dull pain; and her face was distorted by a sore wound, which never healed, on the side of her mouth. But the morning after her death there was such a quiet care-worn beauty on her countenance, that it seemed to me as if good spirits had been ornamenting her body at last, to show that a friend of theirs had inhabited it. I am willing to hope that the recollection of it may be a help to me in fits of scepticism, when every thing seems so tame and commonplace.

I have been reading the life of Burns and Hammond: the latter I have not yet finished. What a contrast they are! like that between the people that kindle a fire and walk by the light of their own sparks, and those that wait in the darkness patiently. I can't quote the words, but you will remember them. I never knew any thing of Burns before, and think his history the most dismal of any thing I have seen for a long time. I wish much it had been written by a more sensible person. . . . My congratulations to your worship for having spent Christmas at home. . . . Remember me to — and —, and to your most revered self, in such terms as your instinct teaches you. . . .

ἀχρεῖος καὶ ἀναλκις,

R. H. F.

30.

(ε. 3.) *Jan.* 2. . . . I wrote S. a letter the other day . . . . I suspect it was of the dullest, for I have no knack at writing to



people in his interesting situation: and this, super-added to my habitual dulness, must have produced but an insipid decoction.

## 31.

(ε. 4.) *April 2.*—I have not much spirits to write to you, but will not allow my promise to go for nothing. When I first came home I found my brother very much emaciated and enfeebled, but not quite so far gone as I had been prepared for. But since I have been here his disorder has been making very rapid progress indeed. . . . From what I had heard at Oxford, I almost doubted I might not find all over before my arrival: and the relief which I felt when, on getting off the coach at Totness, I heard from my Father that, not a quarter of an hour before, he had driven in to meet me, was so great as almost to unsettle my resolution. So that now the near prospect of a conclusion is rather hard to face. Even so late as yesterday evening I began a letter to you, in which I expressed a hope that when Monday came my brother and I might not part for ever, but that he would be alive on my return for the long vacation. But the medical person who has attended him told me, just now, that unless he was relieved from his present oppression, forty-eight hours would end him. In this state I really do not think that the —— election has claims on me so great as those which retain me here; and, unless his illness take some unexpected turn, I shall write to —— in a day or

two, to apologize for absenting myself. I cannot, indeed, flatter myself that any turn will long retard the encroachment of the disorder; but, unless appearances decidedly indicated that, by staying out the vacation, I should see all, I think it would be foolish to shrink from my business; for, when the time of parting came, it would be worse a fortnight hence than now. I go on a little with preparation for next term's lectures, and now can hardly conceive how any change of circumstances can bring my comfort within the reach of Mr. — or Mr. —. But I have known enough of myself to foresee the return of all my fretfulness and absurdity, when I leave this enchanted atmosphere. I hope you will excuse my not writing a longer letter; for most things now seem insipid to me, except such as I have no right to inflict upon you. So good bye, my dear —, for the present, and do not expect to see me till the beginning of term. I should very much wish to take my part in the election, and do not even now wholly abandon the idea. For I know that active occupation is the best resource, and I shall not shrink from it merely to indulge my feelings.

## 32.

(γ. 28.) [*April or May.*]— . . . The feelings under which I wrote to you last, were, as you say, like the effect of a stunning blow, and I was quite surprised myself how quickly they evaporated. I cannot indeed call them either groundless or irra-

tional, and I am, in some respects, not contented at being so soon released from them. Yet many things have occurred to me, which, even to my reason, have made things seem better than they did at first. The more I think of B., the more I am struck with his singleness of heart, and the low estimation in which he held himself. I have found too some things which he had written, which I regret much that he had not shown me, which give me almost assurance that he was farther advanced in serious feeling, and had taken greater pains to fight against himself than any one supposed. Among others, there is one which seems to me quite beautiful, on the Legitimate Use of Pleasure; which he has headed with "My opinion, June 1827. I wonder what it will be next year." It is well arranged as a composition, quite elegant in the language, and shows that he must have thought over the Ethics in a common-sense way, and compared it with Bishop Butler. I had often heard him say what a fool he used to be, in thinking that the Ethics was only something to be got up, and something quite irrelevant to actual conduct. . . . But I feel now as if I had been conversing with a person, who, if he had not much undervalued himself, would never have deferred to me. . . .

## 33.

(γ. 29.) *June 29.*

Jamque dies alterque dies me lucis egenum

Detulit alato nigra per arva pede.

Hinc mihi sublucere crepuscula ; lætior aura  
Afflare, et Zephyro vela tumere suo.  
Tuque O cui primum surgenti accenderit undas  
Eous, rutilus inque micarit aquis,  
Χαῖρε φίλη ψυχή—  
Stella meæ semper sola salutis eris.

Nathless I have found, like other people of consequence, that owing to a pressure of business I shall be detained here a day longer than I expected, and therefore hope your philosophy will support you in my absence till Tuesday morning.

## 34.

(Z. 1.) *July 7.*—I began a letter to you the other day, but, as I was unable to finish it, and as it has now got stale, I begin again. I remember when I sent you my last dull letter from Oxford, I promised to do better as soon as a stock of materials had accumulated. I believe I am become a dreadful don, and that a month's liberty has hardly blown away the Oxford fustiness; and K. says I have no chance, without taking Orders soon, of escaping all manner of vileness. Yet such is my feebleness of mind, that I cannot bring my wits to bear on that sort of serious study with which I should like to prepare myself.

I was exceedingly sorry to hear this morning from C., that his brother was so much worn out as to put his leaving England out of the question, and all they hope now is, to find some warm place in Devonshire or Cornwall. It is presumptuous to



pity a fellow like him, but there is something very melancholy in the loss of those

“ queis nondum flavos Proserpina crines  
Abstulerat, Stygiove caput damnaverat Orco.”

For myself, now that the stimulus of dire necessity is withdrawn, I find it hard work to do any thing. I manage to do something towards getting up lectures for next term, and make a feeble attempt, as I said, at divinity.

We contrived the other day to sail over to Guernsey with a party of twenty-three, in a Dartmouth pilot vessel, and a very prosperous time we had of it. The first day we sailed to S., and in the night stretched across the channel with a fine breeze and smooth water. We had a beautiful clear sky, and watched the stars as they turned round the pole till the morning twilight, and at last had the luck to see the sun come up quite sharp and cloudless out of the water.

35.

(δ. 1.) *Aug. 12.*—I have just torn up a letter which I began for you the other day, and fear that you will have cause to wonder how I could reserve this for a better destiny. For the fact is, that I seem to myself to become duller as I grow older, and to have acquired a fustiness independent of place and occupation, an inherent fustiness which idleness cannot blow away nor variety obliterate. . . . I fear from what I hear of C. that the chance of

his recovery is at present very slender. His brother wrote to me the other day to ask what place in Devonshire we reckoned the best situated to complaints of that description, as his enfeebled state put his going abroad out of the question. But I know from experience how little Devonshire air can do. . . . I myself am still, as I indeed have been for a long time, perfectly well. But I find the freshness which at first resulted from a relaxation from college discipline now gradually wearing out; and as the images of impudent under-graduates fade away from the field of my fancy, and the consciousness of what I am released from becomes less vivid, a new host of evil genii take possession of the deserted spot. Till within this last week or so I felt quite differently from what I ever used to, and reckoned myself to have become quite a cheerful fellow; but now I begin to see with my old eyes, and to feed upon the dreams of faëry land.

“ And as I mark the line of light that plays  
O'er the smooth wave towards the burning west,  
I long to tread that golden path of rays,  
And think 'twould lead to some bright isle of rest.”

And here, by the by, it would be as well to mention that a friend of mine has inquired for me from Dollond about the expense of putting the telescopes in order. He was told that a very slight thing indeed would account for their apparent inefficiency.

. . . . Yesterday morning I and —— got up at half-past two, and walked half a mile to see Mercury rise: we wished much for a telescope, as he was within a degree or so of Saturn, and the latter indistinguishable to the naked eye. I have made considerable progress in acquaintance with the stars, and my eyes are gradually opening to a proper line of mathematical study, though I quite despair of ever becoming quick myself at calculation, or doing more than finding the way to make others so. . . . In the meanwhile I do scarcely any thing myself, though I ought to work hard to prepare for Orders. W. quite horrified me by an intimation that he had read half through Prideaux, and at the same time accusing himself of idleness. —— is in priest's orders, and officiating regularly at Torquay. He is much disgusted at the cant which has been disseminated among his poor parishioners by silly ladies from ——, and complains he can hardly go into a cottage without having religious affectation thrust upon him.

## 36.

(γ. 30.) *Aug. 26.*—I have long been meditating a letter to you, and have put it off from day to day, in hopes that when the fine weather should come at last, it might rekindle in me some spark of poetical feeling. But I was thinking over with myself last night how I could scrape up a verse or two in honour of this long wished-for revolution, and was, after some fruitless pains, obliged to aban-

don the undertaking. It is a melancholy fact, yet full often does it force itself upon me, and in too unquestionable a shape, that I get stupider as I get older, and that I either never was what I used to think myself, or that Nature has recalled her mis-used favours. In vain is it that night after night I have tried to peep through the clouds at Lyra and Cassiopeia, as they chase one another round the pole, and that I have got up at three to see Mercury rise when he was at his longest distance from the sun, and that I have sailed to Guernsey on a fine day and come back on a finer, when the waves washed in on the deck as each passed in succession; and that when for a short time off the island in a calm, I found the latitude within a minute by taking the sun's meridian altitude, and that I have seen him rise out of the water cut in two by the horizon as sharp as a knife. "This brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, what seemeth it to me but a pestilent congregation of vapours?" I can partly account for it from the fact that we are so uncommonly comfortable and cozie here, and quite agree with you, that "home by mazy streams" is not the most bracing school in which the recipient of habits can be disciplined.

Then henceforth hail ye impudent under-graduates; γεύεσθε, μὴ φείδεσθε.

So much for sentiment, and I dare say you will acquiesce in the conclusion. As to a description of



the way in which I have been spending my time in the business line, it will sound pretty well if I only tell part of the truth, and very poorly if I tell all. I think I have been up pretty regularly by a quarter past six, and have not often left off the semblance of work till one, or later. . . . But I anticipate great advantages from silence and comparative solitude: “qualis ab occiduis incanduit Hesperus umbris!” . . . .

## 37.

(ε. 5.) *Sept. 7.*—*o* and *infinity*, have many analogous properties, so I will not apologize to you at all, because I cannot apologize enough. . . . I really begin to think (and it is melancholy to have the conclusion forced on me,) that nature has not destined me either for learning or accomplishment: and I almost begin to excuse myself on the plea of intellectual indigestion. I feel even now very disagreeably conscious that I am still in the same field with the under-graduates; and that, if I am ever to get over the next hedge, I shall at any rate be in sight, if not in reach of them.

At any rate, however, the vacation has gone on very jollily as far as this, as to all that externals could bestow: and were it not for the sunless gloom within (“the recollection of past crimes, and the anticipation of future punishment,”) I should have very little to complain of. . . .

I heard from N. the other day, with the testimonials. . . . He is a fellow that I like

more, the more I think of him; only I would give a few odd pence if he were not a heretic. . . . .

## 38.

(γ. 31.) *Sept.* 21.— . . . . I cannot put my hand on my heart and say that I can promise you any talisman against dolefulness, even if you give yourself a day or two for visiting these regions. Yet I can suppose your deriving some satisfaction from the “sere and yellow leaf” which Holm Chace would show you in abundance, mixed with its grey rocks and sad mountain-ash berries. . . . . I told you in my last letter how little proficiency I had made in the study of divinity, and I fear I cannot mend the account now. Nor do I think that in my present flat state any thing short of a whip would keep me up to my work. . . . . I have been looking into an article in the Quarterly on the recent discoveries in astronomy, which, if correct, is very astonishing and worth reading. They seem to think they have sufficient data for inferring a good deal about the laws by which the stars move among one another, and for making something more than a rough guess at their relative magnitude; *e. g.* they state the size of *α* Lyrae to be so enormous, that it would fill up three-fourths of the orbit of the Georgium Sidus. The more I read of all these matters the more I regret the stupid way in which I used to waste my time in speculating, instead of reading straight forward; and the same observation extends

*à fortiori* to scholarship, in which every day gives me some feeling proof of my deficiency. . . .

## 39.

(γ. 32.) *May* 8, 1829.—I have often been doleful since I saw you last, at the way in which you seemed to assume I should differ from you in all sorts of points; and I want to consult you as a doctor, as to what symptoms you have seen in me that indicate such a malady. Please then in charity to send me an explanation of my case, and prescribe as nasty physic as you please. I believe that in consequence of my work being less disagreeable, I have become very fat-minded of late, and that I want rubbing up on most points; but as to a general change of sentiments, and a dereliction of the views —— have instilled into me, it is a charge to which my conscience pleads not guilty. . . .

I don't make much of a hand at observing yet, but have contrived to get this instrument properly adjusted, and hope in a little time to make Arcturus and Spica Virginis pass the meridian at the same altitude two consecutive nights. At present they seem to deserve any name rather than that of fixed stars. . . . As for me, I despair of ever becoming a scholar or mathematician either, beyond just enough to amuse myself when I am a solitary country curate. . . . I will send you a drawing for C.'s monument as soon as I have any thing to my satisfaction.

## 40.

(γ. 33.) *May 23.*—I don't make much progress in my design for C.'s monument. O. decides on its being Gothic, and if this is the case it will never do to let it take its chance in the hands of a statuary. Yet the responsibility of doing it one's self makes me so fastidious that I cannot settle on any thing. I cannot think of any thing that I have seen any where, of good authority, that can be converted to such a purpose; except, indeed, the sort of niches which are used to hold statues of saints, or holy water: and somehow it does not seem quite congruous to make one of these merely to frame an inscription. If I could satisfy myself that something of this sort would be good in kind, I could be pretty sure of my proportions and of the details of the ornaments, as I have some advisers who do not scruple to find fault freely. But the first point is my difficulty. N. suggested, what in my private judgment I like especially, but the conception is rather too eccentric to escape general censure;—something of the sort which I have here delineated faintly, but which your imagination may fill up as you please. It is to stand in the wall over one of the doorways, between the blank window on the south side and the window in which the gallery terminates. This is meant to





be represented standing under an arch cut out in the wall. . . . I am not at all contented with your letter. I know that I want a thorough rubbing up, and I dare say you have seen enough to make you think so. . . . — I like very much indeed, but he is . . . hard to analyse. I should say of him what R. said of my handwriting, "This fellow has a great deal of imagination, but not the imagination of a poet. So it leads him into all sorts of fanciful conceptions, making him eccentric, and often sillyish." (To be parenthetical, R. really wrote this as part of his commentary on my handwriting two years ago: and I think it, with divers others of the remarks, not a little odd.) . . . By the by, that saying has this year been realized, of which Aristotle only contemplated the possibility: τὸ ἔαρ ἐκ τοῦ ἐνιαντοῦ ἠφανίσθη.

## 41.

(δ. 2.) *Aug. 12.*—I sit down with the hope of finding some materials or other sufficient to fill a sheet, and with the intention of inflicting all its tediousness on you. Yet when I come to consider my resources, I fear that they will not prove commensurate with my malignity, and that I shall not be able even to bore you with success. Since I left Oxford little has happened to me, and still less have I done. I have indeed written two sermons, and they lasted near twenty minutes, so that I may hope to get on. But the time that they took me is quite absurd, and that which they gave me an excuse for wasting,

under the plea of thought, grotesque indeed. Also the paper that I wasted on things that turned out to have no reference to the subject, would form a distinct object of contemplation; and, after all, when I came to preach them, they seemed so rambling and incomplete, that I could not fancy, while I was reading them, how any one could possibly follow me. Besides this, I have done nothing except getting my equatorial put up and adjusted in our garden, and trying provoking experiments on the insensibility of my hearing organs. I find the summit of perception to which I can attain is to observe that a note harmonizes better with its octave, twelfth, and fifth, than with their next door neighbours. I also can acknowledge a discord in a deuce and a seventh; but as for knowing one from the other, unless they come very close on each other, it passes my comprehension how man can do it. . . . I am quite ashamed of the length of time this has been on the stocks, and of the shabby performance which it turns out at last, both as a work of the head and the understanding. Alas! it is a sad reflection that I am condemned to retrograde in all respects; to find no resting-place for my self-complacency either in my intellectual, moral, or corporeal prowess, and notwithstanding to be as conceited as ever.

42.

(γ. 34.) *Sept.* 17.—I don't reproach myself so much as I have on other occasions for having

taken no notice of your last letter so long, for I have by me a document more in point than some of those Sir E. Codrington called for, to prove that this has not arisen from negligence. The evening I received your criticisms I wrote you three sides of a letter, and did not send it, only because I thought time would produce things better worth writing: and now I am so changed in position and circumstances I think I may as well begin again.

So all I will retain of my former letter is a criticism on the *Christian Year*, suggested by a very tempestuous night, in which all our party were crossing the channel in a pilot-boat. You must not say "the wild wind rustles in the *pip*ing shrouds:" shrouds never pipe when trees or rustling can be presented to the fancy, but only on occasions when it is more sublime than comfortable to be a listener. This in my letter I endeavoured to enforce by a description of the scene I witnessed and the night I spent on deck: but I doubt not you will willingly take all this for granted. . . . I left Devonshire more than a fortnight since for Cumberland. — made me stay some time in Dublin, which was my first stage, and is, in point of time, much the nearest way: and also sent me into the north of Ireland after Captain Mudge, who is surveying the coast. In my hunt for him, I saw the Giants' Causeway, every stone of which is beset by some fellow, who claims a fee for describing it. It is certainly well worth seeing; but you

can conceive nothing so perfectly unlike any of the pretended representations of it. I made two bad drawings there, which will serve to keep it in my own mind, but will do little to illuminate mankind at large.

I am forgetting all this while to tell you that, while at Dublin, I found I was within twenty-five miles of

“ the Lake whose gloomy shore  
Skylark never warbles o’er :”

and immediately hired a horse to start the next morning at five to see it. I was most unlucky in my day, as it had been fine for the preceding week, and only set in for rain when I got among the Wicklow mountains. I had a very wild romantic uncomfortable ride through a wholly uninhabited country, till I got within the baleful influence of *Lionisers*, and was pestered out of my wits by humbugging guides, who dinned into my ears miserable expansions of Tom Moore’s note about St. Kevin, till I was quite out of patience. The day was so misty, that it was only once or twice that I could make out the scene distinctly; and so constantly raining, that all my paper was soaked in trying to draw what I could make out. By dint of perseverance I crawled into poor St. Kevin’s cell, which is hardly large enough to coil one’s self up in, and when I was there hardly a square foot of it was dry: so the day answered the purpose, at any rate, of showing me that there is a dark side to a hermit’s



existence. He had chosen himself a most picturesque rocky point, which projects a little into the lake, with one or two hollies and mountain ashes growing up in its crevices, and cut out a cell for himself in its perpendicular face. It would take too much space to describe the grand gloom of the lake, the seven ruined churches on its borders (one of which is still a burial ground for the Roman Catholics), and that extraordinary tower, a relic of Paganism, which stands in one of the churchyards.

I am now on the bank of the Lake by which my Mother was brought up, and of which I used to hear over and over again. It has been much altered by Macadamisers, and the house she lived in has been sold. Houses seem to have sprung up about Keswick Lake, as if it was a Torquay or Sidmouth; and new dandy names have been given to all the creeks and islands, and nothing but gaiety seems to be going on or thought of. But I suppose old Skiddaw looks pretty much the same as he used to do, and will see things go to pot with their predecessors. . . . I hope in a day or two to find out the parish registers, and see her birth and marriage, which is something like poring over the name of a place one likes in a map. . . .

## 43.

(δ. 3.) *Sept. 27.*—Considering the subject of your last letter, you will perfectly have wondered at not hearing from me sooner. The fact is, I only received

it the day before yesterday, and even now feel undecided as to the answer I ought to give. I feel that to take the place you propose to me would in many respects be a very excellent thing for me, and that in some it would even be agreeable ; yet I have a sort of misgiving. You see I am a double-minded man, unstable in all my ways, so I advise you not to count on me, but to look about for some surer person. Dartmouth, I fear, has done but little for me, either in the intellectual or moral line. However, I have learned one thing this summer, or rather unlearned, for I used to indulge the notion that the beauties of nature would of their own accord refine and aerify one's tastes ; and flattering myself that whatever I might find at Oxford, it was only to take some lonely romantic curacy in order to be put right at once. . . . While at Dublin I found by accident that I was within twenty-five miles of the habitation of St. Kevin, and could not be so near without paying it a visit ; so I set off to ride there at five one morning, and directly that the weather caught me in the Wicklow mountains, it began to rain and blow, and, what was worse, to mist. However, I got at last to Glendalough, though with little chance of enjoying it. St. Kevin was certainly a man of taste ; and if, as Aristotle says, arts are of contraries, he *knew* how to be comfortable. Taste, by the by, is a habit, and not of contraries ; so he chose for himself the most beautiful, wretched dwelling place on which human eye ever rested, or

human body reclined. But I will write no more about him. I got to Cumberland about ten days since, and I can safely assert, that it exceeds any thing that imagination can conjure up. I don't mean that the extensive views of lake and mountain are so especially splendid, for, when the scene is on so large a scale, the trees and rocks become deplorably insignificant, woods seem little better than furze brakes; but, in rambling along the brooks and waterfalls, one comes to such excessively romantic corners, that they have quite put me out of love with Devonshire. The only thing which I desiderate is a church steeple here and there in the valleys; for the worst of it is, that very few of the parish churches here are in exterior little better than a decent barn. What a horrid looking scribble this is; and I know it is full of false spellings of all sorts, which will in many places make it unintelligible.

## 44.

(γ. 35.) *Feb. 5, 1830.*—My lectures this term are less fatiguing than they have ever been yet, and there are fewer men that one cannot take an interest in. I have a set of very nice men in Pindar, which I am glad to be forced to get up: it certainly is one of the most splendid organs of Tory feeling that I have come in contact with. Don't you think he had the republican artificial style in his head when he talked about—

κόρακες ὡς ἄκραντα γαρεύετον Διὸς πρὸς ὄρνιχα θεῖον.

## 45.

(§. 4.) *Aug. 1.*—I set out in the rain to Exeter. I was not very well; and had made up my mind, as a matter of conscience, to have a tooth out when I got there; because, though it had not yet ached, I thought it probable it might before I had another opportunity. I got to Exeter, went to the dentist, had the forceps applied; the top of the tooth broke: they were applied again, a splinter came out of the side, and so on till it was down fair with the jaw, and part of the nerve had come away in the fragments. Nothing remained to be done except to punch, &c.; and here I thought “*satis jam pridem sanguine fuso*,” I had satisfied my debt to my future self; and that the present self might be excused from further suffering till the toothache actually came.

What a horrid affair this is in France. I admire the spirit of the King and Polignac, and wish them better success than I anticipate for them. I quite agree with you in admiration of the Report; and, if I were king, would rather lose my head than retract one step. As to English affairs, the Whigs seem to be successful every where . . . . . Think too, think with horror even, of the Devonshire Yeomanry, that last hold of Toryism, being almost to a man for Lord Ebrington. Such thoughts are too gloomy to pursue. Sometimes I laugh about it, sometimes I feel like Turnus, “*nequidquam avidos extendere cursus*,” to speculate on what



great things I should wish to do, and what bitter things I would write and say, if I could.

## 46.

(γ. 36.) *Aug.* 28. . . . . The fate of the poor King of France, whose only fault seems to have been his ignorance how far his people were demoralised, will give spirits to the rascals in all directions; though I sincerely hope the march of mind in France may yet prove a bloody one. The election of the wretched B. for —, and that base fellow H. for —<sup>1</sup>, in spite of the exposure about the —, for which, but a few years since, he was sent to Coventry, and emancipated himself only by a brazen face; also the treasonable toast that was drunk in solemn silence at the dinner given to Sir — by his constituents, are tolerable evidence of what is going on. Even here one or two things have taken place, which, in a little way, are bad enough. 1. A most respectable Clergyman, of the name of —, who has the reputation of being a very sensible man, proposed at —'s dinner "the health of those dissenting ministers who have laboured in the cause." Did he recollect that the Prayer Book would translate his words "the health of the promoters of damnable heresy!" 2. —,

<sup>1</sup> [It should be observed, as other parts of this volume show, that the author used these words on principle, not as abuse, but as expressing matters of fact, as a way of bringing before his own mind things as they are. Vide p. 31, where he says, "If I do not express myself as strongly as this, I shall be a coward."]

who is ——'s chief friend, and who is considered an oracle by that whole party, appeared at Lord E.'s dinner, in company with ——, and stated publicly that he thought no county could be better represented than this county at present: now Lord E. was a subscriber to the Catholic rent and to Carlile. I shall never vote for —— again, unless he takes some strong step to mark his disapprobation of his friend's conduct. . . . . So much for these most unsatisfactory things. . . . .

*Sept. 1.*—I wrote this three days ago . . . . . but was obliged to leave it. . . . . The Rebellion in the Netherlands does not seem to mend matters: but it is no use to talk about it. . . . .

## 47

(δ. 5.) *Sept. 26.* ——— πένον, ποῖόν σε ἔπος φύγεν ἕρκος ὀδόντων; how can you entertain such sentiments as those which you ventured to utter about the damnatory clauses? But I shall have an opportunity of ascertaining your sentiments *vivā voce*. . . .

## 48.

(γ. 37.) *Jan. 9, 1831.*—Things are still in a bad way down here. The labouring population, as well as the farmers, seem thoroughly indifferent to the welfare of the parsons and squires: and this does not seem at all to depend on their situation in respect to poverty, or on the way in which they have been treated. . . . . Two very great fires have taken place in our neighbourhood, and, for three or four nights, we expected that our thrashing machine

would be set on fire, and W. and I used to go out in the middle of the night to survey the premises : at last, much to my sorrow, my Father came to the resolution to take the machine down. . . . . I don't recollect whether, when I wrote last, the House of Commons had disgraced itself by the reception of Mr. Perceval's motion for a fast. I have now made up my sage mind that the country is too bad to deserve an Established Church. . . . .

49.

(δ. 6.) *Jan.* 17.—That you may not infer more than you are warranted in, from my sending off W., and staying at home myself, I send you a line or two by him, just to say that I am still getting better, and that, *Dîs volentibus*, I shall be at Oxford in time for the quarter-day. . . . . I fear I must own that your comments upon my consistency are not less just than merited—this antithesis rivals yours : but I am tired of making resolutions and breaking them, so I shall not commit myself so far as ever to hope amendment.

50.

(γ. 38.) *June* 13. . . . . I am embarked on a speculation which will make every body else laugh and myself cry, and all through ——. I did not write to you to consult with you about it, as I was almost sure you would trust —— on the point ; and for fear my heart should misgive me, I answered at once that I would place myself at his disposal. What do you think of my figuring away with a yellow

jacket on, as editor of a —— newspaper<sup>1</sup>? Ridiculous as it may seem, I fear it is too likely to prove true. —— and some of his friends, when he was here, put their heads together, and got the proprietor of the —— to put his paper into their hands; and about ten days ago —— wrote to me in hopes that I or —— would take the office of editor. —— had no time to do it regularly, but said that I might count on all the aid he could supply, if I would take it; so thinking that —— knew better than myself, and moreover feeling that these were not times in which people who thought their own principles right had any business to be shilly shally, I consented at once. . . . I have no hope, which I had at first, that they would reject my services. All I can trust to is a good conscience, and the assistance of all well-disposed people. I feel that there is something ridiculous in my situation, and that I know so little of my future business that for a long time I must do literally nothing except analyze debates and collect news. But I hope for the best, and that at the last I may have a suck at the τὸ λεγόμενον που ἥδιστον εἶναι. . . . The thing is in itself so very distasteful to me, that I never could have consented to it except in times when it seems almost a sin to be jolly. You see I have to throw off with the loss of my long vacation, just at the time when I have been counting on a

<sup>1</sup> [Nothing came of this project.]



release from all ties ; but it is no use to grumble : pity me, and get up a history of Brougham's life *ab ovo*. I shall set to work on the same point directly.

They are going to propose another milk-and-water petition. . . . I think I shall speak ; certainly I shall vote, unless it turns out very different from what I expect. . . . You see they almost persecute the Roman Catholics at Paris. The archbishop seems a spirited person. . . .

51.

(§. 7.) *July* 29.—Timæus gets worse and worse ; and I can see no point in which it is interesting, except as a fact to prove what stuff people have sucked down. Ten pages of it put me to sleep as certainly as laudanum. . . . What a lie old Swith. has told.

52.

(§. 8.) *Aug.* 8.—I have cut Timæus, which gets duller and duller, and harder and harder, and have nearly finished Gorgias, which is as elegant and clever and easy as possible.

53.

(§. 9.) *Aug.* 16.—Since you wish to have a definite categorical answer to M.'s question, I will say, No ; and having said this, will proceed to my reasons and qualifications. First, whatever you may think, I have a serious wish, and if I could presume to say so, intention of working at the Ecclesiastical History of the Middle Ages. Now, my father assures me

that such a parish as —— would be a complete occupation of itself, so that I am unwilling at once, and without giving myself the trial, to give up the chance of doing what I cannot but think as clerical, as improving, and much better suited to my capacity, such as it is, than the care of a parish. A small parish, and a less bothering one, might be a recreation almost; but such an absorbing one as this I should be sorry to take, till I found that I should not work at any thing else. Secondly, my qualification of the No is this: if you either feel very certain I shall do nothing else, or have a strong opinion as to the improvement I should get from the occupation you propose, believe me willing to be convinced that my present view is incorrect. I have read a good deal of Plato, have stuck in Parmenides as in Timæus, but think all which keeps clear of metaphysics is as beautiful and improving as any thing I ever read. As to Socrates, I can scarcely believe that he was not inspired, and feel quite confident that Plato is responsible for every tint of [puzzleheadedness] which shows itself in his arguments. One is apt of course to be carried away with a thing at the moment; but my present impression is, that Gorgias, Apologia Socratis, Crito, and Phædo, rank next to the Bible in point of the greatness of mind they show, and in grace of style and dramatic beauty surpass any thing I have ever read. I think I am improved in composition, and attribute it to imitation of Plato. I am going to

serve D. for the next month, and shall have to write a number of sermons.

How atrociously the poor King of Holland has been used; but nothing yet is so painful as the defection of the heads of the Church. I hear that the Bishop of Ferns is dying; *spes ultima*.

## 54.

(δ. 10.) Oct. 4. . . . I am glad he has taken the curacy, though I do not count on his staying here long. All the Methodists in these parts are cocking up their ears at the news of his approach. May he escape becoming a "Gospel Minister!" . . . . I have read the lives of Wickliffe and Peacocke in Strype; but must read much more about them, and their times, before I shall understand them. At present I admire Peacocke and dislike Wickliffe. A great deterioration seems to have taken place in the spirit of the Church after Edward III.'s death. I hope I shall have perseverance to work up the history of the period. If I do this, I shall not think myself bound to take a curacy.

If it was not for a personal hatred of the Whigs, I should care comparatively little for the Reform Bill. For the Church can never right itself without a blow-up. . . . . Socrates' notion of thorough revenge is this: ἐὰν δὲ ἄλλον ἀδικῇ ὁ ἐχθρὸς, παντὶ τρόπῳ παρασκευαστέον καὶ πράττοντα καὶ λέγοντα, ὅπως μὴ δῶ δίκην, μηδὲ ἐλθῇ παρὰ τὸν δικαστήν. ἐὰν δὲ ἔλθῃ, μηχανητέον ὅπως ἂν

διαφύγη, καὶ μὴ δῶ δίκην ὁ ἐχθρός. ἀλλ' εἴν τε χρυσίου ἡρπакῶς ἢ πολὺ, μὴ ἀποδιδῶ τοῦτο, ἀλλ' ἔχων ἀναλίσκῃται, καὶ εἰς εἰαυτόν, καὶ εἰς τοὺς εἰαυτοῦ, ἀδίκως καὶ ἀθέως. εἴν τε θανάτου ἄξια ἡδίκηκῶς ἢ, ὅπως μὴ ἀποθανεῖται, μάλιστα μὲν μηδέποτε, ἀλλ' ἀθάνατος ἔσται πονηρὸς ὢν, &c. I think this very magnificent; especially as it is not founded on a belief in a state of retribution, but the axiom on which that belief is founded. I find Plato very unequal, and cannot believe that much of the stuff which passes under his name belongs to the author of Gorgias and Phædo, which I thought at first, and now think them, equal to any thing I ever read. I have had a cough all the summer, and am quite sulky at not having thrown it off. . . . . Thank you for your information about Whately, which got here before the newspapers told. . . . . At any rate, I am glad that the Whigs should, by a strange accident, have blundered upon an honourable and kindhearted man.

## 55.

(δ. 11.) *Jan.* 29, 1832.—I promised I would give you an account of myself, if I did not appear in person, by the beginning of term. I am getting rid, though by slow degrees, of all vestiges of cough, and, what is more to the purpose, my Father is quite easy about me, which he was far from being when I first came home. . . . . I have been very idle lately; but have taken up Strype now and then, and have not increased my admiration of the Reformers. One must not speak lightly of a



martyr, so I do not allow my opinions to pass the verge of scepticism. But I really do feel sceptical whether Latimer was not something in the Bulteel line; whether the Catholicism of their formulæ was not a concession to the feelings of the nation, with whom Puritanism had not yet become popular, and who could scarcely bear the alterations which were made; and whether the progress of things in Edward the Sixth's minority may not be considered as the jobbing of a faction. I will do myself the justice to say, that those doubts give me pain, and that I hope more reading will in some degree dispel them. As far as I have gone, too, I think better than I was prepared to do of Bonner and Gardiner. Certainly the *ἡθός* of the Reformation is to me a *terra incognita*, and I do not think that it has been explored by any one that I have heard talk about it.

56.

(δ. 12.) *Feb.* 17.—I have not so satisfactory an account to give of myself as I could wish, but such as it is you shall have it. I am afraid I cannot disguise from myself that within these ten days I have had an attack on my lungs; at least, the doctor seems clear about it, and I have nothing to say to the contrary. It has been very slight, attended literally with no cough, and but little fever, and a single blister removed the pain. But they say it showed a tendency, and that the utmost caution is necessary. This is very disheartening, as it is quite a new and unexpected affair, and comes

just as I had cleared old scores, for the old irritation has, I think, finally departed. But it comes ἐκ βιαιότητος κρείττονος; so there is no saying nay. . . . I have been looking into Strype's Memorials and Burnet a good deal, without finding much to like in the Reformers; but I do not see clearly the motives of the different parties. The sincerity of the leading men on both sides seems so equivocal, that I can hardly see what attached them to their respective positions. I have observed one thing, and only one, in favour of my guessed-at theory, that is, that Cranmer had a quarrel with Gardiner about admitting poor people's children to a foundation school at Canterbury; the latter insisting on their exclusion. Certainly this was a change in the tone of the High Church party since William of Wykeham's time. Also I have read a volume of Froissart, and been much entertained with it. Edward and his court were on the whole a poor set. They allied themselves with a rascally brewer of Ghent, who had just got up an insurrection in Flanders as villainous but more successful than this Belgian business, and treated the brewer and his crew as ceremoniously as any nobles. I see also that when Flanders was under excommunication, Master Edward promised to send over English clergy who would perform the offices of the Church, in spite of the Pope, for the above mentioned scoundrels. In support of Sharon Turner's notion that the wars of York and Lancaster were reli-

gious, I see that the heretics got off very easily in Edward the Fourth's reign. Burnet does not give his authorities, nor does he seem aware that the cases he mentions are not samples of what generally took place. (Vide Hist. Ref. quarto ed. p. 26.)

. . . . The person whom I like best of all I have read about is Cardinal Pole. He seems a hero of an ideal world, an union of chivalrous and Catholic feeling, like what one hopes to find people before one reads about them. I wish I had his book against Henry the Eighth; Strype gives little more than some letters and a speech. What a prose I have sent you; but the weather is ordinary, and I am almost confined in doors, so I have few pleasing images to brighten my ideas. . . . Till this foolish attack I saw a good deal of the country by riding about. . . . I really felt better than I had for a year or more, so that I can scarcely bring myself to think this any thing serious. It struck me the other day that we might be able out of the embryo . . . to get up contributions for a quarterly magazine on a very unpretending scale; to be at first only historical and matter of fact, so that writing for it would be the reverse of a waste of time even if it failed entirely, which I really hardly think possible, considering the ridiculous unfounded notions most people have got, and the vast quantity of unexplored ground. A thing of that sort might sneak into circulation as a book of antiquarian research, and yet, if well managed, might under-

mine many prejudices. I am willing to think that I could contribute two articles per annum to such a work, without losing a moment of time; indeed getting through more than I should else. . . . . Memoirs of Hampden would be a subject — would take to with zest, as he hates that worthy with as much zeal and more knowledge than your humble servant. However, this is a scheme formed at a distance, which, as Johnson remarks, makes rivers look narrow and precipices smooth. Can you tell me where to go for the history of Lutheranism? I must know something of it, before I get a clue to Cranmer and the rest.

## 57.

(§. 13.) *Feb.* 26.—I trouble you with a few lines of grateful acknowledgment for the concern you are so kind as to take in my welfare, though I cannot at the same time refrain from observing that your advice does more credit to your heart than your head. I shall begin, like —, to inquire after your health, and to hope that you will not indulge “gloomy views.”

When your letter to — arrived, I was at Dr. —’s, when I stayed three days, and was thoroughly examined. He assures me, that whatever may have been the matter with me, I am now thoroughly well, and that I may return to Oxford at once without imprudence. At the same time, he says I must be extremely cautious, as the thing which formed in my windpipe proves me to be very



liable to attack, and he looks on it as an extraordinary piece of luck that I got rid of it as I did. I am to wear more clothing than I have hitherto done, and to renounce wine for ever: the prohibition extends to beer: *quò confugiam?*

58.

(δ. 14.) *April* 6.—Might not something be said on the silliness of attempting to reduce all our moral instincts to one generally? You know a man called Wollaston wrote a book to reduce all to the approbation of truth, and perhaps some one else may reduce all to purity. . . . All these men suppose that they have proved their point, as soon as they have proved that it is not palpably false, that is, that their theory may be consistent with the main phenomenon. This may be very well when the phenomena are as intricate as those of the heavens, the hypothesis as simple as that of gravity, and the account as perfect as that of the *Principia*; but will scarcely do in another case, when the phenomena are almost as simple as the hypothesis, and the account requires itself to be accounted for. . . . I do not find that blisters do my throat good. The external inflammation increases the internal. I am very well in all other respects; but I must own my throat is no better than it was a month since. I am very idle, and lay the blame on my throat.

59.

(γ. 39.) *May* 15.—Thinking that you may wish

to know something of my concerns, and wishing to know something of yours . . . I send you the following. As to myself, about which valuable thing I am most concerned, you must know that I have at last found a *κρησφύγετον* in barley sugar: only to think that my stars should let me off so easily! Sucking has had a most wonderful effect on me, and has removed nearly all that F. had left of tendency to irritation; I might say *all*, if I could suck continually, but just now these east winds take advantage of casual intervals, and remind me that I am not perfectly at liberty. However, I have left off my handkerchief, and never feel the want of it; also I am up at half-past six every morning, and taking an enlarged view of myself, I think my condition to be approved of.

60.

(δ. 15.) *Sept. 9.*—I am afraid poor — will make no hand of his second class. He has no interest, and can pick up none, for what he is about; and all his interleaves and margins are scribbled over with lug sails. You will be glad to hear that I have made up my mind to spend the winter in the Mediterranean, and my Father is going with me the end of November, and we shall see Sicily and the south of Italy. . . . I have read M. Thierry's stuff. His ignorance is surprising. He supposes Oxford to have been a bishoprick in Henry the Second's time, and he sticks in Saxons *ad libi-*

*tum*, quoting authorities with which I am familiar, and where nothing of the sort occurs. My translations have been at a stand still. . . . Also I am getting to be a sawney, and not to relish the dreary prospects which you and I have proposed to ourselves. But this is only a feeling; depend on it I will not shrink, if I buy my constancy at the expense of a permanent separation from home. I think this journey will set me up, and then I shall try my new style of preaching. We must indulge ourselves and other people with a little excitement on such matters, or else the indifferentists will run away with every thing.

## 61.

(δ. 16.) *Sept. 27.*—You need fear nothing on the score of two invalids. I am certainly better now than I have been for more than a year. I bathed yesterday with great advantage, took a very long walk, drank five glasses of wine, and am better for it all. My contemplated expedition is wholly preventative, so don't be uneasy on that score. . . . As to my sawney feelings, I own that home does make me a sawney, and that the First Eclogue runs in my head absurdly; but there is more in the prospect of becoming an ecclesiastical agitator than in “*At nos hinc alii*,” &c.

## 62.

(β. 1.) *Falmouth, Dec. 6.*—When you go to London you will be among a parcel of liberals in religion and politics, and ought to expect to find it

infectious. Take care you don't get sucked in. Don't get intimate with people of that sort. Let your intercourse with them be only a matter of business, and take as few kind offices from them as you can, where you have not got it in your power to give a *quid pro quo*. Also, don't get absorbed in your pursuit, but make some divinity part of your day's work. Go on getting up the Greek Testament out of Burton; it will occupy you for some time; and then the Old Testament history, Newton on the Prophecies, or something of that sort; I don't care how little, but let it be something every day. A parson is the only person whose studies should be only professional. A *mere engineer* is sure to be a liberal at heart.



### III.

LETTERS FROM 1832 TO 1836.

63.

(γ. 40.) *Gibraltar*, Dec. 12, 1832.— . . . .

We started from Falmouth about eleven, on the 8th. “*Jamque tibi e mediis pelagi mirabilis undis.*” About sixty-eight miles to the south of Oporto, and thirty from the shore—the sea a perfect sheet of glass, showing the reflections of the stars, particularly Sirius, which is most splendid. The Pole-star sinking perceptibly: I am sure the Great Bear’s tail must have had a dip as he went his rounds. It has been very calm all day, and we have gone seven and a half miles an hour: when the sun came to the meridian our latitude was  $41^{\circ} 36'$ . In the day time the sea was a pale blue colour; I will not attempt to describe the sunset.

Yesterday was very interesting: when we came on deck in the morning we could just make out Cape Ortegal to the south-east of us, at a distance of about forty miles. It was very pale, and scarcely to be distinguished from the sky, but rose very high above the horizon, and, as we neared it, seemed to be quite precipitous: we did not get within thirty miles, so that it has left on my mind only the ghost of an impression: but it is a grand

ghost. We saw where Corunna lay, and must have been within twenty miles of some part of the coast between that and Cape Finisterre, which we doubled in the dark. All of it was of a very singular character, but insignificant compared with Cape Ortegal. All that day the wind was fresh from the east, and the sea very wild and grand, of a deep black blue, covered with breakers: we went rather more than eight miles an hour, though the ship tossed amazingly. This was the first day that we had had a clear sky, and marvellous it was: a strong east wind in the middle of December, and the climate like May: our latitude at noon  $44^{\circ} 3'$ . There is something in the colour of the sea out of soundings, which is very striking to one who has only seen the shallow water that surrounds England. There is not a tint of green in it; to-day it has been a pale blue, like a beautiful lake; yesterday it was a black purple. We find that this steamer is to touch at Cadiz and Algiers, and to spend two days at Gibraltar, in the way to Malta, and that afterwards it is to spend four days between Zante, Cefalonia, Ithaca, and Leucadia, touching at Patras (*olim* Patræ,) then to spend six at Corfu, and afterwards return to Malta the same way; so we shall certainly extend our trip. The commander and the midshipmen are a very gentlemanlike set, and we the only passengers: so it is most luxurious. . . . . And now I am stupid; if there is nothing more to tell to-morrow, I shall fill up the blank between

Falmouth and Cape Ortegal, which may be regarded as our dark age.

*Thursday evening.*—The day has again been beautiful, and quite summery, with scarcely a cloud. When the sun rose we were off the Berlingas, some small sharp rocks, which you will see in a map, and from thence we kept near shore all the way to the rock of Lisbon. The greater part of the way we could not have been much more than a mile off. The sea has been its old green to-day; the coast all along very peculiar, not very high, but wild, and strongly marked; the rock precipitous, and deeply indented, and every promontory relieved by a thin mist of spray from the breakers of the Atlantic. We watched them curl in upon the shore, each rising in a green transparent line as it came to its turn to break, and then turning partially into a delicate mist where it met the more prominent rocks, till at last the whole line seem to burst, and another rose behind its aëriated relics, and put me in mind of 'Αφροδίτη. We saw the ridge of Busaco in the distance, and another finely formed mountain just to the north of it, of which we could not make out the name. But, as we neared the coast, the inland scenery disappeared. When we passed Mafra we saw the cupolas of the palace of Cintra, and, through an opening of the hills, made out the greater part of it through glasses. The situation is strange for so magnificent a building. And now we had a clear view of the ridge on which the Duke

took up his position on the northern side of the lines of Torres Vedras. I will not attempt to describe it, except that it is grand to a degree, rising in spire-like shaggy tops, and cut by deep ravines, the sides of which were fringed with what we were told were cork trees. As we got near we saw many villas about half way up, and on the two highest points were two convents. The Roman Catholics are queer fellows; they are determined to be admired and not envied: we, unhappily *λαχόντες ἀντιστρόφον τυχὴν*, are envied and not admired. We doubled Capo Roca at three, and then went down to dinner. The mouth of the Tagus was too distant to make any thing out, except the masts of the English ships, who are there to bully Don Miguel.

*Friday* we got up at 7 to see Cape St. Vincent, and passed close under it. The light on it was very fine, and the form of the rocks bold; but yesterday had spoiled us. The day is fine, cloudless, and windless—almost too hot. As there is a chance of our meeting the other steamer before we get to Gibraltar, it is deemed advisable to get our letters finished, so I will not spare room for the Straits, &c. but will put them and the Ionian islands into another sheet, and make you pay twice. We shall get into Cadiz to-morrow before sunrise, and stay there a few hours; perhaps we shall be allowed to land; but I shall say nothing about it in this. Just now we saw a fishing-boat,



and made towards it. The people were in a great fright, and pulled with all their might, while they thought there was a chance to get away. At last they gave up in despair; when we came up we found they had no fish: there were four of them, very dark complexions, and, as well as I could judge, Moorish features: the boat, sails, and all, perfectly un-English, (a word which has ceased to be vituperative in my vocabulary). The coast which we are now passing is too distant to be very interesting; but a grey ridge of mountains rises behind out of a dead flat, reminding one that we are off a strange land. The latteen sails, too, of which many are about, and two turtles which we almost ran over just now, and a shark's fin just showing above water, all tell the same story.

I am very glad to hear that —— likes my friend John of Salisbury: she will have an opportunity of hearing about him once a month for some time: —— had five articles about it when I left Oxford. I hope the *British Magazine* will not lose by putting on an extra sixpence to its price; every well-disposed person seems to praise it. . . .

P.S. We were detained at Falmouth a day beyond our time, in consequence of the severe gales which had caught the steamer in the mouth of the Thames. The hotel was full of scamps waiting to start for Don Pedro, but happily detained by the impossibility of entering the Tagus. I never saw such a set of snobs: altogether it was a dirty, disagreeable

place: and we were in constant suspense, as the steamer was expected hourly, and was ordered to sail immediately on its arrival; so we could go nowhere. . . . However we met — there all right. On Friday night the *Hermes* arrived, and we went on board directly after breakfast. It was in a sad condition: the deck horridly dirty, taking in coals from a boat alongside; the cabin unwashed; all sorts of things huddled into the berths, and other marks of the confusion from which the crew had just emerged. However we made up our minds as we could; the sky was cloudy and misty, and nothing to cheer us but a north-east wind. That soon failed us, and we found that what there was of breeze was west by south. We left the harbour about one o'clock: when we passed the *Lizard* we began to feel a rolling in the water. . . . On Sunday morning it was foggy and disagreeable, and we were in the dreaded Bay of Biscay: however, I was still well enough to do Service on board. . . . All the ship's crew attended except the steersman and the stokers, *i. e.* the fellows that feed the fire of the engine. The commander had them all upon deck in the morning and gave them a practical discourse on good behaviour, which amused — and me by being so much to the point: he is a nice fellow I think. After Service I was fairly done up and lost my character. . . . Next day we were in the middle of the Bay: still cloudy and damp and a long gentle swell: but we had

served our time, and were all alive and merry. At 12 o'clock we found our latitude  $46^{\circ} 30'$ , which was twenty miles farther south than the log book made us; so a current had been in our favour. In the evening we found that the commander was a musician and a painter; he had a very elegant miniature of his wife that he had finished up for his amusement at sea; and he sang us several songs, accompanying himself on the Spanish guitar, in very good taste, as ——— said: we the ἀμύητοι liked it much; and we have not had any qualms since: and now I have got on to where the rest begins.

We live splendidly on board—have a cabin each, capital dinners, and good company: the three midshipmen, gentlemanlike obliging fellows as can be;—yesterday they went out of the vessel's course to show us the coast to advantage.

*Saturday*—on getting up, found ourselves in Cadiz harbour: the convent bells put us in mind that we are in a religious country; it sounded just like Oxford before morning chapel. We found ourselves in quarantine and unable to land. The consul's boat came off for the letters, rowed by eight Spaniards—such odd looking fellows! they row without rullocks, having a strap and a τροπωτήρ. . . . We saw the unfinished cathedral very distinctly through a glass: it had not at all an ecclesiastical look, but was large and picturesque. It will never be finished now, I suppose, as the day of apostasy seems at hand in Spain.

*Sunday Morning.* Here we are at Gibraltar. The Straits were most interesting. We got here just after dark, but the whole thing was in sight from two or three o'clock, except indeed Gibraltar itself, which is hid by high ground. The mountains between Trafalgar and Tarifa are as beautifully formed as any one can fancy: and Ape's Hill, the African headland, is magnificent in size as well as form. On entering the Straits they looked so narrow that one could not help thinking how extraordinary it was that they were the entrance to such a vast expanse. Every day is cloudless: we have left off fires; no river could be smoother than the mighty deep has been for the last three days. I must now shut up, as the letters are to be given in. We are in such a fuss, taking in coal, that it does not seem like Sunday: but it is a matter of necessity. They say we are to be out of quarantine after morning church.

64.

(β. 2.) *Dec. 23.* I suppose you have been wishing to know something of what we are about, so, though this will not go for three weeks or a month, I will put down what occurs to me. We were to have started on Friday, but the steamer had been detained by foul weather, and we did not get off till Saturday at twelve. The weather was very calm, but cloudy and cold, and what wind there was, was S. W.

On Monday we were all well, and about in the middle of the Bay; we had gone slow, averaging,



the first day about seven, the next six, and the next five; however, a current had helped us, and the twelve o'clock observation on Monday gave our latitude  $46^{\circ} 30'$ . They don't care twopence for refraction, except for longitudes. The *Hermes* is a lubberly craft, of 700 tons, and engines of only 140 horse power; when we are deepest laden we only draw eleven feet. The bottom is as flat as a dish, but the accommodation is very good, and the officers gentlemen. Our crew are fifty in all; they say seventy would be hardly enough: so we cut a shabby figure.—Tuesday—a splendid day; at eleven o'clock we saw Cape Ortegal, like a blue mist, very high indeed, but scarcely distinguishable from sky; so different from England, which you can see distinctly, when you see it at all. We doubled Cape Finisterre just after dark, and had gone eight knots a great part of the day, with a strong off-shore wind. The sea ran high, every wave hiding the horizon; but the day was fresh and splendid, and we were not the least qualmish. Wednesday morning, at sunrise, we were off the Berlingas, and from thence to Cape Roca hugged the shore. Next morning, at sunrise, close under Cape St. Vincent's; and next day woke in the harbour of Cadiz. The weather cloudless and breezeless, and the sea, as for the last two days, a mill pond. The harbour was full of omnigenous craft, and all the boats latteen rig, with the masts raking forwards. I did not like the

looks of it. The quarantine boat came off for the letters, and would not let us land; so we weighed anchor, and started for the Straits. We soon made Ape's Hill, on the north point of Africa; it is 3,200 feet high, and very abrupt; but the Spanish coast hid Gibraltar till it was dark. We got alongside the coal-wharf at eight o'clock, and P. managed to shove us into a place where there was only just room for our length between the head of a collier and the end of the Quay. As we neared the shore, the lead was constantly heaved with fifteen fathom of line, but there was no bottom till we were within a few fathom of the Quay: the charts show 1000 fathom in one place, not far from Gibraltar. Next morning we got up, curious to see in what sort of place we were, and found ourselves so shut in, that we could make out but little; however, we could see to the top of the rock, which slopes towards the harbour, at about forty-five degrees. By the look of it, I should have said it might be 350 feet high, but even to screw it up to that I should have had to make large allowance for one's tendency to underrate the size of large objects: for really I could not see much apparent difference between the look of the signal post at the top, and that vane at Torquay, over ——'s house. The real height, as we afterwards found from Colonel R. is 1700 feet. We were obliged to spend a day and a half in quarantine, to please the Spaniards, who would hold no inter-

course with the town, unless humbug of that sort was kept up. At twelve o'clock on Monday we were liberated, and Colonel R., a friend of Captain C.'s, came down with his gig and two riding horses, to show us all that our time allowed; he was most remarkably kind to us. I will not describe—for nothing is so dull as description—only the north end of the rock is a precipice of 1400 feet, so steep that, I verily believe, you might stand at the top and flip a marble to the bottom. The face of it is full of port-holes, looking out from the galleries which have been cut in the rock, one tier of which we had time to see, and this gave us some idea of what must be the real size of the rock. The gallery, through which we walked, was 650 feet up, and it took us from three till a quarter past five o'clock to walk through it. Some little time since, 200 pounds of powder went off in one of the galleries, and blew eight men out of a port-hole. A gun burst, some time back, and the fracture was curious. The

part *a d*, came off in a lump, and *d* was a frustrum of



a true cone. The part between *d* and *B* was split into three, but the end of the gun only cracked. In consequence of this, they now make guns thicker at the breech, and bore the end of the powder-chamber spherical, instead of flat.

We left Gibraltar at ten o'clock on Monday night.

Next day was so still, that we might have looked with a telescope from off the deck. In the evening the air-pump of the larboard engine got out of order, and we worked for sixteen hours with only one, which kept us back sadly. Wednesday calm; out of sight of land all day. Thursday was still calm, but clouds hung in a threatening way over the African mountains, and, by the time we reached Algiers, it blew strong from the north-west, and the sea was rising. Algiers is the most odious looking wasp's nest that was ever seen: all for fight, and nothing for comfort. Every thing round seemed as black and desolate as Salisbury Plain; or, by the by, it was more like Shotover. A boat came off for letters, with such fellows in it! red, tough, and apathetic, to a fearful degree. The vice-consul told us that the French had determined on evacuating; that they had not a foot of land outside the walls where they could be safe from the natives, and 4000 of their garrison were sick.

In the night it came on to blow from the north-east, and we had the whole reach from the Gulf of Lyons. We pitched horridly, and the bilge water, which had been brewing in the calm weather, sent up such a stench, as would itself have turned the stomach of a horse. The vessel creaked odiously, and it was cloudy and cold; and all the next day every wave entirely hid the horizon, and we broad-side to it: at last it came to rain, and we were regularly dished. Saturday morning, about four



o'clock, we were close to the little island of Galita; to-day, about the same time, we had passed Pantelaria, and to-morrow at eight we shall probably be in Malta. To-day has been beautiful; we have all been well since we passed the Gulf of Lyons.

65.

(Z. 2.) *Dec. 27.*—We were at Gibraltar only forty-eight hours, and of that we were in quarantine forty. The remaining eight hours however we turned to account, under the auspices of the Colonel of engineers, who was kind enough to lend us horses, and go over every thing with us: unfortunately we were there so short a time, that we could only see what was curious, and had no leisure for the picturesque; to enjoy which, it would have been necessary to ride away five or six miles, on what they call the neutral ground; the low sandy isthmus, which joins the rock to the continent; but, from the fortifications, we saw enough to convince us what a magnificent object it must be. In our scramble we had the luck to see three or four monkeys, scrambling with the greatest ease, up and down what seemed a smooth precipice. I know how odious descriptions are, yet I must just tell you that, among other things, we were taken through a gallery cut out in the most precipitous face of the rock, about 650 feet above the base, and 800 feet below the top, so that when you peep out through the port-holes, which are cut every here and there for cannon, you seem suspended in

mid air, and feel giddy in whatever direction you look. Thanks to Colonel R. we saw so much that we had no right to grumble at the quarantine: but it really is something so exquisitely grotesque, that one cannot help being provoked. We were moored close alongside of a coal wharf, and all the day that we were imprisoned, a parcel of fellows of the town were at work, wheeling coals into our vessel, and upsetting them on the deck, so that they were in all but contact with our crew for a whole day; also all packages were received, after undergoing the ceremony of a partial ducking in the water; and letters had a chisel dug into them, which was supposed to let out the cholera. And while all this absurd farce was going on, we were imprisoned in one of the most interesting places in the world, not knowing when we should be released, or whether at all; however, even in this time, we had some amusement from the variety of curious figures that came down to the Quay to look at us. One fellow, a Moorish Jew, was dressed so picturesquely, and looked so exotic altogether, that I tried to draw him; but he saw what I was at, and first hallooed out, "You no paint me," and, when I went on, he bolted as fast as he could. The Moors are magnificent looking fellows, with very high stern features, dark eyes, and very marked nostrils, that give to the full face rather a look of ferocity; even the lowest of them look like aristocrats. The Spanish women, too, were worth looking at; three of them

came down to visit a merchant who came with us from Cadiz; the high head-dresses were the only peculiarity in their dress, but one of them was very fine looking, and very unlike an Englishwoman. I should have thought her lady-like, only she spat with the most perfect indifference, just as —— would in C. R. We left Gibraltar at ten on Monday night, and had very calm beautiful weather for two days, in which we saw nothing but Cape Gata, at the distance of about fifty miles; it was covered with snow, and at least three-quarters of it stood above a belt of cloud that hung about its base. It was the finest object we had seen, except indeed Mount Atlas, which we could just make out at an immense distance from the rock of Gibraltar.

Thursday morning we found ourselves in sight of Africa, Cape Al Hamous in the foreground, and a grand ridge of mountains behind, the tops of which were lost in the clouds. We saw symptoms of a storm collecting, and the sailors said we should catch it as we passed the Gulf of Lyons. We got to Algiers about three, and it was then rough, cloudy, and blowing fresh. This is the most wretched, wicked looking place I ever set eyes upon. I can associate its idea with nothing but a wasp's nest. It is huddled together, leaving no apparent room for its streets; its windows are loop-holes, as if to fire through. All beyond its walls looks perfectly desolate, except a number of white specks, which are houses where the rich inhabitants retire in time of

plague. The town itself is a mass of white—as perfectly white as a chalk quarry; and the monotony of the stare is only relieved by the rust of weather stains [on the walls], which are not white-washed by the French so regularly as by the Moors.

The Quay, as every one knows, is a strong battery, expressly for the shelter of pirates; and, when one thought of the horrors that had been practised in that detestable place, and felt the personal discomfort of an approaching storm, and saw, for a foreground, the infamous tri-coloured flag on the ships, the general impression was as much the reverse of favourable as can easily be fancied. A boat came alongside with the Vice-consul for letters. His excellency was an English Jew, and there was an half-starved Frenchman for his *πάροδρος*. He was rowed by four fellows, of what race I know not. — would never allow them to be descendants of Adam. Their features were perfect apathy, and looked like stuffed red leather more than flesh and blood. If we had touched any one of the crew we should have been in for a hundred days' quarantine in every port of Europe, and yet the wretches had the impudence to insist on our slitting all the letters, to let out the cholera. We staid an hour, and then started; and sure enough the storm came. The wind was north-west, and blew right across from the Gulf of Lyons, which I shall always think more formidable than the Bay of Biscay. The wind lasted till we got under the



lee of Sardinia, and what with the stink of the bulge water, which was stirred up by the tossing, and the constant noise, and the difficulty of standing, and sitting, and eating, and drinking, we were constantly wretched enough. My Father spent the whole time in his berth; — and I the greater part of ours. But ills have their end. The sea and the stink subsided, and we made the rest of our voyage to Malta stilly and quickly, arriving there on Monday morning after breakfast. — does not think his health perceptibly improved yet, but he has entirely got over sea-sickness, and has written an immense deal for the *Lyra Apostolica*. He has written so many letters to his Mother and sisters, that I need say no more about him. He will write to you soon. I know you will think this a very dull letter, as it is about places and not people; but we have been so little on shore, that I have not been able to indulge your taste. Kindest remembrances to O. I will write to him soon.

Your's affectionately, R. H. F.

66.

(b. 1.) *Christmas night, Malta.*—I begin a letter to you on the strength of having just found out how to use my patent fountain pen. We got here at about ten o'clock on Monday morning, and the first craft we saw in the quarantine harbour was the "United Brothers, Dartmouth." She was at anchor just ahead of us all yesterday and to-day, and it occurred to us that we might send letters

home by her ; but she is to go a round on starting from this place, and the *Hermes* will be in England before her. We start from here to-morrow at nine for Zante, thence to Patras and Corfu. On our return here, in about eighteen days, as we calculate, we are to go into quarantine for fifteen days. We have been promised the best apartments in the lazaretto, and were shown them to-day ; but we shall see so much more of them before we have done, that it would be premature to say any thing now.

There is so much that is picturesque and singular about this place, that I do not despair of occupation for all the fifteen days in drawing, if the weather is only tolerable. The boats, and the dresses, and the colours and forms of the buildings are all as good practice as any thing I can fancy, and I shall not be sorry to have time on my hands for studying them at leisure. We shall be allowed to go about the harbour as much as we like, and there are several places where we may land. This will have to start a day or two after our return, so you will not hear much more of Malta till the next packet. As yet I have made egregious failures in attempts to colour ; indeed, I have had no opportunity of doing any thing from nature, and recollection supplies one too indistinctly. My Father has made many very interesting coast drawings as we have come along, but he has done nothing in a finished way.

*Corfu, Jan. 1.*—We got here the day before

yesterday, after a most interesting voyage. The sea has been as still as a lake, and we have had a light breeze in our favour; but it must be owned that we have sailed away from the fine weather. Ever since we got here it has rained torrents, and is now blowing a violent gale, so that we thank our stars we are in harbour. On Friday morning we (as you would say) made Zante on our larboard bow, at a distance of about fifty miles. The high land of Cephalonia appeared at the same time, so they kept her away three-quarters of a point, and made for the passage between the islands. The south point of Cephalonia is a very high mountain; it was covered with snow, which here and there appeared through the clouds. Zante is clifly, and not so very unlike some of the Isle of Wight. We got to the town just after dark, and went ashore to make out what we could. We went to a billiard-room, a coffee-house, the head inn, and two or three shops. Every thing was filthy to a degree, but there seemed to be some really handsome houses, such as Sir John Vanbrugh might have built. The shops are all open to the street, and one would think that the shopkeepers had never taken more than coppers in their lives; yet in a tobacco shop, on asking the price of a cherry-stick pipe, which I should have guessed at twelve shillings in England, they told me it was one hundred dollars, and a midshipman who was with us, and had lived a great deal in those parts, said that it was not at all dear at the

money. The mouth-piece was amber inlaid with turquoise, and in that miserable-looking shop there must have been thirty or forty more pipes as costly : I wonder where they get customers.

We drank a bottle of Zante wine at the head inn, and very nice it was ; on asking the price, the landlord most unaffectedly said there was nothing to pay, and when we gave him a shilling he seemed to think it was most munificent.

At Zante we took up fresh passengers, Major L., the governor of Cerigo, and the English consul of Patras, where we landed Saturday evening, and took a look about us. The town is now in possession of a Suliot chief, who has taken the castle into his own hands, and has quartered himself and his followers in all the best houses of the town, which is now newly building, and promises to be regular, and even elegant. The streets are quite straight, and cut one another at right angles, and the houses all have piazzas before them ; but every thing is now at a stand still, and the streets themselves, unpaved, are more like the courses of rivulets than any thing else. It was a night of rejoicing, this being the day of St. Dionysius, and all the common people were assembled in the bazaar, a sort of shambles, and the gentlemen in a coffee-room, smoking and playing cards, in their best dresses : most of them were fine-looking fellows, very quiet and polite. We had coffee there, and very capital it was, but thick and almost



like chocolate. I should like to know how they make it. The Greeks there were all dressed in their white linen petticoats, embroidered coats, and shaggy capotes, except one old fellow, who had on an English box-coat, and one other fellow, whom, from his vulgar, impudent countenance, I conclude to have been an English blackguard. They all say the Morea is in a most wretched state, full of banditti and pirates, so that you cannot go any where without an escort. Next day we found ourselves just off Ithaca, at breakfast time, and got breakfast over before we entered the strait between Ithaca and Cephalonia. This was the first day that I attempted what is called sketching, and I made a tolerable hand of it, at least, I found out how to make memoranda that did to work upon afterwards. I can make no hand of colour, and think I shall hardly attempt it, till I have time to make some finished studies from nature. You and W. care so little about classics, that I need not trouble you about Ulysses' castle, Sappho's leap, &c. We got here on Sunday night, and the rain came soon after us, and has persecuted us incessantly ever since. We got ashore yesterday and walked about the town, which is very picturesque, and exactly like the panorama.

*Thursday, Jan. 10.*—By the log, we should be at Malta, but land is not in sight. They have just found the latitude, which is exactly that of Valetta, so we have only to steer straight forward. Since I

wrote the last, we have seen a great deal. We had five fine days at Corfu, and thanks to Captain C.'s friend, Colonel A., who lent us horses, we saw a great deal of the island, which is one great olive grove, except where the mountains are too steep for any thing to grow, or here and there where a rich and sunny spot tempts a vineyard. While the fine weather lasted, the climate was excessively cold, quite like an English winter. All the Albanian mountains are one mass of snow. We left Corfu on Sunday night, and next day threaded the passages between Leucadia, Ithaca, and Acarnania. When we entered the Gulf of Patras, the wind was so hard against us, that we hardly got on more than a mile and a half an hour. We ought to have been at Patras in the middle of the day, but did not get there till eleven at night. We found that it had been uninterrupted fine weather there since we had left them, but sharp frost, which had frozen the pools on the sea shore. There had been a great kick up there between master Zavellas and his troops, the rights of which I do not exactly know, but it seems that property is held there on a most precarious tenure, and that the Suliots exact just what they like from the merchants. All are anxious for the arrival of Otho, who is expected at Corfu this day, and is to proceed for Napoli without stopping. At one in the night we left Patras, and with a strong wind in our favour, got quickly to Zante, where we landed and spent some hours;—it

is very different from the other islands; none of it high, and the greater part of it one rich plain, on which they grow nothing but currants. The consul at Patras told my Father that the exports in that article alone returned a duty of 95,000*l.* a-year. We were at a ball at Corfu on the anniversary of the installation of the Ionian government, at which all the native population were expected; but the day was so stormy that it made a poor show. I meant to have got you a real Albanian capote, but they were not to be had at Corfu, and the cherry-stick tobacco pipes were too dear.

67.

(*ζ. 4.*) *Jan.* 10.—We spent Christmas-day at Malta in an incessant row, taking in coals, while the bells of all the many churches of Valetta told what was going on in that land of superstition;—watched one poor fellow in quarantine all day, saying prayers to himself, and looking towards the church nearest on the shore, opposite to the Lazaretto. The time is now drawing nigh, when we shall spend fifteen long days in that abode of the unblessed. It is now the 10th of January, and we are just in sight of Malta, on our return from the Ionian islands. We have not seen them under the most favourable circumstances, as the weather has been wintry, *i. e.* either very stormy, or very cold. I have been often longing for the bright hot Spanish sun which conducted us from the Bay of Biscay to Gibraltar, and made every thing so delightful, that I shall always think

of that country as of the *μακάρων νῆσοι*. “Sed vidisse tamen, sed et audivisse loquentes,” under any circumstances, will be a spot in one’s life to look back upon.

I will give you our track, without remarks: first of all, Friday morning, Dec. 28, we passed between Zante and Cephalonia to the town of Zante, next morning from thence to Patras, at the entrance of the Gulf of Corinth; at two that night we set out for Corfu. On getting up on Sunday morning, we were just to the south of Ithaca, threaded the channel between that and Cephalonia, and were off the point of Leucadia about twelve; arrived at Corfu about nine that evening, stayed there exactly seven days to an hour. On our return we took the channel between Ithaca and Acarnania, got to Patras about eleven on Monday night; Tuesday morning got to Zante, and left it about half past one in the day, by the south passage. Since that we have had a favourable wind, and have made a straight course to Malta.

And now for remarks. 1. Homer was no geographer, for he says of Ithaca, *αὐτὴ μὲν χθαμάλῃ πανυπέρτῃ εἰν ἀλλ’ ἐκεῖται πρὸς ζόφον*. Ἄμφι δὲ πολλαὶ νῆσοι, &c. *Δουλίχιόν τε, Σάμη τε καὶ ὑληέσσα Ζάκυνθος, Πρὸς ἧω τ’ ἡέλιόν τε*<sup>1</sup>. This zigzag quotation will

<sup>1</sup> [The passage here quoted from memory is Odyss. ix. 22—26; and may be, perhaps, reconciled with the geography by referring lines 26, 27, to Zacynthus, not to Ithaca; which the Greek will very well bear.]



hardly pass for evidence, but it is somewhere in the Odyssey, and the *πρὸς ἥω τ' ἡέλιόν τε*, are Homer's words, which makes me think he was never there, or that we have got hold of wrong names for the islands. As we went up every thing was mystified and cloudy. The great mountain, at the south of Cephalonia, which in summer is a fine forest, was, when we saw it, one sheet of snow, peeping here and there out of its cloud; and all the other high mountains in the Morea and Acarnania were in the same state. The entrance of the Gulph of Corinth we have lost altogether, as it was in mist when we went up, and on our return we only saw it by moonlight. The wind blew strong out of it both times, and frothed it up like a boiling pot. I suppose we have been on the exact site of Phormio's action<sup>1</sup>; and, if it blew as hard then, I do not wonder at the *ταραχὴ* of the Peloponesian fleet. Patras is now in possession of a Suliot chieftain, Zavellas, who has turned the merchants out of all the best houses, and levies a regular tribute; but he and his men quarrel about their pay, and there are such a lot of factions there, that I despair of explaining or understanding them. All that country is so infested with banditti and pirates, that it is impossible to travel except with a strong escort; else, I think, we should have been tempted to cross to Athens. The consul at Patras is afraid to live there, and

<sup>1</sup> Thuc. ii. 84.

sends his family to Zante, going backwards and forwards as he can. We landed there on St. Dionysius's day, a great festival with the Greeks, and walked about the town, which is in a sad state. It had been destroyed a little while ago, and was rebuilding fast, on a very good plan, with very neat houses, when this rascal took possession, and put a stop to every thing. Among other things, we spent half an hour in the coffee-house where the Greek merchants were assembled for the holiday evening; a little wretched dirty place, but the company were very polite to us, and we were surprised at the cleanness of their dresses, and a certain refinement in their appearance and manner. We were under the guidance of Major L. brother of L. of H. who is governor of Cythera, and knows something of the habits and language of the people. The company all rose to him, and sat down when he said *κάθεστε*; but they pronounce so queerly, that one can hardly ever make out a word, although their newspapers are quite intelligible, and differ but little from old Greek. I would give much to live among them for a bit, and get into their notions. As it is, we have seen nothing but the surface, and heard the notions of the resident English, which cannot be relied on.

The second day after we got to Corfu, there was a great ball given to all the inhabitants of the island, and we went out of curiosity. It was a very stormy day, and the show of genuine Greeks was smaller

than usual. The higher class, too, affect the European dress, so that it was more of a fancy ball than a display of national costume. The most splendid Albanian dresses there were worn by Englishmen. . . . In Corfu, the breed is very mongrel, mixed up with Venetian and Italian blood; so that, altogether, the sight was uninteresting, except that when one saw a splendid set of apartments, with magnificent English furniture, and brilliantly illuminated, with a band of music, &c. it contrasted itself oddly with the thought of old Thucydides and the Coreyrean sedition. The remains of the old town are very scanty, and one cannot make out any thing satisfactory about τὸ Ἡραῖον, &c. There is a rock that they call Ulysses' ship; but I suspect the name of a Venetian origin. In one place there is the remains of an Ionic temple, on a very small scale, lately discovered; but we had no time to go into antiquarian questions. We rode over most of the island, and saw several of the villages, all of which bear marks of having been tenanted by a rich population; but every thing is of a Venetian character. I cannot make out whether the people are religious or not; yet they seem, on the whole, to be an innocent civil set. Every small knot of families have their priest and their chapel, but no parishes that we could hear of. Their Churches are very small, but great numbers of them; two or three to a small village. — and my Father went into one in an out of the way vil-

lage, in which there [were] fine silver lamps, a copy of Leonardo da Vinci's Last Supper, well executed, and several pictures of Saints, in the hard German style of the fifteenth century. I went twice into the church which is the depository of the body of St. Spiridion; and people were praying there both times, one person apparently from the higher classes. In the chapel, where the body lies, lamps are always kept dimly burning, and the people go in and kiss the shrine. The feet are stained with tears, and there are many splendid offerings there of precious stones. They keep all the Saints' days by going to Church and playing cards afterwards; and on the fast days they fast fairly. Baron Θεοτόκη, as they spell his name, is said to be a thoroughly religious man, in spite of his talents and high station; but, in general, all the higher classes are said to be Englishised. Ἀὐτὸς Νούγεντ, as he signs himself in the proclamations, gives out his intention to improve the rest of the population by English education; but says he does not expect that he can change their national character at once. He has begun his administration by several acts of grace; *e.g.* opening the doors of the Ionian parliament, allowing the English officers to absent themselves at the processions in honour of St. Spiridion, &c. . . . Also he has plans for improving the condition of the Greek clergy, which he speaks of in general terms, but has not yet matured.

The Greek churches are as often north and



south<sup>1</sup>, as east and west; the altar is behind a screen, with three doors in it. The middle one has a picture of our Saviour on it, and on the others there is generally the Virgin, and some other Saints. The rest of the screen is a number of compartments, with pictures of Saints in each. When the Bread and Wine is consecrated, the doors are shut, and the priest behind the screen chants just loud enough for the people to respond to him. I was present at this service once; and in spite of the nasal twang, in which the chant was conducted, and the unintelligibility of the pronunciation, it was altogether very impressive.

On our way back from Corfu, the curtain was drawn back, which had before hung over the scenery, and the long ridges of the Acarnanian mountains, appeared in full splendour; among these many points in the range of Pindus were visible in the distance; and from Zante we certainly saw the summit of Parnassus, though partially intercepted with clouds. To look at, Mount St. Meri, in the north of Morea, is the most magnificent, but I do not know its classical name<sup>2</sup>. And now I suppose I must bid farewell to these extraordinary places for the rest of my life; having only just seen enough of them to know how well worth seeing they are.

[<sup>1</sup> Is not this an introduction of the Venetians?]

<sup>2</sup> [Mount Scollis in Elis.]

## 68.

( . . . . ) *Recollections of the steamer.*—Left Malta Feb. 9, at eleven in the morning; got to Messina at ten next day, having seen but little of the Sicilian coast, which was clouded over. Were told that every body had secured places in the inns on their way to Malta, so that there was no use in scrambling. Anchored close by the custom-house, but were made to pay two carlini for the boat to put us ashore. The officer was indignant at having money offered, and insisted on searching the bag. The fellow that carried our bag conducted us first to the Hôtel du Nord. — began speaking to the hostess in Italian, and they had tried to understand each other some time before they discovered that each spoke English. There were no rooms; went next to the Gran Britannia; that was full too. The Prince of Rohan, and, I think, Count Chabot, were standing at the door apparently repulsed like ourselves. It was rainy and wretched, and we could not tell what to do; but at the du Nord we fell in with a fellow that could speak English who undertook to guide us. He went first to La Bella Mora, a little nasty looking cook-shop in front; what it was up stairs I know not, for it was also full. He then set off for the Leon d'Oro, at the north end of the town, and there we again fell in with a whole party of princes and counts; but luckily there was room for us in a large unfurnished set of apartments which were perfectly clean and had a good look out.

When we were established here, we found our guide converted into a waiter of the inn, and were surprised that he had not conducted us to his own house first. (I do not yet understand the move.) When settled and shaved, we had a poor breakfast, and started on foot for the Telegraph, a hill about three miles and a half to the west of Messina, from which you see both coasts, and four of the Lipari Islands. If the day had not been cold, wet, and cloudy, we should have enjoyed this much; as it was we could only see what it must be under favourable circumstances. On our return, we found that two of our steam companions who were in the same inn were to dine in the same room with us; a most impertinent thing in the waiter.

I am tired of writing about Messina, so go on the day we embarked at five in the evening, having obtained our passports through Mr. P.

We got to Palermo about eleven or twelve next morning: the sea calm, the sun hot, and every thing beautiful to a degree. Here we knew that there was to be a scramble for rooms, so when we anchored, — and I made a rush for the ladder and were first in a boat, but unfortunately when we were in it we found that we had mistaken the landing place. Our boat was nearest the quay, and we had to clear out round all the others to make for the custom-house and town which are a mile off: also our boat had only one man, so we saw two other boats give us the go by, in one of which was the

wife of the Governor of Moldavia and Wallachia: they landed about four minutes before us, and we thought to make up our way by running. I was soon left behind by —— and the boatman. When they passed the countess, I saw her tap a fellow on the shoulder who ran off for a coach, in which she set off as hard as she could for the Albergo di Londra. We found afterward that she had secured Page's whole house by letter; and not contented with this she had two servants a-head, who when —— came up with them raced him, and being fresh, contrived to keep a head by a foot or two, so as just to bespeak Jacqueri's whole house before he could speak to the landlord. On this we despaired, and put up with the first place we could find to hide our noses in: luckily it had no fleas, and that was more than we had bargained for.

Called on Mr. L., who gave us instructions for seeing the Temple of Eggesta: had a relay of three horses sent on to Sala del Partinico, hired Francesco Barcelona as a servant and guide, and set off at four on Monday morning. The first ten or twelve miles was up a steep hill, and dark. Here we got through a gorge in the mountains, and descended rapidly for five miles along a winding road, with a precipice above us and another below us. Before long we opened the bay of Castell a Mare—an enormous garden, spread out at the foot of the mountains. The part we first got to was an olive grove, which continued up to the place we changed horses



at, about fifteen miles from Palermo. After that we had a great district of vineyard, almost to Alcamo, thirty-two miles from P.; and then we got into what seemed a large down—one immense mass of corn land as far as we could see on the north side of the road, and as far as the mountains on the south; through this we passed for eleven miles to Calatafimi. In all this country, rich and cultivated as it was, we saw not even a hut for a peasant to shelter himself. The whole population seems crowded into the towns, which are the most wretched I can conceive. Large and sometimes very ornamented houses extremely dilapidated, and lining a street which is literally the cloaca of the town, and which they do not think it worth while to scrape for the manure. Alcamo must on an average be six inches deep in such stuff. Calatafimi and it are both said to be Moorish towns,—strikingly situated.

We got to C. at half-past one o'clock: it is a striking place, situated on a steep ridge that runs out into a very deep valley. The view from the castle, which we had not time to see, must be as fine as possible; saw our abode for the night—filthy enough, and left Francesco to get things ready for our return—got mules and boys, and set off for the temple.

On our return at six, we found that Francesco had got us a very good dinner prepared, and that three beds were made up for us in our dining-room. Of this room it may, I think, be said that it did

not stink, but this is all. The walls and floor were filthy to an excess, and the beds abounded to such a degree in fleas, that —— was kept awake by them all night. My Father hardly slept after ten, and though I slept till twelve, yet from that time to four, I counted every quarter that the clock struck. I killed three fleas on me in the dark, and felt them creeping over me the whole time. We got up at four, and breakfasted as well as we could. . . . .

## 69.

(κ. 1.) *Naples, Feb. 17.*—I reckon myself to be only now at the beginning of my travels, as we have been in English settlements and mixing entirely with English people till within this last week; however, I will give you the results of my observation, such as it is, up to the present time. I remember you told me that I should come back a better Englishman than I went away; better satisfied not only that our Church is nearest in theory right, but also that practically, in spite of its abuses, it works better; and to own the truth, your prophecy is already nearly realised. Certainly I have as yet only seen the surface of things, but what I have seen does not come up to my notions of propriety. These Catholic countries seem in an especial manner κατέχειν τὴν ἀλήθειαν ἐν ἀδικίᾳ; and the priesthood are themselves so sensible of the hollow basis on which their power rests, that they dare not resist the most atrocious encroachments of the state upon their privileges. In Sicily they have con-

ceded one-third of the Church revenues for the payment of state pensions; and the Archbishop of Monreale is contented to receive only 2000*l.* a-year out of 20,000*l.*, which is his due. I was told this by a merchant at Palermo, a sensible man, who went so much into detail that I cannot think he was speaking at random. Monasticism is said to be going out of fashion fast; hardly any one goes into the convents, and those who are in already are subjected to no discipline; at least, O.'s friend, Mr. —, who went into a Benedictine convent at Monreale, is now in Naples without permission, leading a gay life, and the Church has not proceeded to any severe measures against him. I have seen priests laughing when at the Confessional; and indeed it is plain, that unless they habitually made light of very gross immorality, three-fourths of the population would be excommunicated. I think people are injudicious who talk against the Roman Catholics for worshipping Saints and honouring the Virgin and images, &c.; these things may perhaps be idolatrous,—I cannot make up my mind about it,—but to my mind it is the carnival which is real practical idolatry, as it is written, “the people sat down to eat and drink, and rose up to play.” The Church of England has fallen low, and will probably be worse before it is better; but let the Whigs do their worst, they cannot sink us so deep as these people have allowed themselves to fall while retaining all the superficials of a religious

country. I hope when I get to know something of the language, and to see more of the people, that I shall see reason to retract my present views. So much for reflection. If you have seen K. and W. they may perhaps have told you what we have been doing till about a month since, *i. e.* till we landed at Malta, dating from that time. We were twelve days in quarantine, and after that about a fortnight at a round of English dinner parties, in the course of which we did not learn much, except that the English there are very hospitable, and live very well. Valetta is a magnificent city; all its houses, palaces, and its churches splendid to a degree, except, indeed, the two Church of England chapels, one of which was originally the kitchen of the grand master, and the other but little better. Our government will not give the residents any assistance in erecting something more reputable. From all we could learn the English hold Malta by a very precarious tenure; we govern it most oppressively, and the inhabitants hate us; so that it is generally supposed a very small Russian force could wrest it from us. The population is in a wretched state, almost starving, and yet a heavy duty is imposed on imported corn, which puts into the hands of government nearly 130,000*l.* a-year. Of this about 10,000*l.* goes to pension English sinecurists, and the rest over and above paying for the civil establishment leaves a surplus for the military chest. The population is said to increase nearly at



the rate of 1000. a-year, and the means of subsistence is stationary, so that things must come to a disastrous termination soon. We left Malta last Wednesday week in a steamer which had arrived from Naples, and which was to return, stopping at Messina and Palermo, and here I think our travels begin.

## 70.

(γ. 41.) *Rome, March 16.* . . . . If we lose — I shall think the C. done up, which indeed every thing else seems likely to be ere long; my only comfort is the rapidity of the movement. I should like to be back at the election much; *sed fata vetant*. Being abroad is a most unsatisfactory thing, and the idleness of it deteriorating. I shall connect very few pleasing associations with this winter, and I don't think I shall come home much wiser than I went. The only *μάθησις* on which I can put my hand, as having resulted from my travels, is, that the whole Christian system all over Europe “tendit visibiliter ad non esse<sup>1</sup>.” The same process which is going on in England and France is taking its course every where else; and the clergy in these Catholic countries seem as completely to have lost their influence, and to submit as tamely to the state, as ever we can do in England.

As to what I have been doing, and where I have been, between Gibraltar and Rome, if you care for knowing, — and — can tell you, and as I have

<sup>1</sup> [Quotation from the college statutes.]

enough to say besides, I shall skip it. One thing indeed I must select for its especial interest, *i. e.* Eggesta, which by good luck we have been able to see, though we were obliged to abandon the rest of our Sicilian expedition. It is the most strangely romantic place I ever saw or conceived. It is no use attempting to describe it, except that the ruins of the city stand on the top of a very high hill, precipitous on three sides, and very steep on the other, literally towering up to heaven, with scarcely a mule track leading to it, and all round the appearance of an interminable solitude. After going some miles through a wild uninhabited country, you approach it by winding up a zigzag path cut in the face of what looks a perpendicular and inaccessible rock, and till you have got some way up it wears so little the appearance of a track, that without guides no one would venture on. At the top the old walls of the town can be distinctly traced, where one would think that mortal foot had never or rarely been, and numbers of tooled stones scattered in all directions, evidently the remains of well-finished buildings. Here and there is a broken arch, which makes one fancy the remains to be Roman, and in the most conspicuous place a fine theatre, nearly perfect. When you come to the ascent on the opposite side, you all at once see the temple, in what seems a plain at the bottom, with its pediments and all its columns perfect, and only differing from what it was at first in the deep rich colouring of the

weather stains. When we saw it there was a large encampment of shepherds in the front of it, with their wolf-dogs and wild Salvator-like dresses; and, by the by, as we found afterwards, with no great objection to lead Salvator-like lives; for when by some accident we were separated from one another, they got round —, shouting “*Date moneta!*” and he thinks would certainly have taken it by force, except for a man with a gun who is placed there by government, as *custode* of the temple, and who came up when the others were getting most troublesome. On getting close to the temple, we found that it stands on the brink of a precipitous ravine, 200 or 300 feet deep, and which gives a grandeur to the whole scene even beyond what it gets from the mountains and the solitude. Compared with Egesta, Pæstum is a poor concern, and so is Naples when compared with Palermo.

But Rome is the place after all where there is most to astonish one, and of all ages, even the present. I don't know that I take much interest in the relics of the empire, magnificent as they are, although there is something sentimental in seeing (as one literally may) the cows and oxen “*Romanoque foro et lautis mugire Carinis.*” But the thing which most takes possession of one's mind is the entire absorption of the old Roman splendour in an unthought of system; to see their columns, and marbles, and bronzes, which had been brought together at such an immense cost, all diverted from their first

objects, and taken up by Christianity; St. Peter and St. Paul standing at the top of Trajan's and Antonine's columns, and St. Peter buried in the Circus of Nero, with all the splendour of Rome concentrated in his mausoleum. The immense quantity of rare marbles, which are the chief ornament of the churches here, could scarcely have been collected except by the centre of an universal empire, which had not only unlimited wealth at its command, but access to almost every country, and now one sees all this dedicated to the martyrs. Before I came here I had no idea of the effect of coloured stone in architecture; but the use Michael Angelo has made of it in St. Peter's shows one at once how entirely that style is designed with reference to it, and how absurd it was in Sir C. Wren to copy the form when he could copy nothing more. The coloured part so completely disconnects itself from the rest, and forms such an elegant and decided relief to it, that the two seem like independent designs that do not interfere. The plain stone work has all the simplicity of a Grecian temple, and the marbles set it off just as a fine scene or a glowing sky would. I observe that the awkwardness of mixing up arched and unarched architecture is thus entirely avoided, as all the arched work is coloured, and the lines of the uncoloured part are all either horizontal or perpendicular. So Michael Angelo adds his testimony to my theory about Gothic architecture.



As to Raphael's pictures, I have not had time to study them with attention. The most celebrated of them, especially your friend Heliodorus, are so damaged or dirty, that one cannot see them distinctly except close; they say we should use an opera glass. All that the painters say of Raphael tends to exalt him as a poet and a man of genius, but rather at the expense of his technical skill; he and Michael Angelo seem by what they say, to be counterparts. But I wish I could hope to form an opinion of my own about it.

There is an English artist here, a Mr. S., to whom — had an introduction, and who certainly is a very clever man, who gave us a most curious and interesting account of a German school of painters that is now growing up in Rome. He says that several of them are here living on pensions from German princes, particularly the King of Bavaria, and are studying Raphael in a very singular way: curious fellows, with a great deal of original enthusiasm, utterly unlike the *Βαυαρσοὶ* of England, who have got it into their heads that the way to study Raphael is not to copy him, but to study the works he studied, and to put their mind into the attitude in which he formed his conceptions. So they poke away at the old hard pictures of early masters, with stiff drapery and gilt backgrounds, and are so intent on dissociating Christian and classical art, that they think grace and beauty bought too

dear, if they tend to disturb the mind by pagan associations.

One of these fellows, he said, had become intimate with him in a curious way. Mr. S. has made colouring his principal study; he seems to be a bit of an enthusiast himself, and has been aiming at combining the colouring of the Venetian school with the designs of the Roman. Well; this German, who is a shy, reserved man, having been one day in Mr. S.'s *studio*, returned the next day with ten or twelve of his German friends, and again the day after with as many more, and so on for some time. At last, Mr. S., who took it as a great compliment, asked him what it was that had attracted his notice. He said he had always gone on a notion that colours had nothing to do with the *poetry* of painting, but was merely sensual, and that a Madonna he had seen of Mr. S.'s made him alter his mind; so he had been bringing friends to see if they felt the same about it. Since this time they have been very intimate; but the man is so reserved in general, that except for this accident he might have kept his notions to himself. Mr. S. says his designs are quite in the spirit of Raphael, and that his whole mind is so taken up with Catholic  $\eta\theta\omicron\varsigma$ , that he has given up his Protestantism, and is a rigid conformer to all the ordinances of the Church. I have prosed about this because I was struck with it. I hope it is no mare's nest.

We have become acquainted, thanks to —,

with the Prussian minister Mr. Bunsen, who has told us much about Germany that interests us; above all, that arrangements are now making for the establishment of episcopacy throughout the King of Prussia's dominions. The difficulty is about the present clergy: they will not, as I understand, consent to reordination; so how can a bishop take them under his jurisdiction, or how can any of them be consecrated Bishop without being first ordained? I am afraid these difficulties will not be settled without a sacrifice of principle. To be sure it would be a great thing to have a true church in Germany; in Scotland it seems to be thriving; and if the state will but kick us off we may yet do in England.

I don't know whether I mentioned to you that — and — are going to indite verses for the British Magazine, under the title *Lyra Apostolica*. . . . — would not take a sonnet that I made because it was too fierce, but says it may come by and by. I will write it out for your edification and criticism.

Περὶ τῆς μισητοῦ σάσεως.

Yes, mark the words, deem not that saints alone  
Are Heaven's true servants, and His laws fulfil  
Who rules o'er just and wicked. He from ill  
Culls good, He moulds the Egyptian's heart of stone  
To do him honour, and e'en Nero's<sup>1</sup> throne

<sup>1</sup> Rom. xiii. 1—8.

Claims as His ordinance ; before Him still  
 Pride bows unconscious, and the rebel will  
 Most does His bidding, following most its own.  
 Then grieve not at their high and palmy state,  
 Those proud bad men, whose unrelenting sway  
 Has shattered holiest things, and led astray  
 Christ's little ones : they are but tools of Fate,  
 Duped rebels, doomed to serve a Power they hate,  
 To earn a traitor's guerdon, yet obey.

I mean to do one on Lord Grey's interpretation of the coronation oath, with a motto, ἀλλ' Ὁρκου πάϊς ἐστὶν ἀνώνυμος, κ. τ. λ. Will you do some? A mixture—some fierce and some meek—the plan is to have none above twenty lines.

*March* 17. I have just got your and ——'s letters, which was a consolation in bad times. . . . Here we have had nothing but cold and rain. . . . I don't know what part of my Becket you allude to, but rejoice in your approbation of any part. It is too bad of old —— to shake his head. . . . My cough is just the same as when I left England. The climate is worse than an English autumn, and sight-seeing does no good. I was almost well at Malta, and if I had staid there should have been quite so now. I expect to see the original *Epistolæ S. Thomæ*, in the Vatican Library ; at least, ——'s friend, Mr. Bunsen, has made interest for me.

71.

(β. 3.) *Leghorn, April* 12.—I dare say —— is an unsatisfactory person to come into close contact



with, and I shall be agreeably surprised if you find the other scientific characters any better. I must remind you to look sharp for yourself. If you allow your profession to engross you, you will become a practical liberal, you may depend, even though you may stick to the High Church theory. Add to your divinity stock, or you will lose what you have. . . . First, then, if you choose you may easily find out in London what is the particular process by which the red colour of glass is produced from gold, and also in what way they would go to work to give glass a vitrified coat of gold, retaining its own colour, and whether any accident in attempting the latter might effect the former; for it has always struck me as a puzzle how so recondite an idea as that of producing a ruby tint from a yellow metal should come into the heads of the early glass painters; and it has occurred to me that some such accident as I have guessed at above might be the key to the puzzle; for the practice of giving glass a vitrified coat of gold for the purpose of mosaic work was very common long before the use of coloured glass in windows had been thought of, and specimens of it are to be seen in Rome of almost every age between 400 and 1000. Please not to forget this question, or be contented with vague answers. It will be likely to take some time and trouble to get at the truth, but it is curious, and there is no hurry, and you will at any rate have more opportunities than I shall. The best red colour that has

been produced in modern times has been managed by a French chemist, and there is a wholesale house of his goods somewhere in Holborn. The Pope's mosaic manufactory in Rome is curious; there are 18,000 shades of colour in it, which can be looked out as in a directory. Some of the imitations of pictures which they have made are so perfect, that you must look close before you can see joinings and transitions of colour; and they have the advantage over every kind of painting, being mellow from the first and brilliant to the last. In St. Peter's there are many very fine ones, copies of all the most famous pictures, and they are said to have cost 4500*l.* a piece. St. Peter's itself is the great attraction of Rome, worth all the classics put together. I think the dome is built with all the layers of stone horizontal, so that the principle of the arch applies not to the vertical section, but only to the horizontal. I am not sure of this, but I think so.



so.

not so.

## 72.

(*θ. 1.*) *Leghorn, April 13.*—It would not become me to apologize for not having written before, since I much doubt my ability to produce any thing worth the postage. Nevertheless, I have for some time been intending to write to you, and can't account for having let so much time slip through my fingers. My father and I are now on our way home, having left —— to retrace his steps to Sicily. We are at

present weather-bound here, owing to the timidity of the steam captain, who thinks the wind too strong in his favour to venture out of port; however, I hope to be at Genoa to-morrow morning, and at Marseilles in two or three days more. When we are there we shall, I suppose, see Avignon and Nismes, and then steam it up the Rhone to Lyons. Between that and Paris I hope to visit and make drawings of some of the abbeys, &c. which are connected with the history of St. Thomas of Cant. Sixth and lastly, if the fates allow, we shall cross from Havre to Southampton by the first steamer in May, which will, I take it, be the second; soon after which you may expect to see me in chapel.

I congratulate you on having got over your first audit so prosperously . . . it is better occupation than travelling, take my word for it. It is really melancholy to think how little one has got for one's time and money. The only thing I can put my hand on as an acquisition is having formed an acquaintance with a man of some influence at Rome, Monsignor —, the head of the — college, who has enlightened — and me on the subject of our relations to the Church of Rome. We got introduced to him to find out whether they would take us<sup>1</sup> in on any terms to which we could twist our consciences, and we found to our dismay

<sup>1</sup> [All this must not be taken literally, being a jesting way of stating to a friend what really was the fact, viz. that he and another availed themselves of the opportunity of meeting a learned

that not one step could be gained without swallowing the Council of Trent as a whole. We made our approaches to the subject as delicately as we could. Our first notion was that the terms of communion were within certain limits under the control of the Pope, or that in case he could not dispense solely, yet at any rate the acts of one Council might be rescinded by another; indeed, that in Charles the First's time it had been intended to negotiate a reconciliation on the terms on which things stood before the Council of Trent. But we found to our horror that the doctrine of the infallibility of the Church made the acts of each successive Council obligatory for ever, that what had been once decided could never be meddled with again<sup>1</sup>; in fact, that they were committed finally and irrevocably, and could not advance one step to meet us, even though the Church of England should again become what it was in Laud's time, or indeed what it may have been up to the atrocious Council, for M. — admitted that many things, *e. g.* the doctrine of mass, which were fixed then, had been indeterminate before.

So much for the Council of Trent, for which Christendom has to thank Luther and the Reformers. — declares that ever since I heard

Romanist to ascertain the ultimate points at issue between the churches.]

<sup>1</sup> [Vide Bossuet's Correspondence with Leibnitz. Letter xxi. Opera, vol. i. p. 569, &c.]



this I have become a staunch Protestant, which is a most base calumny on his part, though I own it has altogether changed my notions of the Roman Catholics, and made me wish for the total overthrow of their system. I think that the only *τόπος* now is "the ancient Church of England," and as an explanation of what one means, "Charles the First and the Nonjurors." When I come home I mean to read and write all sorts of things, for now that one is a Radical there is no use in being nice. I wish you had sent a longer postscript to — about the position of things; all I have heard directly or indirectly has made me long to be home again. . . . You don't say whether you have done any thing for the L. A. I find I am no poet, and have only squeezed out one production, and that is political, and so fierce, that — will not put it in for three or four numbers. . . . Tell — that I think he has used me basely to send me a mere scribble of a few lines, prosing about some theory of poetry, when there were such a lot of atrocities going on on all sides, of which one can get no tolerable account through the papers. The Examiner is the only paper I see which contains sense. I am most curious to know who are the persons that opposed the Oxford petition against the Spoliation Bill. — doubts whether they ought to be spoken to by serious people, and I am inclined to think he is right, though I am disposed to make distinctions which he calls capricious.

*Genoa, April 15.*—Here we are, as at Leghorn, detained a day beyond our time, though there is a perfect calm, because these absurd fellows are afraid of a swell which was got up by last night's wind. The more I have to do with these wretched Neapolitans, the more my first impressions about them are confirmed. I wonder how any one can tolerate either them or their town, which is as nasty and uninteresting a place as I ever set foot in. As to this Genoa, I should not grumble at being detained here if I was in plight for sight-seeing, for it is truly magnificent, both in itself and in its situation; but, unfortunately, I was taken with a very severe feverish cold the morning we landed, *i. e.* the day before yesterday; and that day and yesterday was confined to my bed, where I should probably be now, but that I had to get up early, in hopes the vessel would keep its appointment. I cannot tell how it is, but I don't think I have had so bad a cold for these two years; never advise a friend of yours to come abroad for his health. It would be very well if one could have Fortunatus' cap, and wish one's self at Rome; but travelling does more harm than change of climate does good.

While we were at Rome — and I tried hard to get up the march-of-mind phraseology about pictures and statues, and we hoped we were making some little progress under the auspices of a clever English artist, to whom we had an introduction: but, unfortunately for our peace of mind, just

before our departure, we became acquainted with —, who, though he had not been in Italy much longer than ourselves, had attained an eminence so far beyond what we could even in thought aspire to, that we gave the thing up in despair, and retire upon the *ρόπος*, that “we don’t enter into the technicalities.” Certainly those C. men are wonderful fellows; I know no one but — that could compete with them at all. They know every thing, examine every thing, and dogmatize about every thing; they have paid particular attention to the geological structure of this place, and the botany of that, and the agriculture of another, and they are antiquaries, and artists, and scholars, and, above all, puff off one another with the assiduity of our friends the —s. W.’s book, and S.’s Lectures, and T.’s research, and H.’s taste, pop upon one at every turn. . . . We mean to make as much as we can out of our acquaintance with Monsignor —, who is really too nice a person to talk nonsense about. He desired me to apply to him, if on any future occasion I had to consult the Vatican Library: and a transaction of that sort would sound well. You see what stuff I am driven to, to eke out my paper. . . . I may as well just add, that I think my cold is going off: I feel much better, and my pulse is gone down.

*April 22. Marseilles.*—Here we are at last, after a most tedious voyage, that has delayed us so long as to make us give up the notion of being back till

the middle of May. . . . This France is certainly a most delicious place: we landed in Hieres' Bay, owing to a storm from the north-west, and found every thing so warm and green that I could quite enter into John of Salisbury's feelings. The people, too, were so extremely civil, that I cannot help hoping there may yet be the seven thousand in Israel, and that, some time or other, we may be able to talk of *la belle France* with some kind of pleasure. I feel like a great fool here, from not being able to talk French. In Italy half the population kept me in countenance, but here it is a constant humiliation; and, what is worst, I can't hope to make progress, for having learned the little I know of it by writing, and not speaking, I annex wrong shaped words to all the sounds. It is like talking Latin to a foreigner. By the by, I may as well say, that my cold took its leave *bonâ fide*, when I thought it promised to do so, and now the weather is so fine, I hope my old cough may loose its hold.

## 73.

(β. 4.) *May* 23.—What I have seen since my last letter ends, has been more interesting than any thing else except Rome. We stopped about at many places in the central part of France, to see out-of-the-way things connected with Becket's history, and found some of them so very curious and striking in themselves, that they would have amply repaid us by their own merits. But what I was most interested



with was, that the French seem to me to have been so grossly belied as a nation. I never saw a people that tempted me to like them so much on a superficial observation. I declare, if I was called upon to make a definition of their national character, I should say they were a primitive innocent people. The fact seems to be, that France is governed by a small despotic oligarchy,—the aristocracy of wealth, who by their agitating spirit have contrived to get the franchise so restricted as to secure to themselves a majority in the chamber, and the command of the military, by which they keep France under such a strong hand. All the towns we passed are full of soldiers; in Lyons alone there are 15,000: and, with the mass of the people, this government is so unpopular, that on Louis-Philippe's birthday only one house in all Lyons was illuminated. I have since heard what we observed confirmed in a curious way. There is now in France a High Church Party, who are Republicans, and wish for universal suffrage, on the ground that in proportion as the franchise falls lower the influence of the Church makes itself more felt; at present its limits about coincide with those of the infidel faction. Don't be surprised if one of these days you find us turning Radicals on similar grounds.

I was greatly disappointed in the intelligence of the Whites, the yacht builders spoke of. The answer to every question was, "Oh, sir, that's according to the fancy of the boat-builder." How-

ever, the curious fact is, that these fellows, building according to fancy, *i. e.* according to that instinct which they pick up by looking at the bottoms of vessels that have been found to sail fast, should by degrees have got to the exact shape the French mathematicians devised *à priori* for the famous ship the *Révolutionnaire*. White told me he had the model of it, and that it was, in all respects, but one, the form to which the yachts are approaching as their limit, *that one* being rather curious. These fellows, though in all respects but one they go by instinct, yet in one, according to their own confession, indulged a theory—they think it stands to reason that a horizontal section of the bows should have an inverted curve. In the *Révolutionnaire* every section below the water line is a little inverted, getting more and more so down to the keel, the contrary flexure vanishing in the water line; so the only point in which they have theorized is the only one in which they differ from the French who theorized in all.

74.

(γ. 42.) *June 26.*— . . . .

O LORD, I hear, but can it be  
 The gracious word was meant for me?  
 O Lord, I thirst, but who shall tell  
 The secret of that living well,  
     By whose waters I may rest  
     And slake this lip unblest?  
 O Lord, I will, but cannot do,  
 My heart is hard, my faith untrue:

The Spirit and the Bride say, Come,  
 The eternal ever-blessed Home  
     Op'd its portals at my birth,  
     But I am chained to earth :

The Golden Keys each eve and morn—  
 I see them with a heart forlorn,  
 Lest they should Iron prove to me.—  
 O set my heart at liberty.  
     May I seize what Thou dost give,  
     Tremblingly seize and live.

This is very flat I know, but it seems a natural commentary on the preceding. I wrote it the night before you went, and wanted to show it you, that you might do one on “He that testifieth these things saith, Surely I come quickly;” and then after the verse, to finish with “Even so come, LORD JESUS.” I think that so it might make a composition on which some people’s thoughts would run<sup>1</sup>. You will think all this bother, but I cannot help fancying that this sort of arrangement is worth some little trouble. . . .

75.

(γ. 43.) *June* 28, 1833.—I have ventured, not

<sup>1</sup> [Here, and in many other places, it is the author’s way to bring forward as motives of action for himself and others what were but secondary, and rather the reflection of his mind upon its acts; and that as if with a view to avoid the profession of high and great things. Such too is the Scripture way; as where we are told to do good to our enemies, as if “to heap coals of fire on their heads,” and to take the lowest place, in order to “have worship in the presence” of spectators.—*Vide Tracts for the Times*, No. 80.]

exactly on the words about which you doubt, but on their Greek, which seems to me to throw a sort of veil over them.

DANIEL.

Son of sorrow, doom'd by fate  
To a lot most desolate,  
To a joyless youth and childless age,  
Last of thy father's lineage,  
Blighted being! whence hast thou  
That lofty mien and cloudless brow?

Ask'st thou whence that cloudless brow?  
Bitter is the cup I trow;  
A cup of weary well-spent years,  
A cup of sorrows, fasts, and tears,  
That cup whose virtue can impart  
Such calmness to the troubled heart.

Last of his father's lineage, he  
Many a night on bended knee,  
In hunger many a livelong day,  
Hath striven to cast his slough away.  
Yea, and that long prayer is granted;  
Yea, his soul is disenchanted.

O blest above the sons of men!  
For thou with more than prophet's ken,  
Deep in the secrets of the tomb,  
Hast read thine own, thine endless doom.  
Thou by the hand of the Most High  
Art sealed for immortality.

So may I read thy story right,  
And in my flesh so tame my spright,



That when the mighty ones go forth,  
And from the east and from the north  
Unwilling ghosts shall gathered be,  
I in my lot<sup>1</sup> may stand with thee.

## 76.

(γ. 44.) *June* 30.—I send you some sawney verses.

*Dialogue between a Man's Old Self and his New Self*<sup>2</sup>.

## NEW SELF.

Why sit'st thou on that sea-girt rock,  
With downward look and sadly dreaming eye?  
Play'st thou beneath with Proteus' flock,  
Or with the far-bound sea-bird would'st thou fly?

## OLD SELF.

I list the splash, so clear and chill,  
Of yon old fisher's solitary oar;  
I watch the waves that ripple still  
With tiny voice across the marble shore.

## NEW SELF.

Yet from the splash of yonder oar,  
No dreary sound of sadness comes to me;  
And the fresh waves that beat the shore,  
How merrily they splash, how merrily!

## OLD SELF.

I mourn for the delicious days,  
When those calm sounds fell on my childish ear,  
A stranger yet to the wild ways  
Of triumph and remorse, of hope and fear.

<sup>1</sup> Dan. xii. 13.

[<sup>2</sup> These are published in the *Lyra Apostolica* from a different copy.]

## NEW SELF.

Mourn'st thou, poor soul! and would'st thou yet  
Call back the things, which shall not, cannot be?

Heav'n must be won, not dream'd; thy task is set;  
Peace was not made for earth, nor rest for thee.

*Hæc memini, et victum frustra contendere Thyrsin.*

*Ex illo Corydon, Corydon est tempore nobis.*

Can these be doctored into any thing available, or are they dotings? . . . About acting as a party, and the pros and cons, &c.; . . . the Useful Knowledge Society have proved that the poisoning system may be carried on by a party.

## 77.

(β. 5.) *July* 11.— . . . . I cannot understand how the dock gates can make any further resistance to the water after the curvature has been squatted out of them, or how, if the curvature is right, the pressure should have any tendency to alter it. Tell me if you succeed in getting a verdict against them; also how your resistance experiments succeed. I will never believe that a sail will do as much work if you split it in two, but if  $R \propto$  area you might have each cloth independent, and all would do as well.

I never gave you an answer about the Book of Job, for I cannot get a distinct idea of its argument. It is said to be a discussion on the moral government of God: but my view of it is not more distinct than what ladies get of Butler's Analogy.

## 78.

(θ. 2.) *July* 23.— . . . . . By the by I write “——” as if you knew he was returned. He came back last Tuesday week. . . . . He has been delayed by what one can now look back on without uneasiness, as he has not suffered eventually; but the fact is he has had a very narrow escape of his life, owing to a severe epidemic fever which he caught in Sicily, and in a place where he could get access to no kind of medical aid. At the place where he was seized, he was laid up for three days unable to move, and at the end of that time strangely took it into his head that he was well. In consequence, he set out on his journey, and after having gone about seven miles was carried almost lifeless into a cabin, just at a moment when by a strange accident a medical man was passing. This person relieved him sufficiently to enable his attendants to remove him to a town some way farther on in which a doctor resided,—Enna, or Castro Giovanni. Here he was eleven days before the crisis of his fever arrived, and it was long thought he had no chance of recovering. . . . . He was afterwards delayed at Palermo by the stupid vessel, which did not sail for three weeks after it had promised, and thus lost all the advantages of a good wind. However he is back safe at last, and really looks well, though his hair is all coming off, and his strength is not yet thoroughly restored. Do something for the —— and the *Lyra*. Where-

fore stand ye all the day idle? I am going to — in an hour or two to concert measures.

## 79.

(δ. 17.) *July 30.*—They evidently think that no one will at present attend to any thing one says about the appointment of Bishops. . . . His notion is, that the next few years will either plant us safely in a republic, which will settle the question without one saying any thing, or, that if things are kept quiet, the power of the people will go to sleep, and what he calls “a repetition of the rotten-borough system” grow up, and things return to what they were. I told him this was what I thought the worst calamity we could dread. . . . His notion is, that the most important subject to which you can direct your reading at present, is the meaning of canonical obedience, which we have all sworn to our Bishops; for that this is likely to be the only support of Church government, when the state refuses to support it. I myself have a most indistinct idea of what I am bound to; yet the oath must certainly contemplate something definite and sufficient to preserve practical subordination . . . — has just been throwing out a notion that might be made something of—that we should proceed to elect a Lay Synod, as *διάδοχος* of the Church of England Parliament which has apostatised, in order to regulate the things indifferent of Church polity.



(γ. 45.) *Aug.* 10. . . . . You seem to think I am floored, and, in fact, I partly am so; at least the predominant impression left on my mind is, that I am a poor hand at entering into other people's thoughts. But really I see no reason to be out of spirits, and give myself credit for caring nothing about the rejection of my own mare's nest about the appointment of Bishops, about which you are so uncharitable as to impute annoyance to me. I by no means think —— a mere Conservative, nor —— either: they would be contented certainly with a state of things short of what I would ever acquiesce in, and have the old prejudices about the expediency of having the Clergy Gentlemen, *i. e.* fit to mix in good society, and about prizes to tempt men of talent into the Church, and the whole train of stuff which follows these assumptions. But I do not think they are, in the common sense of the word, worldly-minded; *i. e.* I do not suppose they would flinch from any principle out of apprehension for themselves. . . . . What I have learned is, not to be sanguine; not to expect to bring other people into my views, in a shorter time than I have been in coming to them myself. As to the present time, they agree with us in all practical points, and we may pull together entirely. . . . . And I have no doubt —— would go all lengths on the Irish question, or about the appointment of Bishops, or any thing else. But

what he thinks is, that no one will attend to a word one says on such subjects; that people would mentally "Oh! oh!" it . . . . so that one should have no chance to proceed with the undermining system.

## 81.

(i. 1.) *Aug. 14.* ——— and ——— seem fully impressed with the notion that people will "Oh! oh!" any scheme for reform on High Church principles: the High Church, because they are asleep, and the others because they are so confident of their strength as to think us not worth arguing with. So they think little of my movement about the appointment of the Bishops, or any of my speculations, and, in fact, have floored me. It seems to be agreed, among the wise, that we must begin by laying a foundation. . . . This is a humiliating conclusion to me, and I should think a flat one to all. . . . By the by, I am writing to you all this while as if you were your brother, and had had all the proses with me that he has . . . . ——— will finish this letter, and enter into the details of the views more satisfactorily than I shall, only I will enter my protest that you are bound to do something in the furtherance of so commendable a scheme. I have long been trying to bother you through your brother to do something for the ———. What do you say to a *Life of Bishop Butler*? . . . R. thinks biography the best means of infusing principles against the reader's will.

## 82.

(δ. 18.) *Aug.* 31. . . . It has lately come into my head that the present state of things in England makes an opening for reviving the monastic system. I think of putting the view forward under the title of "Project for reviving Religion in great Towns." Certainly colleges of unmarried priests, (who might, of course, retire to a living, when they could and liked) would be the cheapest possible way of providing effectively for the spiritual wants of a large population. . . . I must go about the country to look for the stray sheep of the true fold; there are many about I am sure; only that odious Protestantism sticks in people's gizzard. I see Hammond takes that view of the infallibility of the Church, which P. says was the old one. We must revive it. Surely the promise, "I am with you always," means something. I am shocked to see Jeremy Taylor so heretical about excommunication. He says, that when unjust it is no evil.

## 83.

(γ. 46.) *Aug.*—Melancholy experience convinces me that versification is out of my line, else I should have had a try at it. Certainly there are materials.

Since I have been at home, I have been doing what I can to proselytise in an underhand way, and I cannot but think that people now talk in a way which promises more than the old notions used to. . . . I found — full of the necessity of

printing Wake's Translation of the Apostolical Epistles cheap, for distribution among the poor. Before he knew of Wake's Translation he had translated Clement's Epistle to the Corinthians himself, and very well. . . . Also, what very much surprises me, I find — much less disposed to, "Oh, oh!" schemes for doing something. . . . He has expressed strong approbation of a sermon which I have written. . . . My subject is the Duty of contemplating the contingency of a Separation between Church and State, and of providing against it, *i. e.* by studying the principles of ecclesiastical subordination, so that when the law of the land ceases to enforce this, we may have a law within ourselves to supply its place. . . .

We might have one for All Saints' Day on "*Pauperes Christi*;" which was a watchword of the Church in Ambrose's time as well as Becket's. I don't see how we can make too much fuss about it. I talk about the tripartite division being obligatory *in foro conscientiae*, whenever I can get an excuse for edging it in. We must come down in our notions about being gentlemen. Also I find it an effective *τόπος* to talk about parliament having been till lately a "Lay Synod of the Church of England," and quoting Hooker as my authority. — thinks we cannot make too much fuss about that; and that there is no chance of its being "Oh, oh!"-ed.

You can't think what delicious weather we have



had here : it is like May back again. If it had not been for . . . . I should relapse into a sawney as often as I came home. Would that I could retain my personal identity under all circumstances! but, thanks to fate, not to myself, I am a little better in that point than I was.

It has just come into my head that I saw the other night, what I can hardly convince myself not to have been a supernatural fire. I and one of the —s, and two other boys, and a labourer, were coming up the river in a boat when it was dark, and we all saw, as distinctly as possible, under a tree, close by the water, what we took for a wood fire : hot embers, which did not blaze, but gave off sparks ; the boys thought a wasp's nest must have been burned out there, and landed to stir up the embers and examine : in landing we lost sight of the fire for a minute behind the bush, and in going to the place found nothing ; no smell of burning, no ashes, no marks of fire on the leaves or grass : in fact, there certainly could not have been any fire there. The labourer was really frightened, and I cannot account for my not having been so : but some how the thing has made an impression on my imagination : I never dream of it, nor think of it in the dark, or any thing : yet I am absolutely certain of the facts, and wholly unable to account for them. Sometimes I look on it as a half miracle, of which the counterpart is in store for us. The return of rough times may revive energies that

have been dormant “in the land of peace wherein we trusted.” Is this nonsense? . . . . I am very well, all but my cough, which is exactly what it was, and is likely to continue. . . . Yours very affectionately, *Servus Pauperum Christi*. R. H. F.

84.

(§. 19.) *Sept.* 8.—I have been reading a good deal about the Reformation in Queen Elizabeth’s time. It is shocking indeed. What do you think of my contemplating “An Apology for the early Puritans?” I really think they deserve much commiseration. The Episcopalians did not claim “*jus divinum*,” indeed Queen Elizabeth and her party considered her as the origin of Ecclesiastical Power. The Puritans thought it axiomatic that there must be a Church Government with “*jus divinum*,” and, since they had been taught to despise history and tradition, looked for it in the Bible. . . . . Why should not the Archbishop have Ignatius and Clement printed, and recommend the Clergy to distribute . . . . — thinks that the best move about Bishops would be to request “that Chapters be allowed *more than* twenty days to enquire into the character of the person recommended.”

85.

(§. 20.) *Sept.* 15.—If R. writes about the revival of the doctrine of the Apostolical Succession since the Reformation, he must get Hooker’s friend, Dr. Saravia, who was the first who started it, and must

learn something of Bancroft's famous Sermon in 1588, about which such a fuss was made. Strype gives no extracts. In the seventh book of the Ecclesiastical Polity, Hooker says, he has changed his mind on the subject, and become a convert to the "*jus divinum*." Vid. b. vii. c. xi. 6.

I am quite surprised to find how easily I get on with people, now that one throws overboard the points about which prejudices were encrusted. . . . As to any conflict between F's views and ours, I apprehend no evil from him, however painful it may be; any thing that sets people agog is on our side; I deprecate a calm. I met Mr. —, the offensive — man, the other day, and he sported the following sentiment,—he wondered at Cardinal Gonsalvi for leaving a large sum of money towards the rebuilding St. Paul's at Rome, when he might have left it to what would be a "real national work," such as clearing out the Forum, or repairing the Coliseum. I could hardly refrain from insulting him, but have given up that line.

86.

(γ. 47.) *Sept.* 16. . . . — has sent me your resolutions for our association, which I think excellent, only I should like to know why you flinch from saying that the power of making the Body and Blood of Christ is vested in the Successors of the Apostles: it seems to me much simpler, and less open to cavil, than "continuance and due application of the sacrament." I suppose all

dissenters think they have positive evidence that their own ways are best calculated for the “continuance and due application,” &c. They cannot think this about the other, since, in the nature of things, it admits of no evidence except the Bible and Tradition.

I have been reading a good deal lately about your friends the Puritans in Queen Elizabeth’s time; and really I like poor Penry very much. I think of writing “An Apology for the early Puritans,” whose case I think to be this. The Church of England<sup>1</sup> had relinquished its claim to the *jus divinum*, and considered Ordination to emanate ultimately from the queen. These poor fellows, *i. e.* Penry and Co., not Beza and Co., nor Knox and Co., detested so abominable a notion: but what could they do? They had been bred up in a horror of trusting history in matters of religion, so they could look for a divine institution and a priesthood nowhere except in the Bible. Here then they looked, assuming as an axiom that they must find; and finding nothing more reasonable than the platform, they caught at this. In the mean time our people, and the snug fellows on the continent, were going on with their civilities to one another, and servilities to their respective governments, and left these poor men to fight for a *jus divinum*, though not the true one. It seems, to me, that Saravia and Bancroft are the revivers of orthodoxy in England, and

<sup>1</sup> [Not the Church, but leading persons in the Church.]



that the Puritans shielded them from martyrdom. Had it not been for *their* pertinacity in claiming a *jus divinum*, that tyrant would certainly have smothered *the true one*. Such are my crude speculations on a rough survey: if you think me hopelessly wrong, floor me at once, and save me from wasting my time.

How do you like my "Appointment of the Bishops?" I have sent one on "State Interference in Matters Spiritual," very dry, and matter of fact, and mean to have a touch at the King's Supremacy, which I think Hooker would not justify under present circumstances. I think, if we manage well, we may make the idea of a Lay Synod popular. Its members should be elected by universal suffrage among the communicants, *more primitivo*. I find this view most effective in conversation.

I am very well, and don't think of going abroad this winter, though you seem to say I must. Time and money are two good things, and I don't like wasting more of them. I have done enough in that line already. . . . I am quite surprised to see how much less of a Conservative — is than he was six months since. I do believe the progress of events is converting every one, and that we shall not have much longer to encounter the stigma of ultraism.

87.

(8. 21.) Oct. 29.—Thank I. for a Thomas a Kempis he sent me, and tell him to know a little

more about the other Sanctus Thomas before he draws invidious comparisons. I have got here without increasing my cough at all. . . . We will have a *vocabularium apostolicum*, and I will start it with four words: "pampered aristocrat," "resident gentlemen," "smug parsons," "pauperes Christi." I shall use the first on all occasions: it seems to me just to hit the thing. . . . How is it we are so much in advance of our generation? Tell me when you have any news of —. K. says we ought not to let him talk till he gives some signs of being more in earnest. . . . Love to C. the prefect, and all the sub-apostolicals. I am like the man who "fled full soon on the first of June, but bade the rest keep fighting." . . . Mind and write me all the news as it comes to hand; else I shall go to sleep at Barbadoes entirely.

I forgot to say that — has derived great relief from the distinction between Catholic verities and theological opinions, as affecting the case of us with the evangelicals, and thinks we can fraternize with them without liberalism. Also he admits that, if the Roman Catholics would revoke their anathemas, we might reckon all the points of difference as theological opinions. This *τόπος* is a good one. B. is anxious to assist us with trouble and money in any way he can. I told him it was better not to say any thing about money yet, till he had given people a longer trial of us. It is no use to form expectations of people, but I am willing to hope

that he is a most zealous fellow, and will not start aside like some other broken bows.

88.

(8. 22.) *Nov.* 4.—As you are bent on it, I send you a production of my own. I leave the more experienced to supply the etiquette at the beginning about the undersigned clergy, &c., and so go on :

“ They assure your —— that they continue to regard the Liturgy of the Church of England with satisfaction and attachment; and that they do not conceive any such change of circumstances to have arisen since its arrangement, as to have interfered with its application to the present condition of Christians.

“ At the same time they do not conceal from themselves the misapplication to which some of its services are exposed by the practical disuse of the Rubrics prefixed to them; and the inefficiency of attempting to act on these Rubrics, without first completing the ecclesiastical system they pre-suppose. They venture therefore to express their wish for the speedy completion of this system, and their readiness to co-operate in any measures by which your —— may think fit to carry it into effect.

“ Lastly, they take this opportunity of declaring their conviction that measures such as these, affecting the spiritual welfare of the Church, ought to originate only with its Spiritual Rulers; and that in such matters they deprecate every kind of extra-ecclesiastical interference.” *Satis hæc lusisse. . . .*

I am very well indeed;—not had so little cough as to-day and yesterday, since the Lazaretto at Malta.

## 89.

(§. 23.) *Nov. 14.*—'Αργείων ὄχ' ἄριστε, have you not been a spoon? to allow the Petition to have nothing about “ the system pre-supposed in the Rubrics “ and to leave out your key-words “ completing” and “ extra-ecclesiastical?” The last word I would introduce thus: “ They take this opportunity of expressing their conviction that the powers with which God has entrusted the spiritual rulers of the Church are sufficient for its spiritual government, and that all extra-ecclesiastical interference in its spiritual concerns is both unnecessary and presumptuous.” . . . . Love and luck to all the apostolicals. Why do you say “ *yours usque ad cineres?*” If I am wrecked on Ash-Wednesday you will be the cause of it. . . . .

## 90.

(§. 24.) *Nov. 17.*—I would not have had a hand in printing that Address. B. will sign it. *He* begins about his devout attachment, &c.; and founds all his proposals for change on changes of circumstances. You should not have admitted that our system is in any respect defective now, in which it was ever any thing but defective. As to giving up the Tracts, the notion is odious. Is it expedient to put forth any paper on “ the Doctrine necessary to Salvation?” I am led to question whether



justification by faith is an integral part of this doctrine. I have not breathed this to a soul but you, and *express* myself off hand. Is the denial of it anathematised directly or by implication? May one not broadly maintain, that no one has any right to call any opinion necessary, unless he believes its *necessity*, as distinct from its truth, to be revealed (I mean in Scripture or Tradition)? If so, how liberal and how bigoted one may be at the same time without refining! I could be content to waive the Articles<sup>1</sup>, keeping the Creeds, and so forth; as I think the spirit of the times an instrument towards this, I am reconciled to it. I shall soon have finished St. Thomas, and then shall go to Anselm. If I could look forward to time, and count on perseverance, I should contemplate a work calling itself “The Gregorian Æra,” taking in from Gregory to Innocent III. Do keep your friend B. up to his promise. . . . I wish you could get to know something of S. and W., and un—ise, un-Protestantise, un-Miltonise them. I think they are our sort, enthusiasts of a sort there are not many of. A real genuine enthusiast is the rarest thing going; yet on T’s authority *we* may aspire to that rank. . . . Don’t spend any of your money on such stuff as this Address again; say “settle it among yourselves, gentlemen.”

<sup>1</sup> [*i. e.* as “necessary to salvation, to church communion, as fundamental, as the one standard of doctrine,” &c.]

. . . . I conclude with the emphatic words of Martinus Scriblerus, "Ye gods, annihilate both space and time," and bring me back again with copious notes in my pocket on "State of Religion in the United States." Tell me about the Ms. What is C. about? and has my dear Demas repented?

## 91.

(δ. 25.) *Nov. 20.—Falmouth, Pierce's Hotel.*—The box we dined in last year, with all the tricolours and trophies of the Three Days, but no Pedroites. Blowing a full gale (as B. would say,) from the south-west, and I to start to-morrow morning. . . . . Indeed I am myself out of conceit with old Hooker's notion of a lay synod: it is unecclesiastical and whig. We must only be popular in the choice of church officers. . . . . Sick enough I shall be by this time to-morrow, if the gale lasts and we put to sea. . . . . A sailing vessel is as nearly the cleanest thing in the world as a steamer is the dirtiest.

## 92.

(γ. 48.) *Barbados, Jan. 9, 1834.*—With hands bitten sore by musquitoes, I set to upon a sheet of paper which will witness many fresh bites before I get through it. The wretches are flitting about me on all sides, and every moment I am forced to put down my pen and hit at them. People soon cease to care for them: that is my only consolation.

The weather here is most delicious; the thermometer averaging eighty-three degrees, and showers

flying in all directions. When it rains here, they say "what a fine day!" What remains of ——'s house is very pleasant for this sort of climate. The room I am in has seven windows and four doors, with a thorough draught every way: every thing is contrived for getting up thorough draughts; long passages open at both ends, for the everlasting east wind to blow through, and windows on every side of a room where it is possible, or immense doors opposite them where it is not. I suppose before the hurricane this must have been a house fit for a resident gentleman of high pretensions, now it consists only of two rooms and a number of sheds erected round them against the walls that remain standing. . . . . The sum which was set aside by government to repair the injury done here is not allowed to go to the repair of churches, even though 24,000*l.* of it is still in hand, which they do not know how to dispose of, and seven churches are in complete ruins. . . . .

Certainly there is nothing about the negroes externally to excite commiseration; they are fat and merry and lazy; in a religious point of view, I should think they were for the most part either methodistical or brutish; morality seems to be as rare among women here as among men in England, and though ever so much encouraged to marry, each party seems equally reluctant.

I have heard some facts which seem to show a good spirit among the clergy. The other day a

Mr. — refused the communion to three white people of consequence, and though they were excessively angry they were afraid to proceed against him. . . . Also that Mr. —, about whom you may remember the great row that took place some years since for admitting a black to the communion in company with whites, has now so completely broken down that feeling, that last Sunday, when I received the Sacrament at his church, at which near 200 people were present, all colours were mixed indiscriminately. In the Roman Catholic islands this was always insisted on and carried with a high hand. However, I will not go on prosing about these matters now; I am going with the Bishop on his visitation as chaplain soon, and at the end shall know a little more.

This island is very green, and its plants very exotic-looking, but there is a total want of beauty. For all I have yet seen, the coasts of the Mediterranean are the places "*mortalibus ægris munere concessæ Divom.*" Also the negro features are so horribly ugly, at least the generality of them: now and then indeed one sees finely chiselled Egyptian features, and among the others one can distinctly trace the difference of caste in all shades from man to monkey.

If you have any curiosity to know how I fared at sea, — has got my log, warranted dry. We had a bad time of it in the Bay of Biscay; did not pass Cape Finisterre till the thirteenth day; the weather



cold and boisterous till we got into the latitude of Lisbon, from which time it was uniformly beautiful, and the thermometer rose regularly. It was very amusing to watch the change of habit on board ship; the men coming up and living on deck; the changing the sails, for they have a different set for the torrid zone, bleached and transparent with sun and dew, and quite unfit for the rough weather in the Bay of Biscay; and then awnings and white cloths and all contrivances for coolness. The most delicious weather was about in the latitude of Madeira, where the sun began to get hot and the air was still cool. The flying-fish, too, was an agreeable variety, glittering in the sun like green dragonflies. . . .

. . . . You will be shocked at my avowal, that I am every day becoming a less and less loyal son of the Reformation. It appears to me plain that in all matters that seem to us indifferent or even doubtful, we should conform our practices to those of the Church which has preserved its traditionary practices unbroken. We cannot know about any seemingly indifferent practice of the Church of Rome that it is not a development of the apostolic *ἥθος*; and it is to no purpose to say that we can find no proof of it in the writings of the six first centuries; they must find a *disproof* if they would do any thing.

I have been reading the controversy between Law and Hoadly for the first time. Law's bril-

liance quite astonished me; I think it the most striking specimen of writing I ever saw. Yet I own now and then he seems rather wild. Surely one could get such splendid compositions into circulation by puffing them. It was a noble end of Convocation to be put down for censuring Hoadly, and the censure looks well as the last record in Wilkins's *Concilia*. The sun that set so bright must have a rising. Do you know any one connected with the chapter of Hereford? I should like to know who were the canons in 1723; their names would deck out an article on the appointment of Bishops, especially as the poor fellows only two years after were compelled to elect Sherlock, who was prolocutor of the convocation that condemned Hoadly: showing up such fellows might make an impression on existing chapters. I shall take pains to get at the canons of Salisbury and the prebends of Winchester, who are involved in the same delinquency. This whole passage of history might be decked out with great effect. I have translated all the Becket correspondence, and should go at once to Anselm, if I was not on the point of starting with the Bishop on his visitation.

All I hear makes me wish to go to America, though I do not conceive the views of the clergy in general there to be very high. Preaching goes for every thing, and a person that cannot fill his church gets dismissed. I think that in the present state of religion preaching should be quite disconnected from

the Services, and looked on as an address to the unconnected.

Before I left England I had a prose with —— and —— . . . . The —— seemed to think that —— denied all defects in the church. I assured him nothing could be farther from the truth, but that he was only jealous of the quarter from which the reformation was to emanate. He quite admitted the evils now attendant on state interference in matters spiritual, but seemed to think them insurmountable; so there we stick. I hope the affairs of this next spring will open many eyes. We ought to employ itinerant talkers in England; I am sure I could stir up people very much in Devonshire and Cornwall in that way.

## 93.

(8. 26.) *Jan.* 25.—I have a very poor account to give you of my studies. I have been here near a month, and have not set to work regularly on any thing. The fact is, that for the last twenty days I have been expecting to start on a voyage round the island, and have been detained by the non-arrival of the packet. . . . The temperature is pleasant, but I cannot boast of being in any respect better than I was last summer. I have certainly gained flesh since I left England, but seem to have arrived at my maximum.

Although I have not done any thing like regular work, I have picked up a good deal. . . . I have been looking about here and there, as our stay

has been gradually lengthened. Imprimis as to ——'s friend Jewell. He calls the mass "your cursed, paltrier service," laughs at the apostolical succession both in principle and as a fact, and says that the only succession worth having is the succession of doctrine<sup>1</sup>. He most distinctly denies the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper to be a means of grace as distinguished from a pledge, calling it a "phantasie of M. Harding's<sup>2</sup>." He says the only keys of the kingdom of heaven are *instruction* and *correction*<sup>3</sup>, and the only way they open the kingdom is by touching men's consciences; that binding and retaining is preaching that "God will punish wickedness;" loosing and remitting that "God will pardon on repentance and faith<sup>4</sup>;" justifies Calvin for saying that the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper "were superfluous" if we remembered Christ's death enough without it<sup>5</sup>, ridicules the consecration of the elements, and indirectly explains that the way the Body and Blood are verily received is that they are *received into our remembrance*<sup>6</sup>. I have got chapter and verse for all this, and would send you my extracts, if it was not too much trouble to copy them out. Certainly the Council of Trent had no fair chance of getting at the truth if they saw no alternative between transubstantiation and Jewellism.

Does not the Archbishop of Canterbury claim

<sup>1</sup> [Def. of Apol. p. 120, 123, 139, ed. 1611.]      <sup>2</sup> [Ib. p. 208.]

<sup>3</sup> [Ib. 149, 153.]      <sup>4</sup> [Ib. 151.]      <sup>5</sup> [Ib. 152—155.]      <sup>6</sup> [Ib.

210—212.]



patriarchal authority (*qualem qualem*) over as large a portion of the globe as ever the Bishop of Rome did? and are not the colonial Bishops just as much exonerated from their oath of canonical obedience, by proving that there is no universal Bishop recognised in Scripture as ever Cranmer was? . . . .

I have been much surprised to find that the first latitudinarians were Tories; *e. g.* Hales, Chillingworth, and that set. How Whiggery has by degrees taken up all the filth that has been secreted in the fermentation of human thought! Puritanism, Latitudinarianism, Popery, Infidelity; they have it all now, and good luck to them.

I see the reason Convocation was put down in 1717 was the remonstrance of the Lower House against the Upper, to make them censure Hoadly's Preservative. The Upper House had a very little while before taken part with the Socinianizing Bishops against the Lower. Also what a curious thing it is to see the popularity of High Churchism among the lower orders at the time of Sacheverell's trial? These matters have opened to my weak mind a field of thought and inquiry, which I have no great chance of following up. If I had 50000*l.* I would pay all the clever fellows I could find to analyze the pamphlets, &c. of that time, and make a good history of Protestantism. A continuation of Collier would just take in all I desiderate, and if done well, most curious and amusing it would be. . .

The most sensible people here seem to think it

certain, that, after the emancipation of the slaves, no estate will be profitable enough to pay for a manager, so that all English proprietors, who from age or habit, &c. are not able to come out and reside on their own property, must sell at a reduced price; also that since this climate, state of society, &c. suits the coloured people better than the whites, it will answer to them to buy at a higher rate than others, so that the islands will by degrees become what they call brown islands, and relapse into a semi-savage state by the gradual withdrawal of those who now keep up the tone of acquirement, &c.; that this will happen without any bloodshed, but will destroy the commercial value of the islands, for that not more than one-fifth of the sugar will be grown, and the rest of the land employed in growing sustenance for the idle population.

94.

(a. 1.) *Feb.* 6.—I suppose a new set of ideas will soon put out of my head all I have now to say, for in an hour or two the Bishop sets out on his visitation. So I will say what I can before I start. We have been waiting three weeks for the packet, which was expected to bring out orders for the commodore with whom we are to sail, and it has at last arrived, after having been ninety miles to leeward of the island. I am glad we did not make this bungle in the Camden. I am afraid the orders brought out have cut up our plans; we were to have gone to La Guayra and the Caraccas, which seems now to be knocked on the head. The wea-

ther has been very boisterous since I have been here: people say that they should have called the night of Friday 17th a hurricane if it had been in August or September: the quantity of rain which has unexpectedly fallen, is supposed to have increased the sugar crop by 3000 hogsheads. I don't know whether I may lay any blame on the weather, but certainly my cough has made no progress for the better since I landed. I don't mean that I am worse, for I certainly have gained flesh, but my cough is exactly where it was when I first got into the warm latitudes—an improvement on what it was in England, but no more. The temperature of the air is quite delightful, but there is nothing to interest one out of doors,—horridly ugly faces, most uninteresting scenery, an extremely shabby town, the population of which may, in point of morals, be called almost the sink of humanity; and then the vulgar names of all the places, (I forget them as fast as I hear them,) and money-making associations, which intrude into every thing one sees and hears, offer a sad contrast to last winter's work. But I don't mention this out of grumbling, only as a reason why I am not more out of doors: the fact is, I spend my time in doors very agreeably indeed. The Bishop stands very high in my estimation as a man of imperturbable equanimity among great trials to his temper, and the footing on which all his clergy are with him is a model. . . .

The Bishop's library is capital—much better than I expected; and as the daily expectation of setting

off on the visitation has kept me from going to work on any thing regular, I have been dipping about to my great amusement. . . . As to the prospects of these islands, in spite of the Utopians, I find sensible people pretty decided. The other day, a Mr. M. was here—he was brought up as manager, and now is overseer of the managers of several estates, so that he has good information; and as his whole mind has been given to the interest of the slaves, he is not a prejudiced evidence. He said that when the new bill came into operation, not an estate in the island would support a manager, *i. e.* that every non-resident proprietor, who is incompetent to the management of his own estate, will be forced to sell it. The most sensible person I have heard speak on the subject is Major R., an officer of Engineers, who was a long time quartered at Exeter; he has been out here a long time and has been in many of the islands, also he is a most distinguished officer, having been in five forlorn hopes, and yet has more the manners of a clergyman than a soldier. He says he thinks there will be no bloodshed, but that all the islands will slide quietly into a state of semi-civilization, will be entirely deserted by whites, and produce about one-fifth of the sugar. They say that if the growth of sugar was discontinued, the island would produce sustenance enough for a very much larger population almost without any cultivation. The vegetation is really wonderful. The guinea corn grows



near fifteen feet high: and in the sugar crop there seems to be a mass of solid vegetable matter thrown up as much as there is in a copse of ten years' growth. It is an impenetrable thicket of rank iris: the cane part is just like the knotty root of an iris straightened out, and rising six or seven feet out of the ground, its colour is the richest yellow green that can be conceived.

*Feb. 6.* At anchor off Nevis,—between it and St. Christopher's, which the Protestants have vulgarized into St. Kitt's. The Bishop is ashore confirming, and I have stayed to fetch up lee-way. Since Monday, Jan. 26th, when we started on our voyage, I have been in quite a new state of things. The Forte Frigate, forty-six guns—Commodore P., &c.—is carrying us about from island to island; but as the C. is obliged to be at Barbadoes early in March, and as he still intends taking the Bishop to La Guayra, we are cut very short for time, which is in some instances tantalizing. I have a very uncomfortable hot, dark berth, which I could go into amusing details about, if it was worth the trouble—but “beggars must not be choosers,” as they say, so I may think myself well off to have any berth at all. The first place we got to was Antigua. About seven in the morning I came on deck, and found we were close to it: quite unlike Barbadoes—it put me in mind of Ithaca, or bits of the Sicilian coast: very beautiful, but on a small scale. While we stood off and on before what seemed an

iron-bound coast, a pilot-boat emerged from one-could-not-say-where; and when the pilot was on board, we tacked and sailed straight against a rock. As we got quite close, it began to appear that the shore was not a continuous line, but that one rock overlapped another, and between these there turned out to be an entrance about a gun-shot wide, which took us into a beautiful little lake, where there was just room to anchor. You will find it in the map, under the name English harbour.

And now I will not go on bothering with descriptions. We landed at the dockyard, where a file of soldiers were drawn up in compliment to the Bishop, and as he stepped out of the boat the batteries saluted. That part of Antigua is exquisitely beautiful—very deep bays and rocks and pasture and wood and mountains, put the sugar and the niggers quite out of one's head. The people seem a superior set to what you have elsewhere. I liked some of the clergy much, and the resident proprietors are said to be with some exceptions intelligent gentlemen. . . .

We were at Antigua six days; since that we have been at Montserrat and Nevis, both mountainous, on a large scale, and generally lost in cloud. Nevis is not unlike Pantelaria. Yesterday we dined at the President's, and had turtle for the first time. It seems clear every where that the proprietors out here take the emancipation very differently from what was expected; and, whether to put a

good face on things, or as a last hope, give in to the cant which has been raised against them. Yesterday I sat by a man who had come out last July after having been two years in England, and he told me he never was so surprised as at the completely altered tone on the slave question, and the disposition to praise what his friends in England thought so abominable, and what two years before would have been thought so here. I always find that people interested hate to take the gloomy view that Major R. takes. I am amused by proposing it to them as a question. But the soldiers seem all to think with Major R. I met a Major C. at Antigua, who told me that he and many other officers had taken pains to get at what the negroes felt about this emancipation, and what they would do after it; and that the invariable answer was: "Massa, when me free, me tro' (throw) away hoe;" *i. e.* "me will not work," for the hoe is the only agricultural implement used here. Every one admits that in all the islands the labour of one day in a week will support a family; so that wherever there is waste land it is absolutely certain they will seize on it, and become little farmers, working one day a week and sleeping the rest: and now I will not go on crossing. . . .

I doubt what to say of my cough. I certainly am more short-winded than I was last winter, for I cannot walk up hill without resting, as I did at Messina, but otherwise I feel well, and cough about as much and as little as I did last summer. I have

lots more to say, but if I say some I must say all, so I shut up in despair.

*Feb. 12.* Yesterday we left St. Christopher's where we were most kindly received by the governor, Colonel N. He told me he had been a great deal in Devonshire, having been inspecting field officer there in 1807, and that he had often met you at Kitley and Sharpham.

These islands are exquisitely beautiful: we are now in sight of several of them, like an archipelago, only the high parts are almost constantly in cloud. The temperature is several degrees lower than at Barbados, and I think agrees better with me; at least they tell me I look fatter than I did when we started on our voyage.

## 95.

(γ. 49.) *Feb. 8.*—Here I am with the Bishop on his visitation, so that I have the advantage of a good long sea voyage and some variety of scenery, both which are good for me, though I cannot say they have as yet produced any perceptible effect. I seem to be just as well and no better than I was last summer; in fact, this is nothing else than a protracted summer, and it is unreasonable to expect more from climate here than from the same climate in England. You will see in my letter to —— how I have employed my time in Barbados, and the length that I am being pulled on in anti-Protestantism<sup>1</sup>. Would not Hammond, and Fell, and the

<sup>1</sup> [The anti-Protestantism spoken of in this passage is quite distinct from Romanism.—*Vide Letters*, 69—72.]



rest of those holy humble men of God have<sup>1</sup> altered

. . . . .

. . . . . ——— seems to think any thing better than an open rupture with the state, as sure to entail loss of caste on the clergy. Few men can receive the saying that the clergy have no need to be gentlemen. . . . .

Antigua is a most beautiful island, as different as possible from Barbados; very finely shaped into miniature mountains, and deeply intersected with creeks and bays, in many parts covered with trees and shrubs, and long lawns of grass land showing between them; you might ride for miles without leaving the turf or meeting a fence. Also many of the people seemed to me to be worth knowing; two or three of the parsons in particular, who, though tinctured with methodism, seemed humble-minded and in earnest. It is curious to observe how every one out here, planters, parsons, and all, have eaten dirt, and give into the anti-slavery cant. I saw a man the other day, who, having been two years in England during the agitation of the question, came out just after it was settled, and he described the tergiversation as we should that about the Catholic question; he said he never could guess what any one would say or think from what he had known of

<sup>1</sup> [If they had had the *whole body* of the English Church in agreement with them. The sort and amount of alteration which the writer probably contemplated may be seen in Tracts for the Times, Via Media.]

them before, but that all had a new slang, and talked about the time being come for emancipation, the good judgment and moderation of Mr. Stanley, &c. This seems to me to bode ill for the Church, if indeed there were not enough bad symptoms without. The payment of the clergy depends entirely on the will of the planters in each island, who are in many instances openly irreligious men, and few of whom have ever done any thing for the Church except to please government at home, or to keep things quiet; and when these fellows withdraw their support, there is nothing to fall back upon. Last Sunday, at Antigua, out of 250 communicants, I don't think there could have been twenty-five men, and the coxcombical dresses of the women, even among the poorest classes, looked as if they came there for a show more than any thing else. However, in spite of the state of society, it must be owned that these islands, with the exception of Barbados, are very beautiful indeed. Montserrat, Nevis, and St. Christopher's are mountainous on a very large scale; the peaks generally lost in cloud, the flat land about the shore as green as emerald, and melting away gradually into rough woodland as you ascend towards the steep irregular ground, at last becoming a mass of impenetrable forest up to the very top. They say the wood is so very thick and entangled as to make the tops of the mountains quite inaccessible, and at Nevis no one in the island has achieved the feat. On the opposite side of the strait in which

we are lying is Mount Miserere, in St. Christopher's. I cannot make it out for the mass of cloud that veils it, and it is too far off to see the wood distinctly; but we shall be there this evening, so it is no use guessing.

*Feb. 12.*—We have just left St. Christopher's; it is the most beautiful of any of the islands I have yet seen. Mount Miserere is quite fine; a precipitous granite crag, quite bare, and of a very great height, rising out of the rich woods with which the mountain is clothed up to the top, and stooping over a very deep hollow, which has once been the crater of a volcano. I should have liked much to get up there, but had not time, and besides, they say it is very difficult. The people here seem to have very little curiosity; in fact, few tastes except acquisitiveness.

. . . . I see the papers have begun to talk; addresses to the Archbishop are said to be pouring in. I wish I could get my lungs right again to make preachments, and give the Yanks a talking over. We shall be back at Barbados the second week in March, and about then the weather in New York brightens up. I think I have made up my mind not to be in England till the latter end of May, whatever news we have, so I shall certainly have time on my hands, and if I can't preach I can prose, so I may as well go at any rate. Do ply the people with tracts on the "safest course" principle: the more I think of it the more impor-

tant it seems as the intellectual basis of church authority. . . .

We have now got a north-west wind, which a few years since would have been almost a miracle in these latitudes. It is generally said that the trade-winds are becoming yearly more irregular, and have been for this last fifty years. It will make a curious change if they cease altogether; certainly nothing can be more irregular than we have had them, both in quantity and direction; it goes from a storm to a calm in no time, and the other night went all round the compass. This puts me in mind of an adventure we had the other evening at Nevis. There is no harbour there, but only a beach to land on, and sometimes a heavy surf. We landed in the morning, in still weather. In the course of the day it came to blow on shore, and we had to embark in the dark in a very heavy sea breaking on the sands most furiously. The Bishop slept on shore, but the commodore, the captain, the chaplain, and myself were carried on men's shoulders to the boat, which was lying as near the shore as it could in the midst of the breakers. I was put in second, and was only wetted by the water in the bottom of the boat, but the two last were fairly soused.

I have just been witnessing the preliminary ceremonies to a naval flogging: the man was let off at the Bishop's request, else he would have had three dozen; he was tied to a grate against the vessel's quarter, and the articles of war read over before all



the ship's company, while his jacket was off ready for the infliction. I was surprised at his coolness, though I thought he seemed to wince a little at the last. . . .

I am sure this stuff is not worth sending across the Atlantic, and I don't seem likely to mend it by writing more, only I suppose you will think it worth having accounts of me, if it was only to say that I am neither better nor worse; yet I really think I am better within the last few days. The weather is cooler than it was at Barbados, and I have taken to drinking a little wine, both which I think have done me good; at any rate, people tell me I am gaining flesh. . . .

## 96.

(β. 6.) *Feb.* 12.—I will try to scrape together stuff for a letter to you. We are becalmed with Saba off our starboard quarter, in the Forte frigate, forty-six guns, Commodore P., in which I am embarked with the Bishop on his visitation. It is a most curious thing that what little wind we have is from the north-west. They say the trade-winds are becoming less and less regular every year. A few years since this west wind would have been a miracle.

Somehow this frigate is beyond my comprehension. I am not up to taking an interest in its movements; it is 1150 tons, and the sails are so large, and the masts so high, and such an immense lot of ropes, that I see no hope of learning any thing

about it. When they get up the anchor they have 100 men at the capstan, and if they want to tack quickly they put 300 men to work at once. They do their work to the sound of two fiddles and a fife, instead of the gibber that one is accustomed to in the *Ranger* and elsewhere; so, as the —— would say, “I don’t comprehend the style of things.” The day before yesterday we had two adventures. 1. A man was to be flogged, and as I knew that he would be let off out of compliment to the Bishop, I went on deck to see the preliminary ceremony. The whole ship’s crew were mustered, while the fellow stood under guard; then a grating was lashed to the gangway, and his wrists and ancles made fast to it, his jacket having been stripped off in readiness; the officers stood in full dress on one side of him, and the boatswain’s mates on the other, and the Commodore read over the articles of war. I watched the fellow’s countenance closely. At first he seemed very unconcerned, but the ceremony seemed by degrees to work on his imagination, and just before his pardon was announced he seemed in considerable dismay. The thing has stuck in my mind deeper than I expected, and I feel rather sick at thinking of it. The officers say that letting him off did a great deal of harm. Last night ever such a lot were drunk, and I suppose they will catch it in a day or two. Twenty-four hours must elapse between the offence and the punishment. 2. The other adventure was falling in with a man-of-war

by night, so that we could not distinguish each other's colours. On nearing them we heard them pipe to quarters, and on coming up we found them, contrary to etiquette, with their main-deck lighted up, their guns and rigging manned, and with every demonstration of readiness for action ; so we had to make similar preparations with all speed : powder was got up, and both sides loaded and shotted, exactly as if we intended to fight. On passing them the Commodore asked what they were, and they would not tell, and nothing more came of it : a beautiful mare's nest. The officers say it was a Dutch frigate, and that since our ill behaviour to them they have made a point of showing our ships disrespect ; however, if a gun had gone off by accident, which might easily have been, as they all have flint and steel locks, it would have ended in a fight most likely. There is an officer on board to teach the new system of naval gunnery, which is said to be so much improved that two ships could not be alongside of each other ten minutes without one or other sinking : they very often hit a target of five feet by seven, at 400 yards, even when the sea is rolling very heavily. We are now among the Virgin Islands, between Tortola and St. Thomas's, which are not very unlike Guernsey, Sark, &c. in height and shape. I should be on deck looking at them, if I was not obliged to finish my letters by this evening, after which I shall have no opportunity of writing for another month. From St.

Thomas's we go to Santa Cruz, and from thence to La Guayra, so I shall have a fine cruise altogether; yet somehow I take no interest in the places I see: there is something so unromantic among the English, and so unpleasing about the niggers, that they spoil the scenery altogether. The thing that strikes me as most remarkable in the cut of these niggers is excessive immodesty; a forward, stupid familiarity, intended for civility, which prejudices me against them worse even than Buxton's cant did. . . . It is getting to be the fashion with every body, even the planters, to praise the emancipation and Mr. Stanley. . . . I want much to hear about your steam-engine. . . . If you have not yet got Law's letters to Hoadly, do with all speed. I read them through at the Bishop's, and only wonder I had not done so before; they are the most brilliant writing as well as argumentative overthrow of liberalism that I ever saw. Also try to get Law's answer to Hoadly's Plain Account of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. You can get all of these separately at old booksellers, *i. e.* sellers of old books<sup>1</sup>. There is some repetition towards the end of it, but it will pay for reading through, and the early part is admirable. I begin to think that the Nonjurors were the last of English divines, and that those since are twaddlers. The more I read the more I am

<sup>1</sup> [Law's two first Letters to Hoadly have been republished at Messrs. Rivingtons'.]



reconciled to the present state of things in England and prospects of the Church. It seems to be only the fermentation of filth which has long been in existence and could not be got rid of otherwise. . . .

Don't forget to get up early and have your hour's reading at something concerning your ἑργον as a man<sup>1</sup>. I advise you to be almost superstitious about it, remembering that ἑθῆ are the hand-glasses under which ἡθῆ grow. By the by, I do not see in the last — an article of mine that I expected. Did you deliver to T. that little parcel I sent by you? if not, look for it in your great-coat pockets, and deliver it with all speed. I know this sheet is full of misprints, but I cannot take the trouble to read it over and correct it. My cough is not much better or much worse than it was last summer, *i. e.* it is very trifling, but is >0. Yet upon the whole I think I am stronger and certainly less lean than I was. And now my ideas run slow, and take more trouble writing than they are worth reading, so with best love to J. . . .

## 97.

(a. 2.) *April 2.*—I thought two or three days since that I should be able to say by this packet that I had spent three days without coughing at all, but yesterday and to-day have not quite fulfilled my hopes. At any rate I can say that for three weeks

<sup>2</sup> [Vide note, p. 314.]

I have been getting sensibly better, in consequence of the discovery that even in this warm climate draughts of air are bad things, and that it makes a real difference to me whether I expose myself to them or take care. So I now really hope, that with the care I am now taking, I shall do what till lately I quite despaired of, get quite well. Certainly I am better now than I was any part of last summer, but I do not gain flesh. . . .

We left the island [Santa Cruz] at four o'clock on Thursday, the Bishop having been conveyed to Fredericstadt in the governor's carriage and four, escorted by an aide-de-camp, and embarking under a salute. We were under weigh in about an hour, with a breeze east-north-east. On Saturday evening we saw, like a pale blue mist rising above the clouds, the outline of the South American mountains. The next morning, when I came on deck, we were within nine miles of the coast, and the gigantic features of the scenery produced the same effect that we observed between Salerno and Amalphi, viz. of making distant objects seem so near each other. The mountains rose boldly out of the sea, as far as the eye could reach before us and behind us, as we sailed along the coast. Their height varies from 5000 to 9000 feet. One of them (the highest) is a perpendicular precipice for 8000 feet: Humboldt describes it as the most remarkable precipice in the world. However, the effect, as a whole, cannot be compared to that of the

Italian or Sicilian coast. The mountains are richly covered with wood from the very bottom to the top, except the peaks of the very highest, which are naked granite, but so high, that the rocky features, when diminished by the great distance, and rendered indistinct by the haze of the hot air, lose all their raciness; so that there is no variety of colour, but a mass of uniform green, or rather gray, more or less pale according to the distance. We coasted along about twelve miles almost under the shadow of the rocks, yet near nine miles from them. Early in the morning they were visible from top to bottom, but indistinct from the dazzle of the sun, which was behind them. About ten o'clock a line of little misty dots formed at an uniform height above the sea, perhaps 3000 feet. This became denser and denser, till it became one impenetrable cloud, above which we could see nothing. About twelve we anchored at La Guayra, which Humboldt says is the hottest place in the world. The thermometer in the cabin window was ninety degrees. The Bishop and Commodore disembarked that evening and rode over the mountains to Caraccas; I and some of the officers were to follow before daylight. Accordingly, having ordered mules over-night, we got up at half-past three, breakfasted on board, and set out for the shore, two boat loads. There was a very heavy rolling swell, and the landing-place is a wooden stage upon piles, which does not keep off the sea at all. We lay by anxiously waiting for a

lull, and all of us in the first boat succeeded in landing dry on the stage, and running off before a wave had time to reach us; but when the second boat was lying on its oars, in hopes of a lull like ours, a wave far above the size of the rest broke just ahead of them, and really I never saw such a nervous sight. The boat, in which were ten rowers and several officers, seemed to stand quite upright on its stern, so as to leave us doubtful which way it would fall. The whole was hid for a moment in a mass of spray, except that we could see the blades of the oars sticking out all in confusion as the water took them. When the wave passed and the boat righted, they say it was full up to the thwarts. On seeing this Captain H. ordered them to pull off, and sent a shore-boat for them, *i. e.* two niggers in a canoe, which took them out one or two at a time. The last load consisted of the Commodore's steward, an old Italian, for whom I have an affection, and a midshipman. As they were alongside the stage a wave broke outside them; the mid was lucky enough to catch hold in time, but the poor Italian, canoe, niggers, and all, totally disappeared, and were seen again about thirty yards off progressing with the crest of the wave towards the beach, on which all were deposited safe after a dive of near 600 yards. N. B. The niggers and Spaniards, when landing themselves, never think of going to the stage, but sitting very steadily in their canoes, wait where the waves begin to break, and only taking



care to keep the boat straight, and paddling a little to assist it in getting way at first, they are shot in without any effort, on the crest of the wave, with wonderful velocity, keeping on the downhill side of it all the time, and at last are deposited high and dry. When I saw this first I could hardly believe my eyes.

After waiting about an hour, the mules arrived, and we took our chance of them in the dark. By a curious hap I got the best. Our party were Captain H., Mr. —, the chaplain, who is a very worthy fellow, Mr. E., the second lieutenant, Mr. S., a marine officer, a very gentlemanlike little fellow, and three midshipmen. Our ride lay along the shore for the first half mile, and very grand it was, a furious sea, and the moon, extremely brilliant, reflected with that broad-flaring light which you always observe in disturbed water. By moonlight, too, the colour of the mountains seemed much less uniform than by day. One makes out chasms and ravines by their dark lines or spots of shadow which the haze of daylight had reduced to the same gray colour with the rest.

The road over the mountains is very curious ; it was made by the Spanish on their first conquest of the country, and there are extravagant traditions about the number of lives lost in making it. Indeed, it shows a total contempt of expense and labour. All the steeper parts of it are well paved. Rocks are cut through wherever they come in the

way, and to avoid seven miles of distance they go more than 1000 feet higher than they need. It is so steep and slippery that no one would think of riding a shod horse or mule over it. By the by, how silently unshod horses go along! and here, where the ground is so dry, the hoof sustains no injury from it. Every Tuesday and Saturday near 1000 loaded mules go up from La Guayra to Caraccas, and return Wednesday and Friday, on which days any one would be reckoned mad who should attempt to make his way in the opposite direction. You may guess what a place it is from this; it is only fifteen miles from La Guayra to Caraccas, but it costs more to convey goods those fifteen miles than the 5000 from London to La Guayra. As we ascended the hill, when we began to see objects around us, we found ourselves in a wood, with extremely rich and varied foliage, very different from the monotonous gray it had seemed at a distance. Some banks that I observed there would make J.'s mouth water, if he knew of them, as a study for greens. As we got higher, the character of the vegetation became less and less tropical, and at the top we found ourselves among our old acquaintances blackberries and ferns. The highest point of the pass is 5000 feet above the sea. On looking back to the sea, the horizon was so distant as to be invisible, and the transition from water to sky was perfectly imperceptible. The frigate had dwindled to a speck, but we could still

trace the undulations of the heavy swell which travelled over the surface.

On the other side the valley of Caraccas is a splendid sight, from the size of its features and the excessive richness of the cultivated thread which follows the course of the river, but the monotony of colouring is a sad drawback. One saw lines of mountains ranging one behind another, till in the extreme distance a dense mass of cloud settled over every thing. Below us masses of thin mist were floating about or settled in the hollows on the mountain side, capping some of the lower ranges. In the plain the city of Caraccas was spread out with its straight streets and its many towers, indicating convents and churches; the former on the point of being dissolved by the legislature, the latter tattered and unrepaired since the earthquake in 1812. The city is 3000 feet above the sea: the thermometer averages seventy-four degrees. It was an odd sensation to feel the touch of cold water again. . . .

On return back over the mountains it was very amusing to observe the different places which on our way up we had settled in our minds to be half way up. Before we arrived at that we had at first fixed upon, it seemed as if we were quite at the bottom. . . . The —— of this island, who is a Whig saint, asked the Bishop and Archdeacon to meet the admiral on Easter Eve. They declined, mentioning the day as their reason; so the next

time he met —— he said he did not know that Protestants kept Passion Week. I shall stay here a fortnight longer at least, and then set off for New York. I am very grateful for your long letters which come by every packet.

98.

(δ. 27.) *April 8.*—I am becoming a more and more determined admirer of the Nonjurors. . . . In the preface to the Articles it is said that we are to understand them in their grammatical sense; which I interpret into a permission to think nothing of the opinion of their framers. By the by, vide Bull's Works, vol. ii. page 255. "We are not ignorant that the ancient Fathers generally teach that the bread and wine in the Eucharist, by or upon the consecration of them, do become and *are made* the Body and Blood of Christ." . . . . You will like to know of my health. . . . I really think I am getting well. I left England with the impression that I was μινυνθάδιος, as you may see . . . . in a scratched out passage in one of my letters; since I have conceived hopes, I have become much more careful. I should not wonder if I stayed here till I get quite rid of my cough. Valete et confortamini in Domino.

99.

(γ. 50.) *Barbados, May 2.*—Ω φίλοι, Ἀργείων ἡγήτορες ἡδὲ μέδοντες.—Here I am still, and am likely to be for some time; in the course of the last six weeks I have derived most decided benefit from the



climate, so that I have no right to think I could change my situation for the better; but I am not well yet, and cannot afford to play tricks with myself. Also the spring is creeping on, and I think it nonsense to spend 100%. for the mere pleasure of returning to England, with the prospect of returning in two or three months. Try to satisfy the college that though my *ægritudo* is *diutina*, it may not be *incurabilis*<sup>1</sup>. . . . . I have settled a plan in my head for employing the next year in an odd way. They are greatly in want of a mathematical instructor at Codrington College, where the next generation of West Indian clergy are now in embryo. So I mean to offer myself, on condition of having a room given me and being allowed to battell; and in that capacity shall endeavour to instil some good notions into the youths. . . . . — is a nice amiable man, but rather evangelical; I like him much. . . . . Mind this is mere castle-building as yet, but it is ten to one it will be realized. In fact, unless I get suddenly and decidedly well before the end of this month, I see no chance against it; so will your worships have the goodness to get together a few sets of the — Tracts: also three or four copies of a work which I see much praised in the British Magazine, as coming from the pen of “a scholar, a man of refined taste, and above all a Christian:”

<sup>1</sup> [Allusion to the College Statutes.]

also a copy of an anonymous work called *The Christian Year*, which I forgot to bring with me: also the parts *autumnalis* and *hyemalis* of my Breviary: also any newspapers or reviews, or any thing else which will throw light on your worships' proceedings; and send the package to —: let it be a good big one; and mind to send lots of tracts, for I shall try hard to poison the minds of the natives out here . . . . There is a most commendable production in the supplemental December number, signed C—. Whose is it? he should be cultivated. I should like to see a good one on clergy praying with their faces to the Altar and backs to the congregation. In a Protestant church the parson seems either to be preaching the prayers or worshipping the congregation.

I am making a rough draft from such sources as are within my reach for an *opusculum*, which I mean to call "A Companion to the Prayer Book:" but it would take time to describe my plan and object; so I shall wait for an opportunity of sending you a specimen.

It has often occurred to me that something attractive and poisonous could be made out of a "history of missions." . . . . The matter should be, that in primitive times the missionaries were Bishops, and that their object was to educate a native clergy: then a little ingenuity might be applied to detect in this circumstance the cause of their success, and to account for modern failures by its

omission. Also it might be advantageous to point out by the way, that in a missionary church, such as that in Yankee land, it is very stupid to insist on the clergy having no secular avocations: honest tradesmen, who earn their livelihood, would be far more independent and respectable presbyters than a fat fellow who preaches himself into opulence. This admits of much development and illustration; in which a picture of — might be ornamental.

I wish Palmer would publish a Supplement to the *Origines Liturgicæ*, with the anaphora of the primitive liturgies in Greek. Have you read Brett's translation of them? They are a death-blow to Protestantism, if Palmer is right about their antiquity and independence. Also, do you know that our Communion Service, as altered from the first book of Edward VI., never received the sanction of Convocation till the reign of Charles II.? Before long I shall send you a superficial account of the putting down of Convocation, which I think I can make effective.

The climate out here is certainly delicious, though it alters one's metaphors a little: *e. g.* the shady side of the hedge would be the cheerful one. The only nuisance is that every thing is so inelegant: money and luxury are the people's sole objects; and their luxuries are only of the kind that can be enjoyed on the instant: no one counts on living here, so there are no porticos, no fountains, no avenues,—nothing that makes the south of Europe such a fairy land. Windmills and boiling houses,

treeless fields and gardenless houses, are the only things one sees ; except at my dreamed-of residence Codrington College, where there is a grand avenue of gigantic palms, a delicious spring of the freshest (nothing is cold here) clearest water, and a very tolerably nice flower-garden with mowed turf, and roses that smell, and almost complete seclusion. If I go there I shall turn sentimental, and sit *παρὰ θῖνα θαλάσσης ἀτρυγέτοιο δακρυχέων*. I wish I could be in England now, and see a little of “ Nature’s tenderest, freshest green,” &c. Out here it is the leafless time. Things keep their leaves as long as the winter rains last, and they don’t get them again till the summer rains begin. At present every thing seems parched up. The grass is burnt ; the corn cut, and most of the sugar : the ponds in which the niggers bathe and wash, and from which, in spite of all their masters can do, they will drink, are stagnant, and almost stinking ; and yet it has seemed to me that there is as much rain and as irregular weather as we have in England. I have seldom seen the sky cloudless. . . .

By the by, our Whig — is going on at a great rate ; only I have not left room to tell of his pranks. It seems to be the wish of Government to make the coloured people the dominant caste, and to set up the Moravians against the Church ; and they will most likely effect both objects. The niggers are getting very saucy already, particularly those that the parsons have been cockering up. The great



object . . . . seems to be to *coax* as many as they can to be baptized, and to marry, and to learn to read; and those who do are made much of at once, and every thing is supposed to be right with them. Is not baptism, unless followed by an attempt at a Christian life, as great a curse as receiving the Lord's Body unworthily? The primitive Church seems to have thought so—

χαίρετε δ' ὑμεῖς πάντες, ἐμεῖο δὲ καὶ μετόπισθεν, κ. τ. λ.

100.

(a. 3.) *August 22.*—I am now at Codrington College, where Mr. P. the Principal, and his wife, have made me very comfortable indeed. I am quite ashamed to think how much trouble they have taken. I have two rooms about thirteen by fourteen each, twelve high; the sitting room looks out on the Atlantic, which is about half a mile off at the bottom of a very steep hill—to which the Babbicombe one is nothing. The view is very pretty: the fore-ground is the Principal's garden, which is the most English thing in the West Indies they say: then comes some very rough uncultivated ground, some part of which is quite parkish, and at the bottom a beautiful little bay, which just now while the wind is south, is as still as a millpond, but which in general receives the full swell of the Atlantic, in its most unmitigated boisterousness, and then is not so pleasant an object for the eye to rest on. The thermometer here is said generally to

stand five degrees lower than on the west side of the island: yet even here it is eighty-five or eighty-six every day. The hot weather has come on all of a sudden, and will last till the middle of November, and then go off as suddenly. At Midsummer here the sun is so far north as to have lost much of his power; and it is on his return to the vertical position, just about this time, that the most intense heat is experienced; now he will begin to run away fast to the south.

I give two lectures a day, which is an amusement, and helps me to avoid thinking, which is ruination I am sure. Some of the youngsters are very stupid, some passable, and one rather clever; so that the work is not monotonous. I have commons from the College kitchen very comfortably, and since I have had the ordering of my own dinner, I have entirely left off animal food. My dinner is a sort of slimey vegetable, the name of which I forget, but which tastes something like an oyster, and custard pudding, and a tumbler of water. At breakfast I eat two eggs, and put lots of butter to my bread; it is only lately that I have got over my dislike to Barbados butter. The first hour after daylight, I work myself with dumb bells, which is very dull, but they say a good thing; and washing afterwards is a great treat. Also I sometimes undress in the middle of the day, and have a bout at the same dull occupation to get an appetite for dinner; and about half past five in the evening I get an hour's

walk: so I am doing all I can for myself if nature will but help me, and if my patience will hold out. The disheartening thing is, that if I ate a beefsteak and drank a bottle of porter and six glasses of wine a day, I don't believe my pulse would rise or my cough increase an atom. However, I hope to give this abstemious plan a fair trial; for unless it weakens me, which I have not yet found, it can do no harm.

I got your letter and parcel yesterday, and was most thankful for both . . . . Burton's views are very confused, though the spirit is excellent.

I wish you did not set your face so pertinaciously against any alteration in the mode of appointing Bishops; that is the real seat of the disorder of the Church: the more I think of it, the more sure I am that unless something is done about it, there must be a separation in the Church before long, and that I shall be one of the separatists. It will not do to say that you see great evils in any proposed new plan; that is a very good argument when the present state of things is good; but when a man is dying, it is poor wisdom in him to object that the plans the surgeons propose for his relief are painful and dangerous. There is another reform, which I have been thinking of lately more than I did before, though I have long thought something should be done about it; and it is one which every clergyman can make for himself without difficulty. I believe

it to be the most indispensable of all the duties of external religion, that every one should receive the communion as often as he has opportunity; and that if he has such opportunity every day of the week, it is his duty to take advantage of it every day of the week. And farther, as an immediate corollary from this, I think it the duty of every clergyman, to give the serious members of his congregation this opportunity as often as he can without neglecting other parts of his duty. Now at —, if you had the communion every Sunday you might make sure of a sufficient number of communicants: and I don't know of any other duty that you would have to neglect in consequence. Or at any rate you might have it every month without the slightest difficulty, and need assign no reason for the change; indeed, people would not find out at first that there was any change. I wish you would turn this over in your mind. I dare say you will think my view overstrained, and very likely it may be a little. Yet the more I think of it, the less doubtful it seems to me. I know that neither N. nor K., when I left England, saw the thing in the light in which it now strikes me; they thought that it was desirable to have the communion as often as possible, but still that the customs of particular places ought not to be changed without particular reason. But it really does seem to me that the Church of England has gone so very wrong in this matter, that it is not right to keep things smooth any longer. The



administration of the Communion is one of the very few religious duties now performed by the clergy for which Ordination has ever been considered necessary. Preaching and reading the Scriptures is what a layman can do as well as a clergyman. And it is no wonder the people should forget the difference between ordained and unordained persons, when those who are ordained do nothing for them, but what they could have done just as well without Ordination. If you are determined to have a pulpit in your church, which I would much rather be without, do put it at the west end of the church, or leave it where it is: every one can hear you perfectly; and what can they want more? But whatever you do, pray don't let it stand in the light of the Altar, which, if there is any truth in my notions of Ordination, is more sacred than the Holy of Holies was in the Jewish Temple.

I have just heard that the postman is going, and so must write for my life. The college is about fourteen miles from Bridge Town, and about in the same latitude on the east side of the island. It is a long handsome stone building, which has been very ill repaired since the hurricane. It consists of a hall and chapel, each about fifty feet long, with a handsome porch between them, and two wings in which the rooms are. I will give you a sketch in my next. The Principal's house, which is a separate building at the west end, is a very good specimen of a Queen Anne house, only without chimneys.

The carving of the staircase and doors is very costly in cedar. It is so well built, that the hurricane hardly hurt it at all. I generally drink tea there; but breakfast and dine in my rooms. I get out of bed as soon as it is light, if they bring me my coffee so soon; else I wait for it. You can't think how odd one feels at getting up without a cup of it. I did not feel this at first, and perhaps it is only habit now. I breakfast at half past eight, dine at three: give lectures from twelve to two; and the rest of the day give my body as much exercise, and my mind as little, as I can. There are about fourteen students here—very little for so expensive an establishment. If I was the Bishop, I should not make it a place for the exclusive education of gentlemen; but should let the respectable coloured people, who had time and inclination to study divinity, come here and prepare for orders, without insisting on Latin and Greek. These colonies are not ripe for supporting a learned clergy; the wealthy are too irreligious to pay towards the maintenance of any thing like a sufficient number to look after the population. The Bishop should take people of the caste in life that the Wesleyan ministers come from, and taking care to keep a tight hand over them, should ordain all who have sufficient zeal and knowledge to undertake the burden. I will not even insist on their giving up their trades; for if a parish priest can keep a school, I am sure he may make shoes without giving up more of his

time: and if St. Paul could maintain himself by tent-making, while he discharged the duties of an Apostle, I don't see why other people should not be able to maintain themselves as well, while they do the duties of a parish priest. The notion that a priest must be a gentleman is a stupid exclusive protestant fancy, and ought to be exploded. If they would educate a lower caste here, they would fill the college directly.

101.

(n. 1.) *Sept. 25.*—By the time you get this it will be near a year since I have heard a word about you, except the negative fact that . . . . . Of N. I heard as *late* as December 15, 1833. I have just referred to the rascal's letter. But as to K. and C., and you and the Ms., &c. I am in utter ignorance on which side the Styx you are all residing. . . . . As to myself I don't know exactly what to say—sometimes I think I am much better than when I left England, and sometimes I can't tell why I think so. At any rate I am no worse, and now the hot season is half over, and then I dare say I shall make a start. I have entirely left off animal food, which has cooled me without weakening me; and I have left off writing radicalism, which did myself harm, and no one else any good; for I see neither N. nor —— will take any of it. Also, above all, I have left off thinking, which, on maturer reflexion, I am convinced is the great evil of human life. If the sun was

not so intensely hot as to make sitting in the open air intolerable, (N.B. There is no shade here,) I should take to drawing; but, somehow, there is not much to tempt one in that department. The lights and shades are here a third proportional to the lights and shades of an English summer day, and those on a moonlight night. Every thing is one mass of brightness, except for the first and last half hours of the day. The skies, too, are entirely deficient in that glow which one's English imagination associates with heat; pale transparency, which one can hardly look at for its brilliance, stares at one on every side, and every part of the sky reflects so much light on every part of the landscape, that you may apply to day what Virgil says of night—

——cœlum condidit [igne]

Jupiter, et rebus [lux] abstulit [cana] colorem.

The two things which I should like to make drawings of are the bread-fruit tree, and the particular kind of palm which, in the poetical language of the country, they call the cabbage tree; both of which are certainly very beautiful, the former most especially so; and both so unlike any thing English, that I don't yet understand how to touch the foliage.

. . . . I have two very pleasant rooms in the pleasantest spot in the whole island, and battel just as at Oxford, which serves to keep up a pleasant



illusion. The College is about 400 feet above the sea, which is about two-thirds of a mile off, and the aspect of my sitting-room is straight towards England; so that when I am sentimental and dumpish—

πόντον ἐπ' ἀρῦγετον δερκέσκομαι ἀχνύμενος κήρ.

This windward coast is for ever exposed to the full roll of the Atlantic, and its monotonous perturbation wearies one's imagination, as well as the mud and sand, neither of which does it suffer to repose for a moment. I often wish for what I used to think no very interesting object, the motionless calms of Torbay or Dartmouth. This is now the middle of the hurricane season, but we have as yet escaped without any alarm. I don't know how it is, but, in spite of all the marvels and horrors which I have been told, and believe, about the late hurricane, I am not able to realize the idea so far as to feel alarm: thunder and lightning seem to me more terrible than any wind, even than a wind which could lift up a twenty-four pounder and send it spinning for forty or fifty yards, which the last hurricane certainly did. After all I have said about the glare of the sun, you will be surprised to hear that the range of the thermometer in this hottest season is between eighty and ninety degrees, and that it is seldom above eighty-five. The strong wind which is for ever blowing over the Atlantic keeps down the temperature of the air, in spite of all the sun can do, so that in-doors one is never very much oppressed; yet the difference between the

feeling of eighty and eighty-five is much greater than I should have thought. After the middle of November it will be always below eighty, and sometimes even at seventy.

I am ashamed to say I cannot get over my prejudices against the niggers; every one I meet seems to me like an incarnation of the whole Anti-slavery Society, and Fowell Buxton at their head. Good bye, my dear ——, and remember me to the Vicar and Curate of St. Mary's, C., the Ms., M., and any one else that cares for me.

102.

(γ. 51. *October.*)—I wish I knew Horace's receipt for giving the sound of a swan to mute fishes, and I most certainly should administer you a dose. I know you must have a great deal on your hands, so I should be contented with extracting only two pages in as big a hand as an idle undergraduate's theme: but I really do wish to hear something of you. . . . Concerning your worship's self, I have been able to collect that you were in existence on or about the 12th of June last. . . .

——'s death was a great surprise to me, and I may almost say a shock, as I had always looked to him to do something great for us. . . . Do you know I partly fear that you and —— and —— are going to back out of the conspiracy, and leave me and —— to our fate. I mean to ally myself to him in a close league, and put as much mischief into his head as I can. He has sent me a great

many of his pamphlets, &c., which I admire greatly for their *ῥηθος* and execution; and I have written back to him, pointing out wherein I think him too conservative. . . . .

I have written to — by this post, telling how I am, *i. e.* much as I have been for the last six months; so I shall not go into details over again. I really think this illness is being a good thing for me; to be out of the way of excitement does more good to myself than I could do to others by being in it; and I don't know that it does one any harm to have the impression brought seriously before one, that one is not to see out the changes which seem to be at hand. I don't think I have any good ground for apprehension; but it sometimes comes into my head that . . . . the pertinacity of my trifling disorder looks as if I had not much stamina left. The hurricane season finished with full moon to-day, and they say the very hot weather will soon follow its example. When it gets cooler, I am willing to hope I shall make some more perceptible progress; at least they say that very hot weather is as bad for the lungs as very cold. The thermometer is never above ninety in the shade; but the power of the sun is beyond any thing when he is quite vertical, and the shadow of one's hat comes on one's toes. The season has gone off without any serious storm on this island; though they have had a very severe hurricane at Dominica. I believe a hurricane is seldom above thirty miles broad.

As to the effects of the emancipation, I will not prose about it ; all I could tell you will have been in the newspapers. The state of society out here, is to me as uninteresting and unpromising as the country itself, which is saying a good deal. If —— has received a letter I wrote him, you will know by this time that I am a kind of sub-tutor at Codrington College. . . . There are now only fourteen undergraduates, and only one application for admission. . . . People here seem to have found out that the Church is a bad speculation, and send their sons into trade. . . .

Lately I have been amusing myself with reading Walter Scott's novels over again, and have got a different impression about them from what I had. In Meg Merrilies I can see nothing to admire, nor in Edie Ochiltrie ; and in their stead I have taken into high favour Mr. Pleydell and Julia Mannering. If I did not think . . . I would write some letters for the British Magazine on the *ἥθος* of these novels, good and bad. The liberalism is certainly intolerable, yet one can see it is affected, and to point this out might be amusing enough.

I wish I was well enough to read hard. The Bishop's library would give plenty of materials, particularly about the divines of the last century, on whom Rose has laid the lash pretty sharply I see in his Durham lecture. As to the Reformers, I think worse and worse of them. Jewell was what you would in these days call an irreverent dissenter.



His Defence of his Apology disgusted me more than almost any work I have read. Bishop HICKES and Dr. BRETT I see go all lengths with me in this respect, and I believe LAUD did. The Preface to the Thirty-nine Articles, was certainly intended to disconnect us from the Reformers. . . .

## 103.

(§. 28.) *Nov.* 23.—Do you know I am hungry and thirsty to hear about you. . . . The last time I wrote to you I was expecting to get well; since which I have had a long fit of moping, but now I am in rather better spirits again; for I really believe that an external inflammation, which I have been keeping up for some time on my chest, touches the interior disorder . . . so that I hope in time I may wear out the disorder, if I have pluck enough to irritate the sore sufficiently. The worst of it is, it keeps me from sleeping. I verily believe that some nights, after putting on a fresh relay of ointment, I cannot have slept half an hour. . . . As to sentiment, I am heartily tired of this place and climate. I am sure it has been too hot for me, particularly during August, September, and October, the hurricane months. I fancy, too, if there was something more to interest one, I should have been benefited by it. Niggerland is a poor substitute for the *limen Apostolorum*. However, I do verily believe that if I had stayed in England I should have had a confirmed disease on my lungs by this time. My cough, which used to

be confined to the throat, has manifested a strong inclination to work downwards, and, I have no doubt, that it made great progress the last month before I sailed. When I think of the sensations I used then to feel in my chest, I seem to myself to have had a shave, if indeed I have weathered the point yet. I have not written a verse since I have been out here, and could not, for the life of me. I am compelled to admit that my feeling for the poetical, if I ever had any, is fast drying up. My other faculties, too, *quales quales*, seem in a state of stagnation. Thinking, I find, to be the worst thing possible for me; so that I am, *per* force, as idle as possible, my chief occupation being to keep thoughts out of my head. . . . If I had the necessary books here, I should like much to get together materials for the lives of Bishops Andrews, Cosin, and Overall. They might be made into a nice first volume, for a series of "Lives of Apostolical Divines of the Church of England:" a genus which seems to me to have come into existence about the beginning of James I., and to have become extinct with the Nonjurors.

I remembered yesterday, when I had got so far, that it was the day year on which I sailed from Falmouth. The thoughts of the cold bleak weather which we had then reconciled me much to my exile. I wish I could say, as John of Salisbury of St. Thomas, "*Domino Cantuarensi, quoad literaturam et mores, plurimum profuit exilium illud.*" But

somehow I think I have become even more uncharitable and churlish than I was. I have felt it a kind of duty to sustain in my mind an habitual hostility to the niggers, and to chuckle over the failures of the new system; as if these poor wretches concentrated in themselves all the whiggery, dissent, cant, and abomination, that have been ranged on their side<sup>1</sup>. I heard, the day before yesterday,

<sup>1</sup> [The reader must not confound the Author's view of the negro cause and the abstract negro with his feelings towards any he should actually meet. He has above said he received the communion with them; and it was impossible to know him well, and not be struck with his gentleness and kindness towards men most removed in opinions or circumstances from himself, except they were the originators of error. The following extract from a German writer, on the imprecatory Psalms, is in point:—

“One, to whom every advocate of reason will assuredly pay all deference, no ways thought that from such passages [imprecatory passages in the Psalms] a want of love toward individuals of a heathen nation was to be inferred—I mean Lessing. While he was at Hamburg, a hot controversy was kindled against the Pastor Goetze, who, when it was proposed to strike out of the Fast-day-prayer the words, Ps. lxxix. 6. ‘Pour out thine indignation upon the heathen, and upon the kingdoms which do not call upon thy name,’ had undertaken their defence. Lessing—he who, through a predilection for the theatre, had deserted the pulpit, took this occasion to write a sermon—a sermon? Yes, and on this very passage, Ps. lxxix. 6, in Sterne’s manner, with the title ‘A Sermon on Two Texts, on Ps. lxxix. 6. Pour out thine indignation, &c. and on Matt. xxii. 39. Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself: by Yorick. Translated out of the English.’ He only printed a few copies—for his object was

from one of the Clergy, that the number of deaths among the emancipated children, who are left to

only to show the Reformers, who thought themselves so clever, that there were cleverer than they—and gave one to the captain of their troop, the Preacher Alberti. Nicolai himself tells us that Alberti was scared, and saw ‘that Lessing was not a man to trifle with,’ and feared its effects on the public. At his intreaties Lessing suppressed the sheets. The preface only has been preserved, which relates the occasion on which Yorick wrote his sermon. This, however, lets one see what Lessing meant. It was as follows—

“ ‘ Captain Shandy was walking one day with his faithful Trim. They met, on the way-side, a half-starved man, in a tattered French uniform, leaning on a crutch, one foot being maimed. With downcast eyes, and without speaking, he took off his hat; but his care-worn countenance spoke for him. The captain gave him more shillings than I can well tell; Trim took a penny out of his pocket, and said, as he gave it him, “ French dog!” The captain was silent some seconds, and then said, “ Trim! it is a man, and not a dog!”

“ ‘ The lame Frenchman had limped after them. At these words of the captain, Trim gave him another penny, and again said “ French dog!”—“ And, Trim, the man is a soldier!” Trim looked at him fixedly in the face, gave him again a penny, and said, “ French dog!”

“ ‘ And Trim! he is a brave soldier; see, he has fought for his country, and been severely wounded.” Trim squeezed his hand as he gave him another penny, and said, “ French dog!”—“ And, Trim! this soldier is a good and distressed father of a family, has a wife and four helpless children.” Trim, with a tear in his eye, gave all which he had left in his pocket, and said, somewhat low, “ French dog!”

“ ‘ When the captain came home, he talked over this incident with Yorick. Yorick said, “ *It is plain, Trim hates the whole nation, which is at enmity with his country; but he can love*



the care of their mothers, has increased frightfully since the first of August, Floggings too are just as common, and perhaps more severe than they used to be; only they are inflicted by the magistrate instead of the owner. . . . The deaths of the poor children is owing to the meddlesome folly of —, who went about the island haranguing the slaves against apprenticing their children; and the mothers have so little natural affection, that they are more willing to see them die, than to do what they have been told will be knocking under to their masters. In Antigua I hear they are getting on deplorably: the emancipated slaves leaving their proprietors very generally to turn fishermen. Things are so bad there, that the Speaker of the Assembly

*every individual in it, who deserves to be loved.*" This gave occasion to Yorick to preach the following sermon.' —

"Would any one of us be inclined to take offence at the Church prayers, which, when God let His judgments fall on the spoiler of Europe's thrones, and his misguided army, gave thanks and praise for the northern winter of thirty degrees frost, to Him the Ruler of all things, who has in His hand clouds, and air, and winds? Or would they doubt, that the same persons, who had offered in their Churches thanks and praise for this visitation of God upon the sinful nation, should they afterwards meet on the road a starved and frozen Frenchman, would be in a frame of mind to give him shelter and food? As our wars of 1813, so were all the wars of Israel, religious wars," &c. —Extract from Prof. Tholuck's Essay on the Love of our Enemies, especially in the Old Testament, particularly in reference to the Imprecatory Psalms.—*Litterarischen Anzeiger*, 1833, No. 46.]

declared officially that they were unable to vote any money to the assistance of Dominica (where, by the by, they have had a very bad hurricane, only the tail of which reached us, though it frightened every one). Also —, the attorney for —'s estate, and some others, has stated, that in those with which he is concerned 650 slaves have absconded since the first of August. With us the hurricane season passed off very quietly. . . .

104.

(θ. 3.) *Barbados, St. Stephen's Day.*—When I come home I mean to rat and be married, *i. e.* if I can hook in any one to be such a fool. The great difference between a wife and a friend is, that a wife cannot cut one and a friend can. It is a bad thing περισσὰ φρονεῖν, so I shall certainly rat. I see that — has. . . . Old —'s apostasy I knew of before. — cannot hold out long, if he is not fallen already. So why should you and I be wiser than our neighbours? . . . Some months ago, before I had repented of my radicalism, I was devising a scheme for you, which was knocked on the head by my finding from the British Magazine that you were ordained by the Bishop of —. For my part, I had rather have had my orders from a Scotch Bishop, and I thought of suggesting the same to you. The stream is purer, and, besides, it would have left me free from some embarrassing engagements<sup>1</sup>. By the by, all I know

<sup>1</sup> [Such as the necessity of holding by the union of Church

about any of you is through the British Magazine.  
. . . . . I am very thirsty for more authentic information. Not that I would have you write to me after the receipt of this letter, though ; for by that time I shall most likely be on my way back. I shall start as early as I can in April, and I really begin now to think that I shall come back cured. At least people tell me that since the weather has become cooler I have altered for the better in appearance rapidly, and certainly I have in strength. I have now left off animal food for many months : I live on milk and chicken broth ; and for two months I kept up a considerable external inflammation on my chest by tartar emetic ointment, which certainly has removed a feeling of oppression that used sometimes to frighten me. I have let the inflammation go back for this week, without any return of the feeling, but with the advantage of a fall in my pulse, which the sore had excited, or rather kept from sinking. For the last three weeks I have had a horse, which I have been cool enough to smug from the Bishop's stables in his absence, and this, I think, has been of use to me. Every evening I am able to start on a ride at four o'clock, and when it is cloudy or windy half an hour earlier, and I come back according to my fancy between six and seven ; so that I always get two hours, and sometimes three and a half. About ten days ago I was caught in a  
and State, of contenting himself with the English liturgical service, &c.]

regular West India shower, which I saw coming for some time, and rode for a shelter as fast as my horse could carry me. I had got within the length of Christ Church walk of it, when I saw that the shower had got between and cut off my retreat, and in a few moments it was on me, and I was so thoroughly soaked, that though I was at the place in two minutes, I did not think it worth while to avail myself of it, but rode on in the rain. Otherwise I have had very good luck, and to my extreme surprise and satisfaction have found that I am within three miles of real fine scenery, such as I did not dream of from any thing I have seen in my walks . . . . N.'s box, I grieve to say, has never arrived. . . . My only weapons have been the B. M., and a small parcel of pamphlets P. sent me. . . . What captivated — at first was a kind of warm, affectionate manner in Perceval's writing, which I am afraid he had desiderated in my conversation. For a long time he looked on me as a mere sophister, but P. conciliated his affections with Palmer's chapter on the Primitive Liturgies, and I verily believe that he would now gladly consent to see our Communion Service replaced by a good translation of the liturgy of St. Peter; a name which I advise you to substitute in your notes to — for the obnoxious phrase "Mass Book." . . . Altogether I have been very lucky in my different abodes out here.

For fear you should not be in Oxford, I will just



tell you what I have written also to N., viz. that since I wrote the beginning of this, I have had four days with less expectoration than I can remember for a very long time, and though yesterday and to-day I have been less fortunate, on the whole I really do fancy that I am getting well. . . .

105.

(8. 29.) *Dec. 26.*—There was a passage in a letter I have just received from my Father that made me feel so infinitely dismal, that I must write to you about it. He says you have written to him to learn something about me, and to ask what to do with my money. It really made me feel as if I was dead, and you were sweeping up my remains; and, by the by, if I was dead, why should I be cut off from the privilege of helping on the good cause? I don't know what money I left, little enough I suspect; but, whatever it was, I am superstitious enough to think that any good it could do "in honorem Dei et sacrosanctæ Matris Ecclesiæ," would have done something too "in salutem animæ meæ."

It really seems as if I was going to have a respite. I have still some symptoms which make me fear it may turn out moonshine, *e. g.* great irritability of pulse and shortness of wind in walking up hill. But every one says, and I cannot help observing, that my looks are greatly altered for the better. Since the cool weather began I have decidedly gained flesh and strength, and I am told that a kind of smothered cough, of which I was hardly conscious,

but which other people observed, has almost entirely left me. . . . Sometimes I seem to myself very ridiculous to give way to such doleful thoughts, considering how very little there is apparently the matter with me; and if it was not for the effect consumption had taken on my . . . family, I should be ashamed of myself. But the pertinacity of my trifling ailment has sometimes seemed to me like a warning that fate had put its hand on me for the next [world.]

When I get your letter, I expect a rowing for my Roman Catholic sentiments. Really I hate the Reformation and the Reformers more and more, and have almost made up my mind that the rationalist spirit they set afloat is the *ψευδοπροφήτης* of the Revelations. I have a theory about the beast and woman too, which conflicts with yours; but which I will not inflict on you now. I have written nothing for a long time, and only read in a desultory, lounging way; but really it is not out of idleness, for I find that the less I do the better I am, and so on principle resist doing a good deal that I am tempted to.

*Dec. 29.*—I feel most particularly well. This is the fourth day in which I have scarcely expectorated at all. I am afraid fate will punish me to-morrow for bragging.

*Jan. 2, 1835.*—I have not gone on at such a splendid rate as I boasted of in my last sentence, but am much better than I expected to be when I wrote

last to you ; so I am in good heart about myself. The turning out of Lord Melbourne is not good news, as far as I can judge ; it will only put to sleep all that were beginning to rouse themselves and rub their eyes. . . . I wish I knew how you were, and what you were about.

106.

(§. 30.) *Jan.* 1835.—I am ashamed of myself for having grumbled at you ; your letter almost made me cry. My dumps are my only excuse, and you may guess I have had a good dose of them. Now I am in much better spirits about myself, and am flooded with letters to boot ; so I ought to be in a good humour ; yet I don't know whether the prospect of being home again soon, and the knowledge of what is going on there, has not made me less contented. . . . My improvement consists in indifference to exposures, which I could not bear this time last year, and in the greater regularity of my pulse, though I have taken to animal food again. Every one remarks on my looks too, and I can beat as hard as I like on any part of my chest, without feeling a tendency to cough. My throat, however, is just as it was. . . . Till the enemy is dislodged from this its old position I shall not think I have escaped. . . .

I am sure the Daily Service is a great point, so is kneeling with your back to the people, which, by the by, seems to be striking all apostolicals at once : I see there are letters on it in the British

Magazine. I was very strongly impressed about it this time year at Caraccas. I was with —— when they were consulting how the Consecration Service should be performed at the new burial ground, so as to have the most imposing effect. One of the ends of the intended chapel was ornamented with an Altar and Cross over it in bas relief. It struck ——, as a matter of course, that this should be the station from which the chaplains should read service. At first —— acquiesced, for having lived very little in Protestant countries, the possibility that —— could intend the clergy to look towards the people never occurred to him; but when he found out what was meant, it was [curious] to see his horror at the idea of praying with one's back towards the Cross. He thought it would cause a sensation through all Caraccas. . . . This fell in so much with my floating thoughts, that since then I have been convinced they were not idiosyncratic, however uncommon they may be among Protestants. So I rejoice to see other independent testimonies to the same point. . . .

I am more and more indignant at the Protestant doctrine on the subject of the Eucharist, and think that the principle on which it is founded is as proud, irreverent, and foolish as that of any heresy, even Socinianism. I must write you out a sentence of Pascal on this. My edition is differently arranged from most, so I cannot refer you to it. Speaking of Isai. xlv. 15, he says, “Il a demeuré caché sous la



voile de la nature, qui nous le couvre, jusqu' à l'incarnation ; et quand il a fallu qu' il ait paru, il s'est encore plus caché, en se couvrant de l'humanité. . . . Enfin, quand il a voulu accomplir la promesse qu' il fit à ses Apôtres de demeurer avec les hommes jusqu' à son dernier avènement, il a choisi demeurer dans le plus étrange et le plus obscur secret de tous, savoir, sous les espèces de l'Eucharistie." And then he goes on to say that deists penetrate the veil of nature, heretics that of the incarnation ; " mais pour nous, nous devons nous estimer heureux de ce que Dieu nous éclaire jusqu' à le reconnaître sous les espèces du pain et du vin." I believe you will agree with me that this is orthodox<sup>1</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> [Pascal, *Pensées*. The reader may be interested in the witness of another powerful mind to the deep philosophy on which sacramental worship is presented to us. " In moral and religious matters, no more than in physical and civil, do men willingly do any thing abruptly ; they need a sequence, whereby a habit may be formed ; the things which they are to love or to perform they cannot conceive as isolated and detached ; that which we are to repeat with satisfaction must have become familiar to us. If the Protestant worship in general fails in fulness, in particular it has too few sacraments ; indeed, it has only one in which man is himself an agent—the Lord's Supper ; for he only sees baptism conferred on others, and receives no benefit thereby. The Sacraments are the summit of religion, the sensible symbol of an extraordinary Divine grace. In the Eucharist mortal lips receive the embodied Divinity, and partake of heavenly under the form of earthly nutriment. This is the sense of all Christian churches, be the Sacrament received with more or less submis-

Also why do you praise Ridley? Do you know sufficient good about him to counterbalance the fact

sion to the mystery, with more or less adaptation to what is intelligible. Still it ever remains a great and sacred action, which occupies the place of that which, unattainable by himself, is yet indispensable to man. But such a Sacrament should not stand alone; no Christian can approach Christ with that true joy which Christ was given to inspire, unless the symbolical or mystical sense within him has been cultivated. He must be accustomed to regard the interior religion of the heart, and that of the church without, as entirely *one*, as the great universal sacrament, which distributes itself again into many others, and imparts to each of them its own sanctity, indestructibility, and eternity.

“Behold, a youthful pair join their hands, but not for a transient greeting; the priest pronounces his blessing on it, and the bond is indissoluble. Pass a few months, and the same pair bring an image of themselves to the step of the altar: it is washed with holy water, and so incorporated into the church that it can only throw away its privilege by the gravest apostasy. In earthly things it disciplines itself, in heavenly it must be taught by others; and so soon as this is proved to be fully effected, it is admitted as an actual citizen, a sincere and voluntary professor, into the bosom of the church; and this solemn procedure is not without its external symbols. Now for the first time is the child positively a Christian, and recognises his privileges and moreover his duties. Meanwhile many wonders have befallen him as a moral being; teaching and correction have discovered to him his interior perils, and he has still to hear of teaching and of transgression, but correction is laid aside. And here, in the endless perplexity wherein the strife of his natural and religious instinct involves him, he is provided with a noble remedy. He has to confide his deeds and omissions, his transgressions and doubts, to one who is

that he was the associate of Cranmer, Peter Martyr, and Bucer? N. B. How beautifully the Edinburgh Review has shown up Luther, Melancthon, and Co.! What good genius has possessed them to do our dirty work? . . . .

*Pour moi*, I never mean, if I can help it, to use any phrases even, which can connect me with such a set. I shall never call the Holy Eucharist “the

skilled to soothe, to warn, to animate, to chastise him by punishments which are likewise symbolical; and, lastly, his guilt being clean effaced, to bless him and give him back the tablet of his humanity pure and unstained. By many sacramental acts, which, closely examined, break out again into more, thus prepared and calmed, he kneels down to receive the host. . . . And what hath thus been poured through life, displays its healing virtue with tenfold power at the gate of death. With a trust habitual from boyhood, the dying man fervently embraces those significantly symbolic pledges, and while every earthly assurance fades away, a heavenly one confirms to him eternal joys. He is immovably convinced that neither an ungenial element nor a malignant spirit can prevent his being invested with a glorified body, and participating through an immediate relation to the Deity, in those inexhaustible joys which flow from Him. Lastly, that the whole man may be sanctified, his feet are anointed and blessed, and made reluctant, were recovery possible, again to touch the hard impenetrable ground. To them a wondrous power is imparted to spurn the earthy clod whereby they were before attracted.

“And thus by a glittering ring of equally holy ordinances, whose beauty has only been shortly hinted, are cradle and grave, be they never so far removed from each other, bound together in a continuous circle.”—*Goethe, Memoirs of his own Life*, pt. 2, b. vii.

Lord's supper," nor God's Priests "ministers of the word," or the Altar "the Lord's table," &c. &c.; innocent as such phrases are in themselves, they have been dirtied; a fact of which you seem oblivious on many occasions. Nor shall I even abuse the Roman Catholics *as a church* for any thing except excommunicating us.

About Convocation, I think you have hit the right nail on the head. The High Church party had cut the ground from under their feet by acknowledging Tillotson. Would that the Non-jurors had kept up a succession! and then we might have been at peace, proselytes instead of agitators. How came Bull among the Tillotsonians? . . . .

Since my last news on that head, Tortola has docked the parson of his whole salary. . . . .

I have two schemes about the Tracts . . . . 1st, I should like a series of the apostolical divines of the Church of England . . . . 2nd, I think one might take the Jansenist saints, Francis de Sales, the Nuns of Port Royal, Pascal, &c., who seem to me to be of a more sentimental imaginative cast than any of our own, and to give more room for writing *ad captandum*. . . . . Must it not be owned that the Church of England saints, however good in essentials, are with a few rare exceptions deficient in the austere beauty of the Catholic ἡθoς? K. will be severe on me for this, but I cannot deny that Laud's architecture seems to me typical. I am getting more and more to feel what



you tell me about the impracticability of making "sensible people" enter into our ecclesiastical views; and, what is most discouraging, I hardly see how to set about leading them towards us. I see you have not gone on with your projected pamphlet on church grievances: certainly I shall write nothing on the subject till we have a tide to work with. Why do you think I should object to make friends with S.? my antipathy is only on public grounds. As to any reform of . . . I expect little good; except, indeed, on the head of pews. If we could do away with them it will be a real step gained. Church discipline, too, though only affecting the clergy, will be something, as it will remove the only good objection to the ordination of people below the caste of gentlemen. As to the other points, I rather regret that any thing should be done about them; as they will delay, if not avert, what seems to me our only chance, a spoliation on a large scale.

. . . . She died a few months back, . . . . and from what W. tells me, must have been a little saint; all last Lent she fasted so strictly as to hurt her health, in spite of being constantly ridiculed; and where she got her notions from I cannot guess, except through T., and from her natural goodness. . . . . To me it is humiliating to see how principles that stay in my own head find their way into one's pupils' hearts.

I am afraid from what C. says that he will make a vacancy before long by ——. I am very

sorry, though I don't see what else he can do, considering his sisters' situation, thanks to the destroyers of nunneries.

In this island the apprenticeship system answers very well. The Anti-slavery set complain of the severity of the special magistrates, but the fact is, that if they relaxed, no work would be done. How I am tired of this question! All parties say what they wish, and there is no believing a word.

107.

(ε. 6.) *Feb. 25.*— . . . . I would give two-pence if circumstances should ever so turn up that you could make an occasional residence in Oxford compatible with your clerical duties, and that we could concoct a second edition of old times again. It makes me laugh when I think of your old clipt horse, and how I was choused by John G.; and sundry other matters which come into one's head when more serious matters ought to be there. I wonder if you are the same fellow now that you used to be: I am afraid my old self is determined to stick by me till the last. But to talk sense; I really do indulge the hope that some time we may be thrown together again. Undoubtedly you owe a debt to your destinies, which as a mere parish priest you can never repay. Your old project about the Mendicant Orders was the sort of thing; though perhaps something connected with later times would tell more just at present. As to myself, *θεῶν ἐν γούνασι κείται*

whether I am ever to be of any use, though I now begin to entertain serious hopes that I shall recover. Perhaps you know that I have been out here in exile *inter nigridas* for this year and a quarter. The first winter I got very little good; and in the summer the heat kept me in a feverish state, which low diet could not counteract; so I began to think it was up with me; ὅταν ὕδωρ πνίγη, &c., and I own I felt very doleful: but since the cool weather set in I have made a decided start, which has put me in a better humour; and the cooler it is the better I am: so that I dare say if I had gone to Madeira or to Rome a second time I might have been well. I shall not be sorry for an excuse for spending another winter in the south of Europe.

While out here I have stuck to my old prejudices as tight as I could; yet I fairly own that I think the niggers less incapable of being raised in the scale of being than I used. I don't mean that generally speaking they are at all fit for the situation in which the law has placed them; but that here and there you see specimens which prove them unequivocally enough to be of the race of Adam, is not to be denied. Many of them are clever, and some affectionate and even honest, and if a more judicious system had been pursued, I should not have despaired of seeing them become generally so. As it is, the prospect is even in this island a very gloomy one, and in the others, the state of things seems next to hopeless. In Antigua, where they

are quite let loose, they have been playing a very clever trick in many places ; which is very characteristic of the negro intellect, sharp enough as to the moment, and absolutely without thought as to the next. In making sugar it is very important that the canes should be squeezed as soon as possible after they are cut : a few hours hurts them, and twenty-four spoils them ; so our friends Quakoo and Co. cut away very diligently, and then strike for wages. Here in — they cannot play the same trick, as the magistrates would flog them ; and indeed flogging is scarcely less common, and more severe now than under the old system. In this island the most melancholy result of the change yet discernible, is the condition of the emancipated children under six. The mothers, who have gone on hitherto in their lax amours with a certainty that any consequences that might result would be rather in their favour than otherwise, have been bringing a host of wretched urchins into the world and consigning them over to the estate nurses—*sans soin* ; and now the produce of the last six years is returned upon their hands, unless they will consent to apprentice them : this they will not do, out of spite to their masters ; but take the trouble on themselves they will not : so the squalid little wretches starve, and die off shockingly ; and those that live are locked up in their mother's house while she is at work, doing nothing but quarrel, growing up in absolute uselessness, and with no



chance of improving. The refusal to apprentice has arisen a good deal from the injudicious meddling of the —, a rank Whig, who does all he can to spite the colony, and went about from estate to estate before the first of August, haranguing against the apprentice system.

As to the religious prospects of these colonies, I think them very bad indeed. If the Church was thrown on the voluntary system, and left to make its way as the Wesleyans do among the poorer classes, it would make sure as it went, though perhaps the progress might at first seem slow; but now all is mere show and rottenness. The persons who hold the purse care little (*i. e.* with few exceptions,) for religion, and absolutely nothing for the Church. — contrives to get on, in appearance, through the immense sums of money he derives from England; but as to weaning the Colonial Church from its mother, he dreams not of the possibility of it; and, in fact, unless the establishment is given up entirely, and the Church made independent of the higher classes, it is impossible. Another difficulty arises from the views of the Clergy: those who have any deference for Church authority are too generally mere Zs, while the very active ones are to a man, either from ignorance or conceit, dissenters, in theory, feeling, practice, in short, in every thing but name. In —, the other day, in the absence of our friend P. . . . the Rural Dean and the Clergy “went a whoring” after the

Wesleyans, Moravians, and the whole kit besides, to concoct a joint plan of general education; and very cozily they were going on together when he arrived the other day. Religious instruction out here means marrying the niggers, baptizing them, and teaching them to read.

“The age is out of joint. O cursed spite,  
That ever I was born to set it right!”

Vivas valeas et apostolicus fias. I shall be back in May.

108.

(γ. 52.) *Feb. 25.*—I have a miscellaneous jumble of things that I want to talk to you about, if I can but arrange them in any sort of order. . . . As to my health, every body that sees me says I am looking much better; and certainly the cool weather has done for me what neither the tartar ointment nor the fasting could. But I cannot dislodge the complaint in my throat, and am as short-winded as ever. With these exceptions I am quite well, and have no idea my lungs are affected at present, though of course they are very liable to be so. And now I will set to and wrangle, *more meo*.

And first, I shall attack you for the expression, “The Church teaches so and so,” which I observe is in the Tract equivalent to “the Prayer-Book, &c. teach us so and so.” Now suppose a conscientious Layman to enquire on what grounds

the Prayer Book, &c. are called the teaching of the Church, how shall we answer him? Shall we tell him that they are embodied in an Act of Parliament? So is the Spoliation Bill. Shall we tell him that they were formerly enacted by Convocation in the reign of Charles II.? But what especial claim had this Convocation, &c. to monopolise the name and authority of the Church? Shall we tell him that all the Clergy assented to them ever since their enactment? But to what interpretation of them have all, or even the major part of the Clergy assented? For if it is the assent of the Clergy that makes the Prayer Book, &c. the teaching of the Church, the Church teaches only that interpretation of them to which all, or at least the majority of the Clergy have assented; and, in order to ascertain this, it will be necessary to enquire, not for what may seem to the enquirer to be their real meaning, but for the meaning which the majority of the Clergy have in fact attached to them. It will be necessary to poll the Hoadleians, Puritans, and Laudians, and to be determined by most votes. Again, supposing him to have ascertained these, another question occurs: Why is the opinion of the English Clergy, since the enactment of the Prayer Book, entitled to be called the teaching of the Church, more than that of the Clergy of the sixteen previous centuries; or, again, than the Clergy of France, Italy, Spain, Russia, &c. &c.? I can see no other claim which the Prayer Book

has on a Layman's deference, as the teaching of the Church, which the Breviary and Missal have not in a far greater degree. I know you will snub me for this, and put in lots of ἐνστάσεις, some of which I could anticipate and answer, but it would take too much room, and I dare say you can augur the answers as well as I can the objections.

Next, the Tracts talk a great deal about the Clergy "teaching authoritatively." Do you think that, on any fair principles of interpretation, the texts which claim authority for the teaching of inspired persons, and those in immediate communication with them, can be applied to the teaching of those who have no access to any source of information which is not equally open to all mankind? Surely no teaching now-a-days is authoritative in the sense in which the Apostles' was, except that of the Bible; nor any in the sense in which Timothy's was except that of primitive tradition. To find a sense in which the teaching of the modern clergy is authoritative, I confess baffles me. Do you mean that if his lordship of —, taught one way, and Pascal or Robert Nelson another, the former would be entitled to most consideration? Or do you only give the preference to ordained persons, *cæteris paribus*? The former assertion would be startling, the latter does not come to much.

Next, as to the Christian Year. In the fifth of November . . . . "there present in the heart,



not in the hands," &c. How can we possibly know that it is true to say "not in the hands?" Also, on the Communion . . . . you seem cramped by Protestantism. I desiderate something in the same key with—"Shall work a wonder there Earth's charmers never knew:" and, "When the life-giving stream," &c.

So much for quarrelling. I have attacked N. for some of the Tract Protestantism. . . . . However, the wiseacres are all agog about our being Papists. P. called us the "Papal Protestant Church:" in which he proved a double ignorance: as we are Catholics without the Popery, and Church-of-England men without the Protestantism. . . . . — has the gentleman heresy in an intense degree: hopes P. will not be so inconsiderate as to get pews done away with, for that the feelings of the rich ought not to be shocked. Thinks that it will be time enough to stir for some security against Socinian Bishops when the bench has been actually socinianised; he would shut the stable door when the horse is gone. Your *ἀπορία* about the C. Chapel, is a practical grievance of the present system. I wish you would work it up, and obtrude it on R. I had been turning over an imaginary case of the same sort in my head for some time. It seems to me that, even if the laity were as munificent as our Catholic ancestors, they could do nothing for the Church as things are, except in their lifetime. Any Churches they might build, any

endowment they might make, would be as likely as not to become in another generation propagandas of liberalism. Certainly we cannot trust the Bishops for patrons ; for, however good the present may be, the next may be a ——. The present Church system is an incubus upon the country. It spreads its arms in all directions, claiming the whole surface of the earth for its own, and refusing a place to any subsidiary system to spring upon. Would that the waters would throw up some Acheloides, where some new Bishop might erect a see beyond the blighting influence of our upas tree<sup>1</sup>. Yet I suppose that before he could step in an Act of Parliament would put its paw upon the κρησφύγετον, and include it within the limits of some adjacent diocese. I admire M.'s hit about our being united to the state as Israel was to Egypt.

I have read this stuff over again, and think it unintelligible, so shall not be disappointed if you do ; however the post is urgent, so I cannot write it over again, and will not attempt any more prose. As to facts, we do not abound in them at present, yet it is worth noticing a twofold effect that the coming in of the Tories has had out here. In the first place, it has stimulated the — and his whig coadjutors to an immediate partition

<sup>1</sup> [It is scarcely necessary to observe, that the Author is speaking of the establishment, or, as he calls it, "Church system," i. e. the particular form in which the one Holy Catholic Church happens to be developed in England.]

of all the remains of the hurricane money, which the other ministers had backed them up in refusing to the Bishop, when he wished to apply some of it to the repairs of the ruined churches. Of this money a large sum hung on their hands; and do what they would they could find no pretence of getting rid of it. It had been originally withheld from the Bishop, on the ground that it was intended only to relieve the poor; and now, rather than he should get any of it, they have divided it among the wealthy slave owners, who had lost slaves in the hurricane, at the rate of 10% per slave. It is curious that this plan has cut the poor out altogether, for those who had few slaves did not think it worth while to register their loss, and so got nothing; while Lord — alone gets 400%.

Secondly, the proprietors of two parishes have at once set to work on their own resources, and have collected enough in a few days to rebuild their churches, which had remained in absolute ruin all through the whig reign. What may be the effect in the other islands I cannot guess: things were in a horrid way just before the catastrophe. The persons in —, under their rural Dean, had, in the absence of their Archdeacon, indulged in a promiscuous intercourse with Wesleyans, Moravians, and all sorts, for the purpose of carrying on in unison an harmonious plan of general education, at the suggestion of their whig governor. At Tortola, the

planters had cut off the parson's salary *in toto* ; and not so only, but would not allow him wine for the Communion. I believe I told you before that they were trying to establish Roman Catholicism at Montserrat, Presbyterianism at Granada ; and that omnium-gatherumism is already the state of religion at Demerara. . . . .

I don't feel with you on the question of Tithes. They cannot be a legal debt and a religious offering at the same time. When the payment began to be enforced by civil authority the desecration took place. I don't like ——'s want of candour about the Voluntary System ; as if there was only one voluntary system, that of pew rents, &c. The Wesleyan system is voluntary ; and though I don't admire the results, they certainly are not like what —— would have us believe is inevitable. They are the strongest, and most independent of their congregations, of any existing society in the United States, and I believe in England. Also, what does he say to the Roman Catholics in Ireland ? and, though last not least, what to the primitive Church ? I think talking broadly against the Voluntary System, because it fails under one particular form, is as unfair, as it is inexpedient to make the clergy think an Establishment necessary. If R. does away pews, I think it will be a real step gained towards ecclesiastical emancipation. . . . . I shall be back in the middle of May. . . . .



109.

(§. 31.) *March* 4.—My dearest ——, I suppose by this time you will have learned to think as little of my inconsistent reports as I do when making them. I see on one and the same day I must have sent my Father a cheerful account, and you a dismal one. I am forced to say something, but have no data to judge by, and so talk at random. Certain indeed I am that my pulse is still progressively calming, and that now it is scarcely more irritable than it ought to be; but in nothing else can I be sure that I change at all.

. . . . Children is the channel by which nature drains off uxoriousness. But, for cutting an artificial one, I believe there was no deadly sin in the practice of those ancient saints, who have by mutual consent, “gone forth the bridegroom out of his chamber, and the bride out of her closet.”

Might it not be a good thing to publish an edition of the *Analogy*, part ii., with notes extending the argument from Christianity to the Church System? It might be done in such a way as to force all low churchmen to become Anti-Butlerians.

I am most sincerely sorry to hear of Mr. K.’s death. I suppose if there ever was any one to whom death was like going to bed, it would be Mr. K.

I have written lots of stuff since I have been out here, some of which I must inflict on you on my return; but none of it will do to publish. When

I look over any thing long after I write it, I see such jumps and discontinuities, as make me despair of ever being intelligible. How I wish to see you all again.

## 110.

(δ. 32.) *Bristol, May 17.*—*Fratres desideratissimi.* Here I am, *benedictum sit nomen Dei*, and as well as could be expected. I will not boast, and indeed have little to boast of, as my pulse is still far from satisfactory. . . . The delightful part of the world is from latitude twenty-five to thirty-five, which the Yankees poetically designate the “horse latitudes,” owing to the prevalence of such long calms, that their ships laden with horses, not unfrequently eat themselves out there, and are forced to be thrown overboard. We had five delicious days there.

When we asked our pilot, “Who was Speaker?” he did not know; but after much cross-examining he recollected that he had heard it cried about the street that the old one was turned out; who “the other gentleman” was he could not tell. Our next informant was the custom house officer, who boarded over night, when we anchored, to see that nothing was taken out of the ship. All he knew was that “there had been a jabbering” about a change of ministers. . . . The day is as dull and gloomy as possible; but after the torrid zone, any English May day is a “sight for sair e’en,” as those odious Scotch say. . . . I hope to get a sight of you

soon. And now good bye both ; also I. and R., and all that are in reach

111.

(δ. 33.) *June 11.—Dulcissime.* . . . . I believe that I have now almost entirely got rid of the cough I caught in landing, and though it has weakened me, that I am in a fair way to get back in a day or two to my average state. The country is indescribably beautiful, and the weather so fine, that it seems determined to give me a fair chance :  
τὸ δ' εὔ νικάτω.

There is something very indescribable in the effect old sights and smells produce on me here just now, after having missed them so long. Also old Dartington House, with its feudal appendages, calls up so many Tory associations, as almost to soften one's heart into lamenting the course of events which is to re-erect the Church by demolishing so much that is beautiful ; “rich men living peaceably in their habitations.”

By the by, the more I think over that view of yours about regarding our present Communion Service, &c. as a judgment on the Church, and taking it as the crumbs from the Apostles' table, the more I am struck with its fitness to be dwelt upon as tending to check the intrusion of irreverent thoughts without in any way interfering with one's just indignation. If I were a Roman Catholic Priest, I should look on the administration of the Communion in one kind in the same light.

Well, but to prose about myself. I have hardly coughed to-day, and am beginning to have my wind easier. People don't look so horridly blank at me as they did, though perhaps that is only from being accustomed to my grim visage.

112.

(8. 34.) *June 20.*—You will be glad to hear that I have had a good opinion pronounced of me by Dr. —. I have been two days with him in his house, and he has had a very fair sight of my best and worst symptoms. On the whole, after trying me in different ways, he says my lungs certainly are not at all affected, and that the seat of my disorder is exactly where it was four years since. As to whether I shall throw it off, that is another question. He says he sees no reason why I should not; and has recommended me different experiments to try on myself, the results of which you shall hear when they begin to show. At all events, it seems I have as good a chance of rubbing on as I had four years ago. I am most decidedly stronger and better than when you saw me. . . .

The sermon on “The Secrecy of God's Visitations,” is a most striking and consoling one; indeed the whole subject of the state of things at our Saviour's coming, is one which will bear more thinking on than I have yet given it,—which is not saying much to be sure. Before long I hope to send you a Tract or two in the poetic style, rather flowery, which I shall not be offended at your rejecting.



My ideas about the novel are but cloudy, as I have no books of reference to get details out of. Would that the stars may let me return to Oxford before long, to work at things, and rub up my intellects ! But my prospects are so much brighter than I had any right to count upon, that grumbling is inexcusable.

## 113.

(δ. 35.) *July 2.*—I must say a word or two on your casual remark about the unpopularity of our notions among “ *Bible-Christians.*” Don’t you think Newton’s system would be unpopular with “ sky astronomers,” just in the same way<sup>1</sup>? The

<sup>1</sup> [The following extract is in point, from an interesting and learned work just published. “ All the civilized world is now on our side: Pope Pius VII. certainly showed great kindness to us heretics; he acted much like a gentleman, and behaved very handsomely, when in 1818 he came into the Consistory and repealed the edicts against Galileo and the Copernican system. Before that surrender of ancient dogmas, though the Heliocentric system was taught in all popish universities, excepting Salamanca, it was always required of the professors, in deference to the decrees of the Church, to use the term *hypothesis* instead of *theory*. Salamanca, however, stood out, and the professor of astronomy would have resigned his chair rather than agree to the change.

Professor Cabezudo was lately here, and as I thought it was a sad thing that any member of ‘ the great European family ’ should exhibit such woful ignorance, I did all I could—it is not much to be sure—to enlighten him. But all my efforts were in vain. I attended a whole course of lectures, and went to the expense of buying a complete set of the little red pocket Ency-

phenomena of the heavens are repugnant to Newton, just in the same way as the letter of Scripture

clopedia, and tried to confute Cabezudo out of it ; yet I always got the worst of the argument. . . .

The way in which Don Eusebio Cabezudo argues is this :— You are a heretic, and, as a heretic, you must admit that the Pope is not infallible ; and unless he can convince me by *reason*, that his creed is true, I am not bound to adopt it at all. Your modern heretical philosophy is grounded upon *observation* and *experiment*. You ultimately resolve all exact science into the perceptions of *sense* ; so much so, that if your *physical* evidence appears to contradict what your philosophers term the ‘ preconceived notions of theology,’ the latter are without any hesitation to be abandoned as the slavery brand of the human mind. Yet, how are you philosophers treating me ? You tyrannically demand my unqualified assent to propositions entirely *opposed* to observation and experiment. All the evidence which I obtain from my *senses*, entirely contradicts this new philosophical belief. All my perceptions are opposed to it. I feel the earth to be immoveable—I see the sun and stars in motion—and the ball dropt from the summit of the tower, falls straight to the base instead of being left behind. Yet more : You teach me that the philosopher ‘ can always be satisfied that he has discovered a real law of nature, when we can show by strict argument or mathematical reasoning’ that ‘ the facts must follow from it as necessary logical consequences, and this, not vaguely or generally, but with all possible precision in time, place, weight, and measure.’ Now how stand these facts ? Ptolemy places the earth in the centre, and refers all the motions of the planets to the earth alone, altogether independent of the sun. And upon this assumption, allowing only for the inaccuracies and deficiencies occasioned by the imperfections of his instruments,—for could he have seen these, his theory would have been extended to the satellites of Uranus,—he was able to ac-

to the Church ; *i. e.* on the assumption that they contradict every notion which they do not make

count for all the features of the motions of the planets, as logically and as precisely as you do who cause them to revolve round the sun. In the theory of Ptolemy, the testimony of our senses and the hypothetical law, a true law according to your own logical standard, *agree*. The most staunch and most able of your Copernican heretics candidly admit that, considered in its true import, as a system of calculation for explaining the apparent motions of the planets, our Ptolemaic system, now so glibly derided on account of its complexity of cycles and epicycles, 'is not only good, but that in many cases no better has been discovered ;' and that 'an unquestionable evidence of its merit and value is to be found in this circumstance, that it was able to take in and preserve all the exact knowledge of the world, until a new theory arose.'

"Therefore said Don Eusebio, what certainty have we that a further advance in 'exact knowledge' may not even bring you heretics back again to Ptolemy, the *Almagest*, and what should I gain in *real knowledge* by the exchange? If you philosophers will *compel belief in defiance to our senses*, and upon postulates which, according to your own showing, afford no test of truth, why do you accuse us of intolerant bigotry? If you submit cheerfully to this yoke yourselves, why do you tax us with servility of intellect in obeying implicitly that which the Church has taught? As for me, I will not sell my dear bought liberty to such hard task masters. Science makes infinitely heavier demands upon faith than religion even does, without promising the same reward."—Palgrave's *Merchant and Friar*, pp. 304—308. This argument at least may be used, as in the text, in behalf of the Patristical creed, which, on the largest and most extravagant admissions, has not near so much the *appearance* of contrariety to Scripture, as the Newtonian theory to the face of the heavens as our eyes contemplate it. It seems also to meet the *popular* argument against Transub-



self-evident<sup>1</sup>, which is the basis of "Bible-Christianity," and also of Protestantism; and of which your trumpety principle about "Scripture being the sole rule of faith in *fundamentals*," (I nauseate the word) is but a mutilated edition, without the breadth and axiomatic character of the original.

As to the laity having power in synods, I don't know enough to have an opinion; but as far as I see I disagree with Hooker. Look at Bishop Hicks' little book on "the Constitution of the Christian Church," in which he maintains that each diocese is a monarchy absolute, except so far as the Bishop has been pledged by ordination oaths. Neither the laity nor the presbyters seem to me to have any part or lot in the government of the Church; though of course, since heresy is worse than schism, they must act for themselves if they think their governors heretical.

114.

(γ. 53.) *July* 15.— . . . I suppose you have heard that — speaks decidedly as to my lungs being not yet affected; and also that I am a good deal better than when at Oxford: indeed I think I have for some time quite thrown off the effects of the cold I caught in landing. However, I don't flatter myself that since that "some time" I

stantiation, viz. on the ground, not of its being against the voice of antiquity, but of its contradicting sense.

<sup>1</sup> [*e. g.* the sun seems to go round the earth: there is no exhibition of direct centripetal or centrifugal force.]



have made much further progress. I seem to have a stationary point, beyond which physic and care fail to push me, though they quickly bring me up to it. To-morrow we are going down to Paignton . . . as I have ——'s permission to try sea bathing, and probably, if it answers, I shall stay some time: so that I have for the present quite given up all hopes of a visit to Oxford.

A few days ago I got the volume of pamphlets, many of which I had not read. I am sorry H's was left out, especially as it was a succumbing. As far as I have read M.'s it improves on acquaintance. The style is pedantic and reviewish: but I can easily fancy states of mind to which it may be no less salutary on that account. . . . I have myself put some thoughts on the stocks for Tracts, but I find myself so ignorant of the way to get at people, that I never know what to assume, and what to prove. Also as with letters so with Tracts; things go out of one's head always just at the moment one wants them. —— has certainly contrived to hit the right nail on the head by his sermons; at least they take every where with the people one wishes them to take with, and the other sort are annoyed at them. An uncle of ——'s mutters about them, and the harm done by hot spirits. . . .

——'s difficulties have been settled . . . in a way which one should have been bound at all events to submit to, as for the best, but which, under all circumstances, seem to me to have been especially merciful. . . .

*July 17, Paignton.*—Something took me off from this when I got thus far, and yesterday we were migrating. The house we have come to is a most agreeable one, and I really think I feel refreshed already by the sea air, though I did not venture this morning on bathing. . . .

115.

(§. 36.) *July 17.*—My cough is just where it was when I wrote last to you, that is, just at the standard where it has been stationary so long, and I doubt the power of physic to move me much further.

And now I will have another go at you about your rule of faith in *fundamentals*<sup>1</sup>. This is a supposed dialogue between you and the A.

*Romanist.* I maintain that the doctrine of the Eucharist is a fundamental.—*You.* I deny it.—*R.* Why?—*You.* Because it cannot be proved from Scripture.—*R.* Supposing it granted, do you think that no doctrine is fundamental which cannot be proved from Scripture?—*You.* Yes.—*R.* Supposing I can show that the early Christians (say of the second and third centuries) regarded the doctrine of the Eucharist as fundamental, should you still say

<sup>1</sup> [The notion here alluded to is this : that, though Tradition, &c. may teach us many things profitable and edifying, yet that the test of a doctrine being necessary to salvation is its being in Scripture. This view, it is presumed, is correct, if for the *test* we substitute *a condition*.]

that it was not so, because it cannot be proved from Scripture?—*You*. No ; in that case I should admit that it was fundamental : but you cannot show it.—*R*. Then you admit your real reason for denying that this doctrine is fundamental is not, that it is not proved from Scripture, but that it was not held such by the early Christians.—*You*. My reason for denying that it is fundamental, is, that it is not proved from Scripture.—*R*. But in spite of this reason you would think it fundamental, if the Fathers thought so : that is, you admit your own reason to be inconclusive : that, even after you had shown that it cannot be proved from Scripture, you would also have to show that the Fathers did not think it fundamental.—*You*. I admit this ; but still adhere to my original proposition.

*R*. You have admitted that it is not enough to show that a doctrine *cannot* be proved from Scripture in order to prove it *not* fundamental. Do you think it enough to show that it *can* be proved from Scripture in order to prove it *is* fundamental?—*You*. No ; I do not think that.—*R*. Then you have proposed, as a test of fundamentality, one which being answered does not prove doctrines fundamental, and not answered does not prove them not so.

I will not write any more about this, as I suspect you will skip ; but to recur to myself. I don't think I gain flesh ; and am certainly not so strong as I might be, and I make my ailments an excuse for idleness.

116.

(§. 37.) *July 30.—Frater desiderate.*—What does the Article mean by “doctrines necessary to salvation?” No doctrine is necessary to salvation to those who have not rejected it wilfully; and to those who do reject wilfully, every true doctrine is necessary to salvation. If indeed by “doctrines necessary to salvation” is meant “terms of communion,” *i. e.* necessary to *covenanted* salvation, I quite understand the assertion. . . . — is getting well rapidly: after the rub you gave me for saying in my last that I was stationary, I will not repeat the offence.

117.

(§. 38.) *Sept. 3.*—My dearest ——. I am afraid you will have been grumbling in your heart at me for putting off writing so long. But really I am not to blame, as I have not put pen to paper for a fortnight, except yesterday, when I began a letter to you upside down. I cannot explain what has been the matter with me; but I am sure that the apothecary into whose hands I fell made a fool of himself. . . .

As to our controversies, you are now taking fresh ground, without owning, as you ought, that on our first basis I dished you. Of course if the Fathers maintain that “nothing not deducible from Scripture ought to be insisted on as terms of communion,” I have nothing more to say. But again, if you allow Tradition an interpretative authority, I cannot see what is gained.



For surely the doctrines of the Priesthood and the Eucharist may be proved from Scripture interpreted by tradition ; and if so, what is to hinder our insisting on them as terms of communion? I don't mean of course that this will bear out the Romanists, which is perhaps your only point, but it certainly would bear out our party in excommunicating Protestants.

## 118.

(δ. 39.) *Sept.* 12.— — gives me a better account of myself than I expected. A young Doctor called —, who has paid much attention to the stethoscope, examined my chest all over ; and they both told — they never examined a chest in which there was more complete freedom from bad symptoms. Yet they say the disorder in my throat is dangerous, unless stopped. — is decided that I am not to go abroad this winter.

## 119.

(η. 2.) *Sept.* 24.—*Carissime*—It has been a great mortification to me to be obliged to alter my plan of spending most of the long vacation at Oxford, with N. and you and others, whom I have but little chance of seeing any other part of the year ; and really I hardly know whether I might not just as well have been there, during the fine weather, as where I was by the sea side ; for all along I fancied that I was gaining ground there, yet I dare say any other place would have done as much for me. . . . I shall think myself in luck, if I can but stick where

I am till the warm weather comes again. — says I am not to go abroad, as he thinks care of more consequence to me than warmth; also he has consoled me by repeating the assurance he gave me in the beginning of the summer, that, as far as it is possible to judge from the usual indications, my chest is entirely free from disease, and my throat still the sole seat of disease—

ταῦτα δὲ πάντα θεῶν ἐν γούνασι κεῖται.

. . . . The second part of . . . . has opened a new light to me; *i. e.* as to the view of the *early Church*, about Scripture being the Rule of Faith: how odd that writers on our Articles, when they had such strong ground to stand on, should have ensconced themselves behind rationalist *à priori* arguments and illogical perversions of texts!

120.

(§. 40.) *Die Omn. Sanct.*—*Carissime.* After all this delay I write without being able to report progress;—but don't be hard on me. For a long time the weather has been so very bad as to confine me entirely to the house, which has dullified me, partly by its inherent dulness, and partly by making me rather worse, to such a degree that, till the last two days, which have rather revived me, I have been up to little more than thinking in my arm-chair or listening to a novel. Yesterday I got a drive, and to-day a ride, which I hope have done me good; and if I can go on so for a week, I shall be as well

as when you went, I have no doubt, and in a diligent humour I am willing to hope.

Before I finish this, I must enter another protest against your cursing and swearing at the end of —— [against the Romanists] as you do. What good can it do?—and I call it uncharitable to an excess. How mistaken we may ourselves be on many points that are only gradually opening on us! Surely you should reserve “blasphemous,” “impious,” &c. for denial of the Articles of Faith.

## 121.

(δ. 41.) *Nov. 15.*—My dearest ——. You will be in a rage with me when I tell you I have not answered ——. If I was sure of being able to think and write whenever I chose, I should not have hesitated for a moment to promise the —— in a week or two. But this is far from my case; and I was in a particularly do-nothing way, the day I got the letter. I don't know whether you know the sensation of a pulse above 100; if you do, I think you will admit it not to be favourable to mental exertion.

## 122.

(η. 3.) *Nov. 27.*—*Mi —— quis tibi de me talia vaticinatus est?* What can have put it into your head that the difference between one house and another can make up for the difference between you and no-you? I shall most certainly expect you either the thirteenth or fourteenth, and we shall do our best to keep you till you are tired of

us. . . . I have been thinking over and over again N.'s argument from the Fathers, that tradition, in order to be authoritative, must be in form<sup>1</sup> interpretative, and can get no farther than that it is a convenient reason for [the Church's] tolerating the (I forget which) Article. No reason why the Apostles should have confined their oral teaching to comments on Scripture seems apparent, and why their other oral teaching should have been more likely to be corrupted *semper, ubique, et ab omnibus*.

## 123.

(§. 42.) *Dec. 21.—Carissime.* I certainly meant what I sent you last only for a first instalment, and intended to have got the rest ready by the middle of last week . . . but they would have interfered, as — quotes you for justly observing, with the “*simplicity* of the present composition.” When you write, tell me if you think there was any of the “nasty irony” you used to complain of. I tried to avoid it, but scarcely hoped I had succeeded. . . . As to myself, I am much as I was. I have forgotten what I told you in my last on that score, but conclude it was all that egotism could suggest. However, I think I can add one favourable symptom, viz. that for the last week I certainly have left off perspiring at night. I am entirely confined to the

<sup>1</sup> [It is not in *form* interpretative,—nor even in matter, except as regards Fundamentals.]



house, which we succeed in keeping very warm, though out of doors it is a sharp, windy frost.

124.

(γ. 54.) *Jan. 7, 1836.*—I am quite ashamed to think how long it is since I got your last letter; but illness makes one selfish, at least mine does, and dislike of writing, or in fact of doing any thing, except trying to keep myself as comfortable as possible, has become a ruling passion. Since autumn set in I have done actually nothing, except that review of B. White, which N. committed me about, in such a way that I could not back out, and so was forced to go forward whether I would or not. However, I hope to turn over a new leaf as the weather mends, and indeed I begin to feel its reviving influence already. It is now more than two months since I have been out of doors, except in a close carriage, and for the last three weeks I have not been out at all, but have lived in an artificial summer at about the temperature of sixty-five degrees. . . . I am also prohibited altogether from eating meat, poultry, &c. or any animal food except fish, which, considering that milk does not agree with me, makes my case rather a hard one. On the whole, however, I am very comfortable, if it was not for an occasional twinge of conscience at my total idleness, for which I fear I really have no excuse, as I did not find myself a bit worse when obliged for a week to work as hard as I could for the *British Critic*. N. is now trying to hook me

in for something else in the same line, and though I doubt not I shall be provoked with myself for having agreed to it when the time for delivering the MS. draws near, yet I really think that the stimulus is a good thing for me.

I wish to hear some account of —— having backed out of the editorship of the . . . . Tracts; perhaps, however, as much or more good may be done by grouping those already published into little pamphlets, and prefacing them with a few words by way of connexion. There certainly is plenty of matter in the present stock to set people a-thinking on almost all the subjects we want to acquaint them with; and while this is the case, I think time would be better spent in circulating the old ones than in writing new. . . . . I was very much obliged to you for your compliments about Becket, for they really are the only ones I get in any quarter, so that I had begun to think the neglect with which they were treated might be my fault as much as ——'s. . . . .

125.

(§. 43.) *Jan.* 27.—R. left us on ——. We had many arguments and proses, in the former of which he was generally victorious, but in the latter I think I may boast of having succeeded. I do believe he hates the meagreness of Protestantism as much as either of us.

The other day accidentally put in my way the Tract on “The Apostolical Succession in the Eng-

lish Church;" and it really does seem so very unfair, that I wonder you could even in the extremity of *οἰκονομία* and *φειλακισμὸς* have consented to be a party to it. The Patriarchate of Constantinople, as every one knows, was not one "from the first," but neighbouring churches voluntarily submitted to it in the first instance, and then by virtue of their oaths remained its ecclesiastical subjects; and the same argument by which you justify England and Ireland would justify all those churches in setting up any day for themselves. The obvious meaning of the canon [of Ephesus] is that patriarchs might not *begin* to exercise authority in churches *hitherto* independent, without their consent.

Burton's death, which was announced in the papers the other day, was quite a startle to me. How unfortunate that the Whig dynasty should still be in . . . but perhaps the Conservatives would not have done any thing really better for us. I don't gain flesh in spite of all the milk; indeed, I suspect that within the last six weeks I have lost a good deal; but the symptoms remain just the same.

## POEMS.

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1.

1826.

Vellem ego per vitreas sedes et lucida regna  
Ire iter, aeriâque ad te delabier alâ ;  
Vellem ego dilectas sedes sacrataque amore  
Tesqua tuo, et dulces tandem cognoscere campos,  
Felices campos qui te lætantur alumno.  
Sed quoniam non æqua mihi mea fata fuerunt,  
Nec tanta est precibus nostris concessa voluptas. . . . .

2.

1826.

To night my dreary course is run,  
And at the setting of the sun,  
Far beneath the western wave,  
I seek my quiet grave :

Amid the silent halls of fate,  
Where lie in long and shadowy state,  
The embryos of the things that be,  
Waiting the hour of destiny.



I hear thy magic voice,  
I hear it and rejoice.  
To-morrow ere the hunter's horn  
Has wak'd the echos of the morn. . . .

### 3. TYRE.

1833.

High on the stately wall  
The spear of Arvad hung ;  
Through corridor and hall  
Gemaddin's war-note rung.  
Where are they now ? the note is o'er ;  
Yes ! for a thousand years and more.  
Five fathom deep beneath the sea  
Those halls have lain all silently ;  
Nought listing save the mermaid's song,  
While rude sea-monsters roam the corridors along.

Far from the wondering East  
Tubal and Javan came ;  
And Araby the blest,  
And Kedar, mighty name—  
Now on that shore, a lonely guest,  
Some dripping fisherman may rest,  
Watching on rock or naked stone  
His dark net spread before the sun,  
Unconscious of the dooming lay  
That broods o'er that dull spot, and there shall brood for  
aye.

## 4. LOT'S SONS IN LAW.

1833.

“ All things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation.”

“ Sunk not the sun behind yon dusky hill  
Glorious as he was wont? The starry sky  
Spread o'er the earth in tranquil majesty,  
Discern'st thou in its clear deep aught of ill?  
Or in this lower world, so fair and still,  
Its palaces and temples towering high;  
Or where old Jordan, gliding calmly by,  
Pours o'er the misty plain his mantle chill?  
Dote not of fear, old man, where all is joy;  
And heaven and earth thy augury disown;  
And Time's eternal course rolls smoothly on,  
Fraught with fresh blessings as day follows day.  
The All-bounteous hath not given to take away;  
The All-wise hath not created to destroy.”

## 5. FAREWELL TO TORYISM.

1833.

“ Doubtless Thou art our Father, though Abraham be ignorant of us, and Israel acknowledge us not.”

'Tis sad to watch Time's desolating hand  
Doom noblest things to premature decay:  
The Feudal court, the Patriarchal sway  
Of kings, the cheerful homage of a land  
Unskill'd in treason, every social band  
That taught to rule with sweetness, and obey  
With dignity, swept one by one away;  
While proud Empirics rule in fell command.

Yet, Christian ! faint not at the sickning sight ;  
 Nor vainly strive with that Supreme Decree.  
 Thou hast a treasure and an armoury  
 Locked to the spoiler yet : Thy shafts are bright :  
 Faint not : HEAVEN'S KEYS are more than sceptred might ;  
 Their Guardians more than king or sire to thee.

## 6.

1833.

“ Be strong, and He shall comfort thine heart.”

Lord, I have fasted, I have prayed,  
 And sackcloth has my girdle been,  
 To purge my soul I have essayed  
 With hunger blank and vigil keen.  
 O Father of mercies ! why am I  
 Still haunted by the self I fly ?

Sackcloth is a girdle good,  
 O bind it round thee still ;  
 Fasting, it is Angels' food,  
 And Jesus loved the night-air chill ;  
 Yet think not prayer and fast were given  
 To make one step 'twixt earth and heaven <sup>1</sup>.

As well might sun and rain contending  
 Their sweet influence array  
 On the new fallen seed descending  
 To raise a forest in a day.

.. . . .

<sup>1</sup> Eph. ii. 8.

Thinkest thou prayer and fast alone  
Can animate a heart of stone.

. . . . .

*It must be rooted in charity.*

. . . . .

*Thinkest thou art fit for fasting at all yet?*

. . . . .

The food of saints is not for thee<sup>1</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> [These verses are valuable, as showing to those who did not know the Author, what those who knew do not need to be told, that even when years had elapsed, and his views of religion were matured, and his mind freed from the solicitudes which at one time troubled it, he preserved the same ascetic, and the same lowly feelings which are exhibited in his *Journal and Letters* in 1826-27.]



## SAYINGS IN CONVERSATION<sup>1</sup>.

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1. Perhaps what is called talent is but an accident of human nature, and may not exist in the next world.

2. The cultivation of right principles seems to have a tendency to make men dull and stupid.

3. Mind is surely the only cause in nature. The things which strike our senses in the material world cannot be effects of matter.

4. Perhaps we are in as supernatural a state as the Jews in Scripture history. Miracles were not common then. The only difference may be that Jewish events are described by inspired historians.

5. When questions are raised about continuing the Service for King Charles the Martyr, I answer by pointing to the case of the sinners, the Amalekites, who were judged at the distance of 500 years.

6. What must Daniel have been to be mentioned by God Himself, when a young man, as one of the righteous men with Noah and Job?

<sup>1</sup> [The Author is not responsible for the wording.]

7. David's character, taken as a whole, is to me a matter of *faith*.

8. Every one may know worse of himself than he can possibly of Charles the Second. [*On some one's abusing another.*]

9. — is the most humble or the most conceited of men; I cannot yet tell which.

10. We positively know nothing at all of the relative condition of any given individual whatever in God's sight.

11. There is something shocking and *μιαρὸν* in the very idea of a really good man falling away; even Aristotle tells us that *φρονήσεως ἐστὶν οὐδεμία λήθη*.

12. No one can become a great man who speaks of himself. He who speaks of himself, thereby makes himself inferior to the person he addresses.

13. Innocence is generally despised, and virtue is supposed to consist in acting right on principle.

14. Catholic enthusiasts may be hated, but they never can become ridiculous as the Methodists are.

15. I observe in the pictures of the Bishops of the middle ages a curious expression, as if neither of man or woman,—a kind of feminine sternness<sup>1</sup>.

16. I cannot determine whether the Sixth Article is meant to express a matter of fact or of doctrine.

17. The Reformation was a limb badly set—it must be broken again in order to be righted.

18. The doctrinal reformation in Edward the

<sup>1</sup> [Vide Coleridge's Table Talk, ii. 26. which has been published since the remark in the text was made.]

Sixth's reign was made in order to clench that of Church polity in the foregoing. It did for the state what other monarchs effected by Concordats.

19. Of course no one could join the Church of Rome, while it retains its anathemas. Only consider what it comes to as regards friends departed. I never could be a Romanist; I never could think all those things in Pope Pius' Creed necessary to salvation. But I do not see what harm an ordinary Romanist gets from thinking so.

20. [*On a friend's saying that the Romanists were schismatics in England, but Catholics abroad.*] No, H. they are wretched Tridentines every where.

21. I want a history of the Waterland School from Waterland to Van Mildert.

22. It is an imbecile way in order to found a see at Manchester, to take from the revenues of other bishopricks: No; let men go and preach in the streets of Manchester: they would be pelted. Never mind; in time, persons would attend to them, and rich people would leave them money, first one, and then another. Every place should support its own church.

23. I wonder a thoughtful fellow like H. does not get to hate the Reformers faster. [*How soon did you begin to hold your present views about them?*] I think as soon as I began to know —, I felt they were the very kind of fellows he would most have hated and despised if he had known them. But I did not dare to sport my opinions, till I had

read more and got him to agree with me. I believe I have a want of reverence, else I should not have got to hate them so soon as I did. — used sometimes to give me such snubs for speaking disrespectfully of them, that I did not recover them for a week or fortnight. He was a long time giving up Cranmer.

24. N.'s maxim that [in ordinances, public acts, &c.] we should consult for the few good, and not the many bad, cuts very deep. [*Objection was made to its application to church building, as if to sacrifice some beauty to the accommodation of numbers where there was a large population.*] I would build as perfect a church as I could for my money, whatever that money was. . . . Well, R. do you think that any but a very small portion of those who would go to your large church would get any good from it. [*His friend protested.*] Can you think that any would get good (as a general rule) who do not attend the Sacrament. [ANS. *Yes, very many.*] Really! I thought obedience was the very condition of receiving benefit from prayer. [ANS. *They are not deliberately disobedient, and, besides, the seeing and hearing the prayers does them good.*] Ah! the regular Protestant way. . . . You want a church to preach the prayers in. . . . Depend upon it that is not the way to get at the bad, but exertion in private, and showing you care for them. For them a pudding is worth twenty prayers. What a profane sentence some people would think that!



And so it is in one sense. No, R; make two or three saints, that is the way to set to work.

However, I confess I like to go against Utilitarianism for the sake of going against it. I should like to do as those old fellows did, who you know finished up things where no one could by any possibility see them. [ANS. *Yes, but to do that not from being absorbed in the work, but deliberately, would be coxcombry.*] Do you think the Holy of Holies in Solomon's Temple was not done deliberately?— which only one person was to enter once a year. [ANS. *This was a divine economy to impress the Jews with awe.*] Then we come to the question of *fact*, whether people want such economies less now than they did then. [ANS. *Our deliberate awe towards a spot which was to be so very peculiarly honoured, does not apply to a bit of ceiling in the nave of a cathedral.*] Oh! I do not mean to say I would spend my carving on any part of the church; I am speaking of the east end.

25. A good many of the young parsons now have got into a way of “performing the service impressively.” — has a little of it. I don't suppose the Catholic Service *could* be performed impressively.

26. [At the time of the Reform Bill.] As to the franchise, the most sensible qualification would be submitting to a previous flogging: no one would vote who was not in earnest about it.

27. I am afraid I must confess that the only war I could enter into with spirit, would be a civil war.

28. If a man must fall in love, it should be in the reverential way of Sir Kenneth in the Talisman.

29. It would be a decided recommendation to me in electing a —— that he should hate ——.

[ANS. *I don't like that word. People have no right to feel that, till they have more knowledge and age.*]

I allow hatred is an imperfect state, but I think it is just young people that it becomes. The ——s had it to a remarkable degree. The most difficult virtue to attain, seems to me the looking on wanton oppressors as mere machines, without feeling any personal resentment. . . . But will you allow that a person, who *would* feel hatred at a man who had committed some atrocious insult on those dearest to him, that such a person should feel hatred against ——.

[ANS. *In some cases, as of a savage, it would require no very high degree of Christian virtue not to feel it.*] Nor should I wish a person to feel it against a fool who talked as —— does; but —— is a clever fellow, and knows very well what he is about. [ANS. *No; none but a very wise and good man can know that—can know his error is not from ignorance, such as that of a savage. Young men can see that immorality in those who have been taught what is right implies a perverted heart—not so easily of an opinion.*] Well, but —— shows a hatred and contempt for parts of the saintly character, which is equivalent to immorality; as for example, of the temper which does not see and yet believes.

30. I want it to be shown that the Jewish reli-

gion was "spiritual." I am sure all forms are spoken of as disrespectfully in the Old Testament as in the New.

31. Protestants have ingeniously converted the words, "This is my body," *i. e.* "the mysterious gift of which I spoke," (John vi.) into "my body is [only] this." Of course the words are an economy—they make it a metaphor.

32. One of the Tracts for the Times speaks of the Millennium being ushered in by mutual confessions on the part of all branches of the Church. If so, we should cut the worst figure of all, after the way we have blasphemed Tradition and the Sacraments.

33. I cannot fancy a more magnificent position than Ken's would have been, if he had boldly excommunicated all who acknowledged the state Bishops, and carried on the succession. [ANS. *Excommunication is a strong measure.*] Oh, William would have taken no measures against him; he would only have been despised. [ANS. *I mean harsh on the clergy.*] Well,—deprived them.

34. [*With his death in prospect.*] Do you know the story of the murderer who had done one good thing in his life? Well, if I was ever asked what good deed I have ever done, I should say I had brought —— and —— to understand each other.

## APPENDIX.





## APPENDIX <sup>1</sup>.

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### EXTRACTS FROM JOURNAL.

*March 23, 1827.* If I do not resume my rules with strictness, I shall become dreadfully self-indulgent, and go down the hill quickly.

It is hard, without having made some positive resolution, to sit by and see others eating, and take no part myself: and then some excuse comes into my head about my health, or the inexpediency of wasting vigour by abstinence.

Lately, too, I have recognized some things in myself which make me fancy I am not so far emancipated from other people's opinions as I hoped to be; and that my quiescence arises rather from the absence of temptation, than indifference to the things which used to tempt me. I have been provoked in my heart at being talked to by —, as if I knew nothing of the arts, and at hearing that

<sup>1</sup> [Since the above was printed, the following continuation of the Author's private Journal has come to hand.]

F. fancied —— sneered at me, and at recollecting that if my taste in poetry were called in question, I have no means of enforcing its claim. I must not be idle now whilst at my ease, but lay up a store against an evil day.

*March 29.* Look down upon me, O Lord, with an eye of pity, and of Thy goodness free me from the capricious influence of things without. Give me, in all the changes and varieties of the world, an evenness and tranquillity of spirit, that when Thou liftest me up I may not forget the day of darkness, and when Thou castest me down I may receive the chastisement as from Thee. Yesterday I was as smooth and happy as if all my days I had been Thy faithful servant, and had nothing to look for but blessings at Thy hand: yet to-day the coldness of a single letter, and the humiliation at having displayed a trifling ignorance, have vexed and ruffled me.

I don't know why ——'s letter should have so disconcerted me; for, if it was intended to convey contempt, I am not the worse off for having seen it. Besides, I have long been conscious there was something very strange in the last letter I wrote to him, and that the state of mind in which I wrote it, though very dejected, was not rationally humble, and that as I saw all things through a discoloured atmosphere, my thoughts, to others, must have appeared affected.

*March 31.* It is very curious to find myself so

vexed and ruffled at having been called on to put in practice principles, which I have so long been thinking over, and rather wishing for an opportunity to consolidate and strengthen. My irritation at opinions sported in —— Common Room, and at finding my inability to set them down forcibly, and the thought having crossed [me], that men, of whom I believe I think nothing, would fancy they despise me, and my still continuing to fret myself at the notion that I did, in fact, talk weakly, when it only leaves me weak as I was before; also a sort of fancy that I brought it all on myself, by not keeping a half promise to —— to dine in hall: these things, altogether, have produced a complicated feeling of shame at my silliness and irritability, and unwillingness to be humbled, which I would give a good deal to be quit of. All I hope is, that it may act as a lesson for the future, and perhaps save me from the same thing with ——.

*April 30.* Since I wrote last in this book, I have experienced a great variety of feelings and situations, but it was of no use trying to record them. At present I want to cast off my mind some ideas that haunt me, in spite of myself. I have been much annoyed at a ridiculous affair between ——, but suspect, if I could dive into the bottom of my thoughts, I should find little genuine benevolence in my views. However, I know this is no business of mine, and that I ought to shake it off; yet I allow it to give a tone and colour to all my inter-



course with ——. I am always at work, leading conversation to a contrast between my views and his abstractedly, and insinuating that he has feeble notions. I can excuse myself for shrinking from any topic of conversation at all connected with this, but I don't know how to acquit myself of pettishness, &c. . . . .

But, be all this what it may, I will struggle to get quit of it. I will be cautious without [about] talking of myself and my feelings,—what I like; whom I admire; what are my notions of a high character; how few people I find to sympathize with me on any subject; and many other egotistical, mawkish, useless matters, about which I have suffered myself to prate. Also I will avoid obtruding my advice, and taking high ground, to which I have no pretensions. I will be as good-natured to him as I can, and try to make him comfortable as much as is in my power.

*May 1.* . . . . . How disagreeable it is to have bad feelings, and what ticklish grounds they place one on! Certainly one cannot be called upon to answer every question one is asked about one's self, or to expose all our bad feelings to inquisitive eyes, and yet it is very difficult to evade questions without bordering on disingenuousness.

“O that my ways were made so direct that I might keep Thy statutes.” It is impossible that sneaking underhand ways can come to good; yet I don't see how I can get rid of feelings, except

by refusing to act upon them, and praying against them ; it cannot be necessary to expose them.

*May 3.* W. told me to-day that — keeps a journal of all his bad feelings regularly.

*May 5.* Just now, at breakfast, I felt the inconvenience of not omitting an oath in a story I told of Sheridan. I felt directly that I had lost ground, and should be unable to make a stand, if conversation were to take a turn I disliked. I must be watchful and strict with myself in this respect : for, if I comply with my Father's wishes, and enter freely into society, I shall have much harder work to fight off my old shuffling vanity, and shall be drawn, from not feeling my own ground, into foolishness and flash, and every thing that is disgusting. One of the best rules I can set myself is, never to let any thing escape my lips approaching to an oath. It would be a safe check to fancy myself at all times in the presence of —.

As to joining in society, I must never indulge any other views about it, except doing my part towards keeping people together in a good-natured way. I know enough of myself to feel certain that I shall be forming wild schemes, about becoming popular, and being reckoned agreeable and gentlemanlike. I hope, however, that God will protect me from them, and guide my thoughts and feelings in the right way, teaching me to look to the effect produced on others, rather as a test of what is good, in cases where it is not evident to

me, than as a motive which may seduce me from the straight course.

I am such a horrid fool, so beset on all sides with temptations, that the thoughts of how much I have to do, is enough to take all spirit out of me.

*June 4.* It will never do to go on in the listless way in which I am at present; and yet I can hardly tell how to rouse myself. Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday of this week are fasts: on these days I will try to avoid all engagements, and literally to keep them. But, if I am obliged to be in company, I will eat no more than I am obliged to do for the sake of avoiding observation.

I don't know there can be any use in recording against myself the selfish unfeeling thoughts that have intruded themselves upon me in the views I have taken of poor ——'s uncomfortable state; and which a good deal affected the tone of my conversation with —— about him. But I am dreadfully afraid that I have altogether wasted an opportunity given me by God, to shake off some of the tempers in which they originated. I have not forced myself ever to act with a generous neglect of my own wishes and prejudices; and I suppose my conduct has rather contributed to give them fresh hold upon me, than to produce any improvement in my moral character. I have been always on the watch for an opportunity of leading him to the weakness of his own conduct; and, in spite of the shame it occasioned in me, I have not been

able to check a leaning in all the advice I have given him towards that side which would give me least trouble . . . . and now that I am getting dissatisfied with myself for my idle, listless, way of spending the time, I am dropping back into my old childish longing to get home, as a sort of magic charm for dissipating all sources of discomfort, in spite of my vivid consciousness how completely it has hitherto been wanting in the trial. I must exert myself then to do my duty.

*July 9. Dartington.* I am getting very uncomfortable. I eat too much, sleep after dinner on the sofa, and yesterday was scarcely able to keep awake during the sermon. This is very humiliating. Yet, when I do not set myself a strict rule before dinner, it creeps on so gradually that I never know when to stop. Also I have now been home for more than a week, and have as yet got no one thing even set on foot, which I used to propose myself for the business of the vacation. Occasional calls on —— and —— are all I have yet done towards visiting poor cottages: and the subject of the school I have not yet touched upon, from a sort of awkwardness about beginning. Under the excuse that D. has not sent the books, I have not set into any steady occupation, but dawdle away my time, useless to myself, and a bad example to others; and, under a pretence of avoiding the latter of these consequences, I feel desirous that no one should observe my childish futile conduct.



I used to speculate on the delight of keeping fasts upon the river in fine weather, among beautiful scenery, rather than in my dull rooms at Oxford; but last Friday was a real fine day, yet I did not at all turn it to this account. Though I ate little, it was something very different from my Oxford fasts, and still more so from what I then used to picture to myself as when I should get home.

I waste time in preparing boats, and thoughts in speculating on schemes for expeditions, and for improving our appointments. Also I observe other bad effects resulting from my misconduct, which I cannot but regard as signs that good spirits are deserting me. The other evening I had an argument with my Father, almost in a sort of tone which I used to feel ashamed of last summer, and which, in the Christmas vacation, I think I was not even tempted to; and when I caught myself getting untuned, it cost me a mere effort to check myself; nor was it till the next morning that all the effects of it subsided, and I felt quite goodnatured and humble again. In this fight I was greatly helped by the experience of former conflicts, and recollecting the ways I had caught myself in self-deceit, so that it gives me some hope, as well as humiliation. I pray God that He will not suffer all my feeble efforts to be wasted, and prove quite ineffectual, and that He will enable me to lie down to night with a better conscience.

*July 17.* O God, thou art my God, early will I seek Thee. O Lord, I am coming forth from the dark to be assaulted with fresh temptations, take me under Thy protection, and shelter me under the consciousness of Thy presence, for it is Thou, Lord, only that makest me to dwell in safety.

I go whither I know not, and what shall come to me I know not; yet, if I am to spend this day as I have spent those that preceded it, I shall not kneel down to Thee at night, before much has passed, which I shall grieve to lay before Thee. I dread the thoughts, of which my mind is the receptacle. The foolish flippant vanities, the angry and uncharitable feelings, the greediness and self-engrossment, and the childish self-delusion, which this calm smooth day may witness as it tranquilly glides over me.

Why is it that speculating on the causes of my wanderings, and analysing the fanciful sources of pain and pleasure, does not at length enable me, when engaged among them, to amuse myself with their curiosity, and forget their influence! Events, every minute circumstance of which I can contemplate with such indifference, and wonder at the spell through which they can have power to ruffle and annoy me, when realised, affect me as mechanically as if I was a brute thing without will or foresight.

And, if it is so with me in these quiet days, when my slight temptations seem to spring out of

the earth, what may it be in the great water floods? O my God, I dread to think what things thou mayest have in store for me, and how wretched then will be my destitution, if now I neglect Thy proffered help.

*July 21.* This evening B. was bled, owing to his having spit blood in the morning. It was clearly in a very inflamed state, and it must be confessed that there is ground for being apprehensive about the event.

If he dies, I shall have cause for many and bitter self-reproaches, which, if he lives, I fear I shall be but too inactive in blotting out. In one case, all this will seem like idle self-excitement; in the other, something like the dreary visions which my feelings, during my Mother's last illness, sometimes shadow out upon my memory. Now, as then, I look to the future with strange indifference, and I seem altogether absorbed in my own paltry pursuits and amusements; nor can I look with serious feeling on the miseries of any one but my own. The blight of God is on me for my selfish life. "My misdeeds prevail against me." I wish my trust in God would assume the same shape of calm assurance in my own case, which, in my self-flattery, I now attribute to it in his.

*July 23.* I fear it is now rather laziness and indifference, than any rational idea of its inexpediency, which prevents my confessing oftener on paper my evil thoughts and deeds. I am becoming

careless and sensual. I often arise from my meals conscious that I have eaten more than I ought, and often when beforehand I think it better to be abstinent, I have not resolution to fight off the self-deceit of the moment, and the same state of mind develops itself in more important matters. I very often find myself negligent of other people's interests, and forget what has been the matter with them, and what they have wanted. And in my prayers my thoughts run off on boats, or some romance of the sort. I waste my days from want of regularity: and every evening confess it in my prayers, and make faces as if it tormented me, and yet do exactly the same again. And often, when I have fancied I am disgusted with myself for indulging too much at dinner, I fail to infer from it that I must eat less at tea.

Just now, in riding home from Denbury, I got arguing with my Father about the little chance any one has of doing good, in a way rather inconsistent with our relative condition; yet, when I thought I was going rather too far, could hardly convince myself that, at any particular moment, it was incumbent on me to stop. It is this self-deceiving disposition that I am afraid of. It may lead me any where, as long as I can fancy that the action on which I am immediately engaged is not a rational object of those sentiments, which, on looking forwards or backwards, are sure to attach to it.

*July 30.*—I have felt angry and vexed at ——



and —— for being noisy and impertinent at tea. I put this down rather as a landmark of the excessive folly of it than because it leads me to any thing that I am sorry for.

*Aug. 3.*—I always feel uncomfortable after having been in company with strangers, who I fancy know more of the world than I do. I am afraid I have been talking to Captain —— in a way that may make him think me flash. I talked about yachts as if I was well acquainted with their comparative merits, and entered into jokes against ——, and altogether with all the people I cannot help fancying that I have been supporting a character. Considering my old propensities, this is a disagreeable reflection. I hope it may prove sufficiently so to keep me more on the watch on future occasions. I ought to remember that a way of talking which is quite innocent and unaffected to those who know me, may convey quite a wrong impression to others, and that before I am aware of it I may find myself on ground from which it will be awkward to recede. If I only talk to them because it is my duty, this is fulfilled equally whether they think me a dull fool or no; so why need I care about it?

O Lord, clean the filth away, that I may say my prayers in peace.

*Aug. 6.*—Observation of myself has convinced me that the chief reason for my being interested in any object is the fact that I happen to be pursuing it; so that it is great folly to let accident direct my

pursuits where temptation is likely to arise out of them. These boat expeditions make me irritable, and put me in the power of others most ridiculously. I have wasted great part of the day in these matters; have been peevish as things went wrong: I am idle too and unsettled in all my serious undertakings, and feel no satisfaction in any thing.

I will brace myself and keep my attention on the alert on this S. expedition, by a vow about my food. I will make my meals as simple as I can, without being observed on; will take no command upon myself, but obey my Father's instructions to the utmost of my power; will try to make no objections or propositions unless called on; and that no one may be able to put me out of the way, every one shall have theirs, however disagreeable they may seem to me.

I wonder how I shall find this account stand on Saturday; but I hope, that having tied myself to a particular course, I shall be less able to deceive myself; for acquiescence must be very inexpedient indeed to justify the violation of a vow.

*Aug. 10.*—We returned to-day, and on reading over these resolutions, which I called a vow, I find I have acted very poorly up to them. I believe they have operated as a sort of check upon me in some respects, that I have been less of an epicure and less of an interferer than I should have been else. But yet quite at starting I suggested, when my Father proposed going ashore, that it would

take a longer time than he calculated on, but this was merely a suggestion. And on one of the evenings when we were by ourselves, I argued about people going to church in a way very inconsistent with our relative situations; neither was I quite cordial in my acquiescence with propositions of my Father's about minor excursions at S., and feel as if I had pressed unpleasantly on him some of my opinions about tides and names of places.

As to my meals, I can say that I was always careful to see that no one else would take a thing before I served myself; and I believe as to the kind of my food, a bit of cold endings of a dab at breakfast, and a scrap of mackerel at dinner, are the only things that diverged from the strict rule of simplicity; but in quantity, the air and exercise had such an effect upon me, that I quite went up to the frontiers of moderation.

I don't know whether it is that my memory is cheating me, but it seems as if I was now quite deserted by the sensations which a little while ago were predominant in my mind, and entered into the motives of all my actions, and that now I only cling blindly to the recollection in order to keep myself from losing ground.

*Aug. 22.*—I have spent a most unsatisfactory day, of which, without any comment, I shall proceed to give an account. . . . .

Bad habits multiply temptations, as well as disable us from withstanding them. If I had always been

accustomed to acquiesce in what I am told to do, this could not have happened; but the oddest thing was, that although I was perfectly conscious I was acting wrong, I could not bring myself to think it worth while to check myself, or do any thing which should seem like being satisfied.

*Sept. 27.*—I have not looked at this since I wrote it, and it seems now quite strange to me how I could have been in such a state. I wish the repeated experience how time brings things right, and totally changes all our views of the trifles which, for the present, engross it, would teach me by degrees to act as I know I must soon wish I had.

Some how or other I can never fix my attention through our family prayers. I believe I nearly always exert myself to do so, but my thoughts always run off, if not on something which I was engaged in just before, yet on something suggested by some part of the prayers themselves, or even on the very difficulty of attention.

O Lord, grant me the spirit of supplication, that when I profess to be addressing Thee my mind may go along with my words; that my thoughts towards Thee may not ramble where memory or associations lead them, but be so ordered and regulated as may best assist me in performing Thy will, and keeping each particular duty before my eyes. Liberate my thoughts, I beseech Thee, from the little circle of selfish schemes with which they are engrossed. Teach me to be ever mindful of the wants and



wishes of others, and that I may never omit an opportunity of adding to their happiness; let each particular of their condition be present with me, what they are doing or suffering. I am most fearfully deficient in this mark of a child of God. Protect me from all covetous desires of the pleasant things which money can procure,—the D. cottage, the new dining-room window, nice furniture, equipage, musical instruments, or any other thing, in order to obtain which I must lessen my means of benefiting others.

Let me look forward to a fasting day without uncomfortableness, and when I am fasting preserve me from the thoughts of eating and drinking, and from anticipating pleasure from the next meal. Suffer me not to delude myself with the pretext that these ill consequences render fasting inexpedient. I suppose a novice cannot avoid them, but by outgrowing them through perseverance.

*Oct. 9.*—Yesterday I was talking to —— about ——; and among other things, when I said how considerate she was about every body's wants, and how she was always on the look out for an opportunity to relieve them, I said (and have reason enough to say it) that things of that sort did not come into my head. But I am afraid, I must confess, that I was a little annoyed at —— allowing that she did not think I [they] did. I cannot accuse myself of having been so insincere as to have laid a trap for a compliment; but I was not quite pre-

pared to find that my negligence was such as to obtrude itself on the observation of those who would always make the best of one.

O God, give me grace to look on this as a warning voice from Thee, and let the remembrance of it brace my energies for the future. Also I yesterday gave way to a covetous inconsistent wish for a beautiful colt that we happened to see, and which my Father had half a mind I should get for my own. I feel all these selfish wishes crowding on me, and have no clear decided rule by which to check them. I think I will always ask myself when I wish for an elegant superfluity, what business I have to be so much better off than my sisters, and will not allow myself any thing I can avoid till I have got them all the things they are reasonably in want of.

*Oct. 17.*—I have been often doing things lately which I should be ashamed to see recorded against myself.

I am not sure that an unwillingness to appear stingy to H. and the other undergraduates has not had some effect in inducing me to retain the furniture. I fear, too, that the wish to have my rooms comfortable and gentlemanlike is growing upon me, now that I find them so near it.

I often shuffle in my conversation with —, to avoid showing the greatness of my ignorance. I have been talking, too, in a very arrogant way about heretics, but I hope I did not mean it. I have been so absorbed in my own little schemes

that I have quite neglected to look out for opportunities of doing kindnesses.

*Nov. 10.*—I have been a great ass in many things lately. When I began the tuition, I could not help indulging in some faint degree the fancy that I might give a tone to things. I knew the fancy was most unreasonable, and that from all the experience I had had of myself I could never be a person of influence. Yet the delusion would come, and I allowed myself to mistake the smoothness with which things first went on for personal respect, and smacked my lips in secret over C.'s saying, that "he thought me a catch for the College." And now after so very short a time, as soon as things have begun to go the least wrong, I have been pusillanimous and impatient, and let fancies about insults, and dislike, and sulkiness take hold of me; I am distrustful of God's guardian hand, and concern myself about the event of my ineffectual undertakings.

Also I am getting flash and insincere—dislike the notion of losing one of my sofas—dream of giving flash dinners. I did not like to confess to J. M. "that I thought our C. R. and its furniture good enough," and felt queer at the notion of being associated with fustiness.

Kyrie eleison.

Christe eleison.

Kyrie eleison.

"O that my ways were made so correct that I might keep Thy statutes."

*Dec. 10.*—I have been bothering myself for the last three days, about whether I should buy a great coat. I believe I want one, and it is after all a question of degree. But I also wish for one, and it will do me more harm to gratify this childishness, than good to escape a wetting, so I will put it out of the question.

*Dec. 12.*—I have done many things to-day that I ought to be ashamed of. For instance : I said to the —— I had not examined *carefully* an analysis that I had hardly read a word of. I have assumed too a harsh manner in examining. I feel too anxious to show my own knowledge of the subjects on which I am examining. Was very inattentive at morning chapel, and not sorry to find that there was none in the evening. I believe the day before yesterday I made a bungle in examining W. in Euclid, which made him appear to be doing wrong while he was quite right, but did not discover it in time to rectify it by confession (which I hope I should have done).

*March 9, 1828.* I have now for a long time, and partly on principle, discontinued my journal ; but I believe the time is come when I may resume it with benefit.

I find that I want some stimulus of this sort to make me keep things right behind the scenes, and in my present state of mind, do not much fear over excitement.

To-day I received the Sacrament, and, in the imperfect examination which I made of my actions



and feelings, found that many things were growing upon me, the encroachments of which I ought to resist. I am obliged to confess, that in my intercourse with the Supreme Being, I am become more and more sluggish. I shorten my prayers, and short as they are I cannot command my attention through them. I allow my thoughts to wander in Chapel and at the Sermons, so much, that often I quite lose a great deal of the Service. I am very self-indulgent in my regulation of myself, and allow myself to evade, as often as I can, the determination I made to live abstemiously through Lent. I take very little pains to show kindness to other people. Often forget that —— and —— are ill, and take no advantage of the opportunities I have to alleviate the uncomfortableness of the latter. I am also very neglectful in writing home. Do not look about me for objects on whom to bestow charity, and give way to the delusive notion, that I have an occupation, the discharge of which is sufficient self-denial, and that more will not be required of me: that a time will come when the duties of my vocation will coincide more exactly with the discipline of religion, and that when I come to be settled in a parish, I shall have opportunities of fasting, praying, teaching, and doing good, which are now withheld from me. But I should consider that I have pupils, whom it was my duty to have instructed in the nature of the Sacrament which we to-day received, and that either through idleness or false diffidence, I failed in that

entirely: that there are college servants to whom I might show kindness, instead of treating them with the cold distance which is common here, and which I delude myself into supposing necessary to keep them in order.

Besides these great defects, I am guilty of positive unchristian feeling almost every day. I allow the neglect and misconduct of those who are put under me to affect me as personal slights to myself; feel angry and annoyed at them, and am so far from that quiet indifference which suits the dignity of our profession, that I can easily fancy how, under different circumstances, I might be forced into quarrels, and be placed again on the footing on which I stood some years ago. To prevent these things growing upon me, I will if I can put down every evening some account of how I have passed the day in these respects.

*March 10.*—I have not got my letter home finished. I have again found myself inattentive in Chapel. I think I made myself a fool just now, in letting myself be provoked with —— for bothering me, as well as for annoying myself at something he said about men being so careless at lecture. I do not know that to-day either I can say, “I have done any one a kindness.”

*March 11.*—I don't feel as if I had passed a satisfactory day, and yet I don't know any definite charge to bring against myself.

Perhaps at B. I might have wished to seem agree-

able, and I think I should not have allowed myself to give so much time to my mathematics, which have kept me up later than I ought. I think too that I was rather annoyed at lecture this morning, at the great idleness and inattention of one of my classes; and that I spoke ill-naturedly to one of the servants for carelessness. I have missed evening Chapel by dining out, and have not read the Psalms and Lessons, which I ought to have done, and which I hope I shall not put off again till it is too late.

*March 12.*—I have nothing to say of myself, but write something to keep up the practice.

*March 13.*—I forgot my noon prayers to-day, and have now allowed myself to sleep for an hour or two in my chair, instead of preparing for lectures.

*March 14.*—I have pleased myself with the absurd folly, that I was a good scholar, and might dogmatize, because W. seemed to defer to me.

*March 17.*—Matriculated a man to-day, talked some stuff, and was very inefficient and unbusiness-like. At lecture, allowed myself to be much annoyed at, what seemed to me, Mr. ——'s marked carelessness and inattention; and, if I could have had an excuse, should have set him an imposition to gratify myself. I was very silly too, and thought about myself instead of my business.

*March 18.*—I have been sitting up too late, in getting up a Thucydides lecture.

*March 19.*—Two o'clock: I have allowed myself

to be excessively annoyed at the vulgarity and idleness of my —— class: and spoke about it in an absurd way afterwards to W. It is an absurd pettishness, and I do not get the better of it as I ought.

The Lord sees it to be a good discipline for me, and I ought to be thankful for such an opportunity, instead of annoying myself at the notion that my weakness of manner encourages the men to take [liberties].

It will clear away again like smoke, by and by.

*March 23. Sunday.*—The retrospect of this day is not satisfactory to me. I heard on Friday from M., and from that time have given up the hopes of B.'s recovery. My first impulse was to fast as austere as I could till my return home. With that view I sent away my breakfast, and almost had made up my mind to put off W., with whom I was to dine. I should have liked this; but then I must also have put off meeting Mr. N. at O.'s, the day after; and all this seemed like making a fuss. The consequence has been that I have been in company every day since: and though my impulses have led me to imitate David, who lay in sackcloth till there was no hope, yet the current of my feelings has, by accident, been forced into a different channel, and as it has happened I have fared rather better than usual. But what has vexed me to-day, has been the consciousness that has haunted me, how differently I have been acting to what —— seemed to



expect, when he almost apologised for asking me to B.'s and all this evening, while I have been in his company, I have been thinking of him, rather than God.

In the morning too, by accident, I had a very inadequate time for my prayers, and in the evening I have been very inattentive to them. I have slept in my chair from ten till past eleven, instead of reading religious books; and now that the stimulus of lecture is over, I fancy I shall hardly be able to read at all.

I have now no longer an excuse, which I have hitherto formed to myself, for not practising severity during Lent. Perhaps, indeed, I ought to do nothing to incapacitate me for exertion in Collections; but I will not make vows here.

*March 25.*—I am to day twenty-five years old: I have begun it with a specimen of my state. I did not know this morning that it was either my birthday or the Annunciation: and yet all the term, I have watched for the approach of Saints' days for weeks before hand, while I had a holiday in prospect. This is very humiliating, and upon the whole I have every reason to be dissatisfied with myself for the conduct of this year.

*April 19.*—This is B.'s birth-day; and many things have passed since I opened the book last on my own. The accident is quite undesigned. For the reason of my taking the book out was to note down a very ridiculous folly, for which I can find

no better punishment than by recording it. Going out walking to day with —— and ——, a grotesque desire to affect a gentlemanlike carelessness, made me say, when — asked for my umbrella, “that we should go by Loder’s, and I should get one there.” This is the sort of impulse I used to feel two years ago, and I fear I have made but little advance except in the consciousness of its ridiculousness.

*April 21.*—Certainly I am nearly as great a fool as ever. To-day —— was saying something about what a way it was to get to the Strand, and I almost felt that I had rather not be supposed to live in —— Street. To-morrow I dine at —— with M. I hope to escape making a fool of myself even in thought. But I see I am not yet safe in giving way at all to my taste for refinement, and that unless I discipline myself some time longer I shall lose ground. I know if I get into my head that any one gives me credit for being gentlemanlike, I shall be ensnared. It is very mortifying to be obliged to confess this, after so long a respite.

I hope God will give me judgment so to manage in my conversation with — as not to appear to countenance anything that I disapprove. I don’t mean any thing openly wrong, but any nonsensical tone of ideas; and that I may not feel tempted to cultivate an intimacy with him further than I can suppose it to advance our serious interests. Perhaps it was foolish in me [not] to consider my

engagement with A. a sufficient excuse for my accepting any invitation, and I am very nearly resolved to do so for the future.

*May 21.*—I have been thinking over my state in general, after being rather startled at the extent to which I found my inattention in Chapel carried this morning. I think the habit has lately been gaining ground on me, as well as a sluggishness in my private prayers, which though I lament, yet I take no active measures to counteract it. I believe I am allowing myself to be too much absorbed in my business, and to take too great latitude about temperance. The former, under the pretext of discharging my duty, the latter that I may keep my spirits up to my work. Now both these pleas are to a certain extent good, yet I think I may reckon the effects I have before mentioned, as a proof that I have given [them] too exclusive an influence. And in addition to them, I might mention a sort of sensuality and elation of feeling which I recognize in myself at times, which proves that my body is over pampered.

I think since the end of Lent, except on one of the Rogation days, I have imposed no manner of restriction on myself, which indeed, if the fast days had been reserved as exceptions, would have been no great harm; but I have found that indulgence on other days, gets me out of the way of abstinence when I should otherwise wish. . . . I mean to fast to day, being the first of the Ember days,

and *hope* to keep the two others strictly; but hardly know my own mind. As to my studies I am convinced I should set apart some time for Divinity; and perhaps it would be no bad way to give the greater part of the time, which A. G. and I give to mathematics, to some book on this subject. This would in no way interfere, even with our mathematical progress, if we only reserve our difficulties to be discussed then, and appropriate other times to the learning. *Evening*;—I have not kept my fast to-day, as I intended, having only gone without breakfast: for, by the time I had done lectures, I felt so very stupid, that I fancied it was more than I need do to exaggerate the cause.

*May 31.*—I am much ashamed and mortified at finding myself such a coward; but I must confess that it was a relief to me to find ——'s name in the æger list to-day. I fear I have allowed myself to lose sight very much of the great end which I ought to keep constantly in view, and have formed silly schemes of my own, which have engaged my interest, and mortify me by their failure.



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